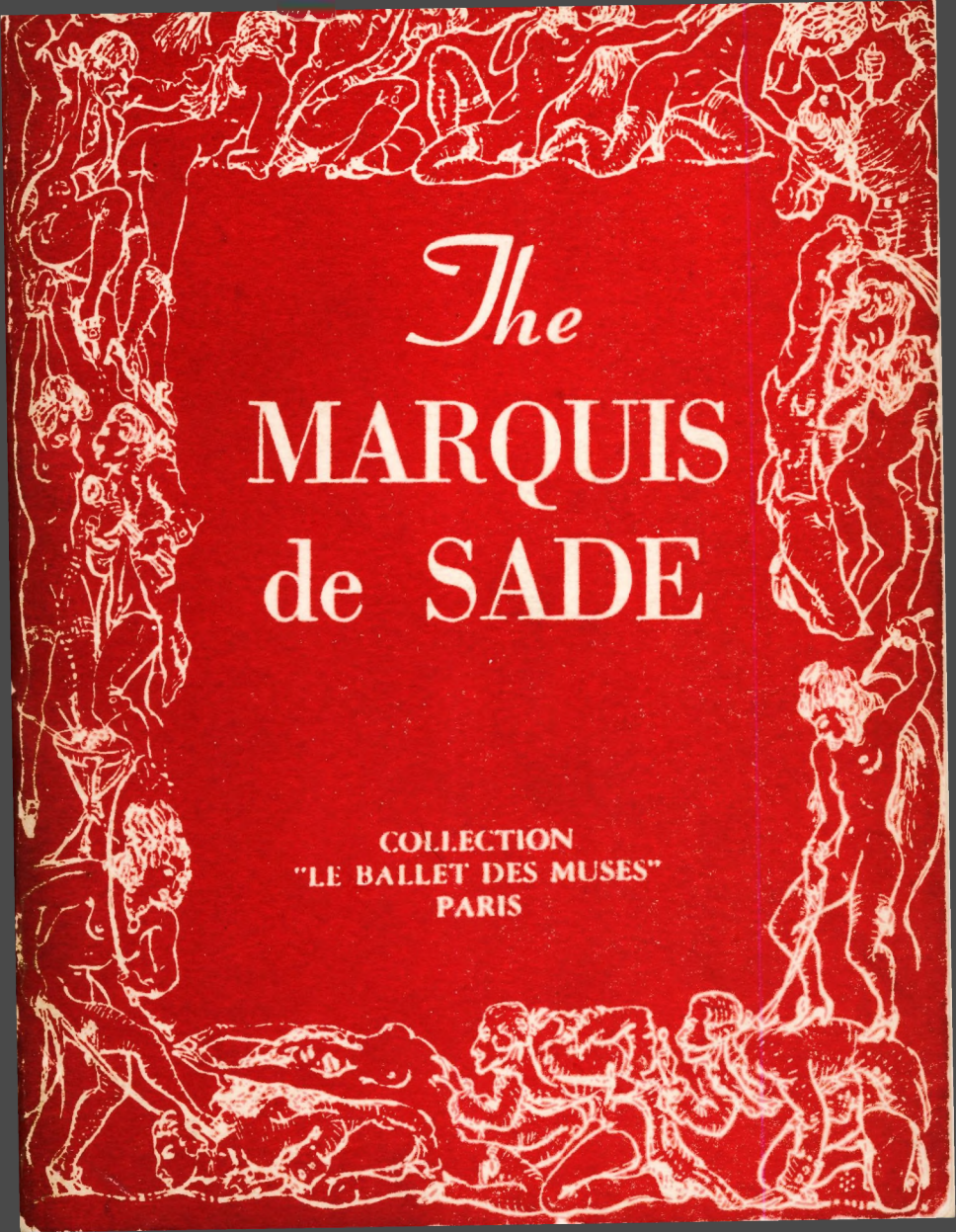

# The MARQUIS de SADE

COLLECTION
"LE BALLET DES MUSES"
PARIS

# The MARQUIS de SADE

BY

C. R. DAWES

COLLECTION
"LE BALLET DES MUSES"
PARIS

WITH RESPECTFUL HOMAGE TO

N. M. P.

TO WHOSE ENCOURAGEMENT

THE ENSUING LUCUBRATION

IS DUE

# PREFACE

IT surely is time that there should be a book in English on the Marquis de Sade. The attitude of former times towards subjects that were regarded as unpleasant or reprehensible is no longer in fashion. It is therefore, perhaps, now possible to write —with due discretion—what is believed to be the first book in English dealing with this most curious and *bizarre* character.

It certainly is not a subject *virginibus puerisque*. If, in what follows, some readers may be shocked at what they find, others equally may be disappointed by what is omitted.

This is definitely no attempt at "whitewashing"; it is likewise no exercise in vituperation. It is merely an endeavour to explain and to understand.

But it is no easy matter.

A certain English nobleman, not long since deceased, had all the books in his library of a certain kind (which were beautifully bound in leather) lettered POISON on the back, and the title underneath. This aptly described the literary contents of the volumes so marked. But the study of poisons is interesting and necessary to the physician. So may the study of literary poisons be

valuable and necessary to the psychologist and student of human nature.

No one can be more conscious of the present book's many shortcomings than the author. It is treading more or less new ground, so far as English books are concerned. If it serves to convey some idea of the extraordinary personality of de Sade, it will have achieved its purpose.

It is hoped that the Bibliography at the end will be of use to any who may wish to study the subject further.

For particulars of the works quoted in the footnotes, the reader is referred to the Bibliography.

C. R. D.

London,
*January* 1927.

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# THE MARQUIS DE SADE

## HIS LIFE AND WORKS

### PART I.—LIFE

### I

### BIRTH AND ANCESTRY

ON the 2nd of June 1740, in the reign of Louis XV., at the house of the Great Condé in Paris, was born he who has been described by a modern writer as "one of the most remarkable men of the eighteenth century, or even of modern humanity in general."

Donatien Alphonse Francois, Marquis de Sade, belonged to one of the oldest noble families of Provence, that romantic sun-drenched district of Southern France. It may be mentioned here that on the death of his father he became Comte de Sade, which was the title of the head of the family, but the reputation that he had acquired while still but Marquis was such that the world in general has always known him under that title, and the *roués* and "young bloods" of the eighteenth century, who greatly prized his works, even added an epithet, and spoke of him as the "Divine Marquis." The family coat-of-arms is described as "de gueules à une étoile d'or chargée d'une aigle de sable becquée et couronnée de gueules."

Among the ancestors of the Marquis were some who were more or less celebrated. The first of whom we hear, and probably the founder of the family, was one Bertrand, who derived his name from the little village of Saze, near Avignon, and, we are told, was summoned to a meeting of nobles at Arles in 1216.

Then we come to Hugues de Sade, whose wife was Laura, made famous for all time by the Sonnets of Petrarch. The poet saw her for the first time while at her devotions in the church of Saint Clare at Avignon on the Monday in Holy Week, 6th of April 1327, and thenceforth adored her with a passionate worship but platonic love which has secured for her the same kind of immortality as Dante's Beatrice. The Marquis de Sade, who certainly could appreciate poetry, expresses great admiration for that of Petrarch, who sang so sweetly the praises of his ancestress.

One of the sons of Hugues and Laura, Paul de Sade, became Archbishop of Marseille, and confidant of Queen Yolande of Aragon, and when he died, in 1433, left his wealth to the cathedral of his See.

A nephew of his, Jean de Sade, was a learned jurist who became the first President of the first Parliament of Provence ; and Jean's brother, Elzear de Sade, Grand Chancellor to the Antipope Benedict XIII., rendered services to the Emperor Sigismund, for which he was granted permission to bear the imperial eagle on his coat-of-arms, a device which the family have retained ever since.

Other members of the family who may be mentioned are Pierre de Sade, first Governor of Marseille (1565–68), who is stated to have " cleansed the town of all the evil elements which it contained " ; Jean Baptist de Sade, Bishop of Cavaillon from 1665 till his death

in 1707, and author of *Réflexions Chrétiennes sur les Psaumes pénitentiaux*; Joseph de Sade (1684–1761), who became a Chevalier of the Order of Malta, and, after a distinguished military career, was made a Maréchal of France in 1747; Hippolyte de Sade, an officer of Marines, to whom Voltaire sent verses on the occasion of his wedding in 1733, and who immediately replied with other verses written in the same metre.

We then come to the uncle of the Marquis, who exercised considerable influence upon him in his early youth. Jacques François Paul Alphonse de Sade was born in 1705, and after studying theology and entering the Church, was appointed Vicar-General to the Archbishops of Toulouse and Narbonne in 1735. He then moved to Paris, where he lived for some years, and entered into all the gaieties and dissipations of the capital, basking in the favour of Madame de Popeliniere, the beautiful mistress of the Maréchal de Saxe. He became in fact one of those dissolute and typical eighteenth century Abbés, without at least one of whom no lady of quality's entourage was at that time considered complete. After a while, however, he tired of the frivolities and dissipations of the "Smart Set," and returned to his native district, where he settled down in a charming country retreat in the valley of Vaucluse and devoted himself to study and literary work. Here he was doubtless inspired by the memory of his celebrated ancestress, chief ornament of the house of Sade, and wrote a learned book on Petrarch and his Laura, which, by reason of his careful investigations and the number of new details he was able to give concerning the lives of these two, is even still said to be regarded as an indispensable authority on its subject. It was published in 1764, in three volumes, under the title

of *Mémoires sur la Vie de François Pétrarque*. This he followed up with an excellent translation of the works of the poet, and finally produced *Remarques sur les premiers Poétes Français et les Troubadours*, a work no less important than the others for the literary history of the fourteenth century. He died on the 31st of December 1778.

It will be seen later that the Marquis was placed under the care of this uncle for some of the early and most impressionable years of his life, and it is generally agreed that the youth was influenced more deeply by his uncle than by his father. Moreover, it is not seldom that a nephew reproduces the qualities of the uncle rather than those of the father—a phenomenon of which the present case is an instance. For both the outstanding features of the Abbé's temperament—namely, the love of pleasure and dissipation, and the taste and ability for literary work—are prominent traits in the character of the Marquis, though the elder man forsook the lighter side in middle age, while the younger retained both characteristics to the end of his life.

The father of the Marquis was Comte Jean Baptiste de Sade. Born in 1700, he chose a military career, and later was sent as Ambassador, first to Russia in 1730, and then to London in 1733. He allied himself to the Bourbons by marrying Marie Eléonore de Maillé, lady-in-waiting to the Princess de Condé. The Great Condé had also married a de Maillé, and thus it came about that the Marquis was born in the house of that great soldier's family in Paris.

The Comte de Sade was made Governor-General of Bresse, Bugey, and Valromey in 1738, and later purchased the estate of Montreuil, near Versailles, where he eventually retired, and zealously frequented the religi-

ous services at the neighbouring Abbey of Saint Victor, which is mentioned in the romances of his son. He died on the 24th of January 1767, and left several manuscripts of anecdotes, moral and philosophical aphorisms, and an extensive correspondence dealing with the War of 1741–46.

Obviously, one may say, a family of undoubted distinction.

It may be noted that two apparent characteristics of the family, one of the mind and the other of the body, were both exemplified in the Marquis, namely, a taste for literature and the attainment of longevity.

## II

### CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH

WE come at last then to the most notorious of the family, the subject of our present study, who was born, as we have seen, in 1740 in Paris, and, as eldest son, held the title of Marquis from his birth.

He was brought up with the heir of the noble family with which his mother was connected, a boy of about his own age, whose friendship thus early attained, it was hoped, would ensure help and influence in the future, but the proud and rather fiery nature of de Sade very soon showed itself, and brought the scheme to naught.

At the age of four, after a quarrel with his little playfellow over some childish game, which led to fisticuffs (the youthful combatants having to be separated by force), the Marquis was sent to his grandmother at Avignon, in whose care he remained for nearly three years.

By that time, the hot-tempered and self-willed boy was beyond the control of this good dame, and so, at the age of seven, was sent to live with the uncle mentioned above, the learned Abbé and *littérateur* who lived near the Fountain of Vaucluse.

This uncle himself laid the foundation of the boy's education, gave him his lessons, and fitted him to enter, at the age of ten, the Collège Louis-le-Grand, in the

Rue Saint Jacques at Paris. This establishment had at the time the reputation of being the leading and most fashionable one of its kind in France. The pupils not only received a good, sound education, and were well grounded in general knowledge and the usual subjects, but were also given the opportunity of cultivating and developing their wits and their intellects by means of holding public debates, giving theatrical performances, and preparing dissertations and discussions on literary, historical, and religious subjects.

But if the mind was disciplined, so also was the body, for the old time-honoured custom of whipping on the bare skin for practically all, even slight, offences was strictly observed and regularly practised.

De Sade remained at this College till he was fourteen. Unfortunately, we have no means of knowing what the life of the young Marquis was at school, and what the state of his mind and mental outlook when he left. The former we can only surmise from a general knowledge of the educational establishments of the period; the latter from his writings and opinions in after years. It would seem likely that neither were distinguished for what we should now call "morality." It is therefore more than probable that upon a precocious boy of somewhat highly strung temperament such as he undoubtedly was, his environment during the period of life when the child becomes the adolescent had an unusually adverse effect on his subsequent development. A German writer, a hundred years later, in trying to reconstruct the life of de Sade, has said that from his earliest youth he showed a great attraction towards literature, and quite soon worked out a "philosophy of life" for himself, based on the most complete epicureanism.

Besides what he learned at school, he also cultivated

the fine arts. He was a capable musician, an excellent dancer, skilled in fencing, and an amateur in sculpture and drawing. He would pass whole days in the picture galleries, such as the Louvre, Fontainebleau, and Versailles, thereby more and more improving his artistic taste.

This, it must be repeated, is mere supposition, based upon deduction from the subsequent life and writings of the Marquis, upon which, for lack of actual knowledge, we are forced to fall back.

Similar uncertainty exists about his personal appearance. Octave Uzanne has given us a somewhat elaborate pen-picture of the young de Sade at the period of his leaving the Collège Louis-le-Grand, in the course of which he describes him as " un adorable adolescent dont le visage delicieux, pâle et mat, éclairé de deux grands yeux noirs, portait déjà cette empreinte langoureuse du vice qui devait déjà corrompre tout son entourage." [1] We do not know whether the writer here bases his statements upon some actual portrait or documents, or whether he is relying upon mere supposition; but in any case, whether literally true to life or not, the description is at least plausible.

However that may be, the young Marquis, as we have said, left the Collège Louis-le-Grand at the age of fourteen, in 1754, the year in which Maximilien de Robespierre entered therein as a scholar.

It had already been decided that he should adopt a military career, and so, after leaving college, when scarcely fifteen, he entered the Régiment des Chevaux Légers, and then became Sub-Lieutenant in the Régiment du Roi. Sons of noble families started their military career young in those days. He afterwards was

[1] Preface to the *Idée*. See No. 67 in Bibliography.

appointed Lieutenant de Carabiniers, and finally Captain in a cavalry regiment, in which capacity he saw active service in the Seven Years' War, in Germany.

Life in the Army in those days was certainly no "drawing-room" affair, and there is no doubt that the experiences of his military life, working on such a temperament as his, and at such an impressionable age, had much to do with the development of his abnormal personality. He is also said to have visited Constantinople at this period, and so possibly gained some personal knowledge of Oriental luxury and depravity.

## III

## MARRIAGE

DE SADE returned to Paris in 1763, at the age of twenty-three.

Up to this time, undoubtedly the chief influences in the development of his mentality had been three in number, namely, his early years and tuition with his uncle, the learned Abbé, in Provence; his school-life at the Collège Louis-le-Grand; and his experiences of military life in the Army both during peace and on active service.

There was now to happen an event that probably had more effect upon his character and future point of view than any one of the above three influences had singly—to wit, his marriage, the story of which is as follows:

The young Marquis appears to have got into numerous scrapes, the details of which are unknown, but it is evident that the reports of his indiscretions, which seem to have formed a fruitful topic of current gossip, reached his father's ears, and caused him considerable concern.

It has been said that the young Comte de Brissac in the early part of *Justine*, in some respects represents one side of the author's own personality at about this period of his life.[1] Be that as it may, the outcome was that, in the fond hope of counteracting his son's youthful, wild, and distressing tendencies, upon his return to

[1] Summers: *Marquis de Sade*, p. 5. See No. 66 in Bibliography.

Paris the Comte de Sade took him severely to task for his unseemly mode of life, and determined to marry him into a respectable and reputable family. He therefore looked around for a suitable match, and decided upon the daughter of an aristocratic friend of his own, Monsieur de Montreuil, President of the Auxiliary Court at Paris.

This gentleman had two daughters, namely, Renée, then aged twenty, and Louise, then only thirteen. Both were beautiful, but in appearance and temperament were as different as well could be. The elder was a handsome brunette, with dark eyes and hair, tall and stately, clever, and of a serious disposition and religious mind, whose chief concerns were her devotions and the observance of the Christian virtues. The younger, on the contrary, although so youthful, was no whit less intelligent, and appeared older than her years. She had fair hair and complexion, blue eyes, an expression of angelic sweetness, and grace of movement. Her nature was passionate and amorous, and her religion was no restraint upon her liveliness. It was upon the elder that the good parents fixed as the prospective bride.

As was the custom in those days, under the ancient régime, the marriage was arranged without any thought of consulting the parties chiefly concerned.

Now it so happened that upon the occasion of the first visit of the Marquis to the home of his future wife, she was too severely indisposed to appear; perhaps, as young ladies of extreme "sensibility" were apt to be at that period, too much overcome at the thought of setting eyes upon her future lord and master for the first time. But not so her younger sister!

Louise was charming—even bewitching, and willingly displayed her talent in singing and playing the harp.

The gallant young Captain, connoisseur of music as he was, felt that it was not only the harp-strings that she plucked so feelingly. Heart-strings were affected too. Always susceptible to youth and vivacity, the Marquis then and there fell head over heels in love. She, and she only, should become the Marquise de Sade. Upon seeing her again, his resolution was confirmed, and the lady, too, appears to have reciprocated his affection. But in those days, parents took no heed of such youthful foolishness, and they had the last word in such matters—before marriage at least!

When eventually the Marquis saw his destined bride, his heart being sincerely attached elsewhere, he immediately took an instinctive dislike to her, from which he never wholly recovered. He was just as much repelled by her austere beauty and serious demeanour as he was fascinated by the graceful charm and youthful vivacity of her younger sister. He took his courage in both hands, declared his love for Louise, and begged to be allowed to marry her instead of his father's original choice. But the parents on both sides were adamant. The fathers waxed wroth, and insisted upon the original plan being carried out. The more practical Madame de Montreuil carried her younger daughter off to a distant convent, the name of which was never divulged, and thereby, so to speak, removed the bone of contention—at least for the moment.

So at last, under great family pressure, and with many protests, the Marquis married Mademoiselle Renée de Montreuil, with much magnificent ceremonial, at the church of Saint Roch on the 17th of May 1763, while his heart was given entirely and sincerely to her younger sister.

It will be seen later how eventually the lovers came

together, in spite of obstacles, and although the union was illicit ; but there is no question that their love was real, reciprocal, and lasting, and it seems to have been the one genuine romantic passion of de Sade's life.

His wife, on the other hand, although she undoubtedly was really fond of and devoted to him, he could never regard as otherwise than a fatal obstacle to all that he most ardently desired. She had deep affection, great unselfishness, and unlimited patience ; for in spite of all his neglect, his contempt, his suspicion and mistrust, his obvious dislike, she remained loyal, devoted, and always anxious to serve his interests. Much of this may have been due to her serious mind, her deep religious feeling, and her high ideal of the duties and sanctities of Christian marriage. But she seems really to have loved him, and there were children of the marriage.

As to the effect upon the Marquis, is it not feasible to trace some connection between his bitterness and contempt towards women in general, his savage scorn and derision of marriage, and the events of his own life, where he was forced into marrying a woman he disliked, while deeply and seriously in love with a girl who was denied to him and taken from him ? It seems almost certain that it must be so, and after his marriage he did exactly what we should expect such a character to do under such circumstances. To flee from his wife, to forget his own unhappiness, to be revenged as it were on the Fate that had served him so scurvy a trick, " he flung himself headlong into an abyss of wildest profligacy and cloyed his senses with every excess." [1]

The eminent psychologist, Havelock Ellis, has said : " It is evident that this unhappy marriage was decisive

[1] Summers : *op. cit.* p. 7.

in determining de Sade's career; he at once threw himself recklessly into every form of dissipation, spending his health and his substance sometimes among refinedly debauched nobles and sometimes among coarsely debauched lackeys. He was, however, always something of an artist, something of a student, something of a philosopher, and at an early period he began to write, apparently at the age of twenty-three." [1]

This is the actual period of the marriage. It is characteristic of a de Sade that he should seek distraction and consolation after a hard knock in life by turning to literary work and wallowing in debauchery—both in their very different ways sedatives, antidotes, anodynes. Nowadays, he would probably have taken to either drugs or drink!

[1] Ellis: *Studies in the Psychology of Sex*, iii. p. 107. See No. 82 in Bibliography.

## IV

### FIRST IMPRISONMENT

IT was as a result of this plunge into debauchery that de Sade experienced his first taste of prison life, with which he was afterwards to become so familiar.

The details of the actual offence are not known, but about four months after his marriage, that is to say in September 1763, he was committed "by order of the King" to imprisonment in the keep of Vincennes, apparently on the charge of being concerned in an orgy which took place in a certain *petite maison*, and which for some reason caused a considerable public scandal.

He wrote a long letter to the Governor of the Prison, dated 2nd of November 1763, in which he expresses pious sentiments and shows a spirit of contrition. He begs that his wife shall be informed of his imprisonment, but not of the reason thereof; he desires to see a priest, and that his valet shall be allowed to attend him, if permissible. Also, he stoutly denies that he was at the said house at the time of the incident in which he was alleged to have taken part. He states that he had been for three months away in the country, whence he had only returned eight days when he was arrested. In spite of what has been said to the contrary in the light of after-events, there is an air of sincerity and truth about this letter, as well as of restraint and dignity, which goes far to show that the young Marquis

of twenty-three was not in fact the case-hardened sinner that he was afterwards represented to be.

There is a note appended to this letter by the Governor asking the priest to visit "Monsieur le Marquis de Sade, a young man of twenty-two," as soon as possible, and after the visit, to go and see him, the Governor.

It appears that Madame de Sade and her family were in the meantime doing all they could to obtain the release of her husband, and in a document of the 4th of November, an officer of the King's Household writes that: "His Majesty does not purpose that M. de Sade shall remain long at Vincennes." In fact, shortly afterwards the Marquis was released, but with the proviso that he should not remain in Paris. He therefore joined his wife at her father's château near L'Aigle in Normandy, and it was not till nearly a year later, in September 1764, that an order was signed allowing him to return to Paris. This he immediately did, and at once resumed his place in the world of pleasure and fashion.

The boredom of his enforced retreat in the country must have been well-nigh intolerable to such a nature, and he was determined to make up for lost time on his return.

He soon became possessed of a *petite maison* of his own, and perhaps a word regarding these establishments—the most famous of which was the notorious "Parc aux Cerfs" of His Majesty King Louis XV.—may not be out of place here. In the later years of the previous reign, when the aged "Grand Monarque" had fallen so completely under the sway of Madame de Maintenon, the Court assumed, at least outwardly, an air of such pious morality and rigid decorum that

the younger and gayer noblemen were forced to seek their pleasures clandestinely at a distance. It thus became the fashion to purchase a cottage or small rural retreat of some kind on the very outskirts of Paris, or in some neighbouring village, where one could escape from the dull atmosphere and irksome restraints of the Court, and enjoy oneself as one would. At first, no doubt, these places were merely the equivalent of the modern "week-end place in the country," but after a while it came to be generally recognized that these little establishments were obviously favourable to intrigues and assignations of all kinds, and they quickly lost their Arcadian simplicity. In the less frequented suburbs, houses surrounded by large gardens were chosen and luxuriously furnished, and in a short time practically every man with any pretence to style or fashion had his *petite maison* somewhere around Paris.

By the time of Louis XV. they had become a recognized institution, and served mainly for the less respectable and more secret love affairs of their dissolute owners. They were decorated by and adorned with the works of the greatest artists of the day in all genres, and everything possible was done to make them perfect amorous retreats.[1]

Whatever the incident that happened at one of these places, which, whether he was actually concerned in it or not, brought about the first imprisonment of the Marquis de Sade, it must have been a pretty scandalous affair to have caused such a result, for the public of the period were well accustomed to the pranks and escapades of the *jeunesse dorée*.

It was, however, not the only one of its kind in which the Marquis was involved. He became, as we have said,

[1] See Summers: *op. cit.* pp. 10–11 on which these paragraphs are based.

himself the owner of one of these establishments, which was situated at Arcueil, about a kilometre and a half outside the town.

We hear that a certain amount of scandal was rife about the actions of the Marquis de Sade, and the Inspector of Police, in a report dated 16th of October 1767, states that the Marquis has attempted the impossible in trying to persuade Mademoiselle Rivière, of the Opera, to live with him, and has offered her twenty-five louis a month, on condition that she will spend the days when she does not have to appear at the theatre with him at his *petite maison* at Arcueil, but she has refused the offer.

## V

## THE "AFFAIRE KELLER"

IT is in connection with this *petite maison* that happened what is generally known as "*L'Affaire Keller*," the next event in the life of the Marquis of which we have any knowledge, and which caused great scandal and much gossip at the time.

Some three and a half years after his return to Paris, on the 5th of April 1768, which was Easter Tuesday, de Sade was crossing the Place des Victoires in the evening, when he was accosted by a woman who appeared young and good-looking. He entered into conversation with her, and learned that her name was Rose Keller, that she was the widow of a Swiss who had died a few days previously in hospital, and being entirely without resources, she begged his assistance.

The Marquis, somewhat attracted by her appearance, after further talk suggested that he could help her if she was prepared to take the situation of housekeeper in his *petite maison* near Paris. She promptly accepted the offer, and arrangements were made for her to commence her duties the next day.

When she arrived, he showed her all over the house, and at length, when they were in a garret on the top floor, he suddenly fastened the door, and threatening her with a pistol, ordered her to strip naked. She threw herself at his feet and begged of him to let her go, as she was an honest woman. But he insisted, and with

renewed threats commanded her to obey. This she immediately did. He then fastened her by both hands, and flagellated her cruelly. When her body was covered with blood, he produced a pot of ointment from his pocket and anointed her wounds and bruises, and then left her lying there, locking the door behind him.

The next day he visited her again, examined her scars, and saw that the ointment had marvellously healed them. He then produced a penknife and inflicted several small wounds on her body, which again he covered with the ointment, and then left her. She at last succeeded in loosening her bonds, and opening a window, flung herself into the street. There was a great commotion, and the Lieutenant of Police was informed. The Marquis de Sade was immediately arrested.

This is the story as given by Madame du Deffand in a letter to Horace Walpole, a week after the event, wherein she describes the culprit as " un certain Comte de Sade, neveu de l'Abbé, auteur de *Pétrarque*."

On the following day, 13th of April, she writes again as follows : " Since yesterday I have learnt the rest of the affair of Monsieur de Sade. The village where his *petite maison* is situated is Arcueil. He whipped and wounded the poor woman on the same day, and anointed her wounds and bruises with ointment. Then he released her hands, wrapped her up, and placed her in a good bed. As soon as she was alone, she made use of her sheets and coverings to lower herself through the window. The magistrate of Arcueil advised her to lodge her complaint with the Procureur Général and the Lieutenant of Police. The latter at once summoned de Sade, who with unprecedented insolence boasted of his crime as a very noble action, since it had brought to

the notice of the public the miraculous effect of an ointment which could immediately heal all wounds. It is true that this was the effect upon this woman. She has refused to carry any further her plaint against her assailant, probably after having received a sum of money. Thus he will probably not be imprisoned." [1]

This narrative by the Marquise du Deffand seems to be the true and authentic account of what actually happened. She was scrupulously careful to gather exact information, she wrote at the very time of the event, and had no object in distorting or exaggerating the incident, nor in minimizing it.

There are other versions, all written later, which are much more sensational, dwell more upon details, but differ considerably from each other in several respects. It is upon these that have been founded some of the most lurid accounts of the "horrors" committed by the Marquis. They are simply exaggerations. The affair as related above seems to have been bad enough, but that is undoubtedly the true story.

The result of this outrage was that the Marquis was confined for six weeks in the Château of Saumur, and was then transferred to a prison at Lyon. Rose Keller received 100 louis (2400 livres), and a month afterwards married a second husband. As a French writer has said, "To find, in fact, a husband and a dowry merely for having been whipped, is to be well recompensed!"

Once more the wife of the Marquis and her father exerted their influence to obtain his release from prison, and were again successful. But Monsieur de Montreuil, by this time thoroughly annoyed by the conduct and

[1] *Lettres de la Marquise du Deffand à Horace Walpole*, i. pp. 417–419. See No. 79 in Bibliography.

mode of life of his son-in-law, also obtained an Order of Police whereby he was forbidden to return to Paris, and ordered to reside at the Château de La Coste, a family possession in Provence, not far from Marseille.

Here he contrived to amuse himself and, to a certain extent, carry on his life of pleasure, by entertaining numerous visitors who could enter into his diversions and pastimes, and employing a staff of servants who simply carried out all his commands, of whatever nature, without quibble and without comment.

One of his forms of amusement was the presentation of theatrical spectacles, for which he is said to have written some of the plays himself. He invited his neighbours to witness these, and presented to them as his wife an actress from the Palais Royal, Mademoiselle de Beauvoisin, while the real Madame de Sade was still in Paris.

After a while, rumours of a rather scandalous kind began to be circulated concerning the life of the Marquis and his companions at the Château, and some of these evidently reached the ears of his wife and her family. It was decided that she should join her husband, probably in the hope that her presence would act as some restraint, and that she might be able to persuade him into better ways.

But, unfortunately, the mistake was made of allowing her younger sister to accompany her, perhaps for the sake of companionship and comfort for the long-suffering and unhappy woman. At the mere sight of Louise, who had but recently left the convent, and was now a beautiful and attractive young woman of twenty-one, the old passion of the Marquis for his sister-in-law at once flamed up with an even greater intensity than before. He made violent love to her and endeavoured

to overcome her scruples with the utmost ardour. He declared that all his irregularities and debaucheries were entirely the result of his disappointed and frustrated love for her, but though she appears to have been attracted by him, she insisted that loyalty to her sister and her family prevented her compliance, and she definitely refused his advances.

Distracted by her coldness, and in despair at this thwarting of his all-consuming passion, he plunged into even wilder excesses than before.

Then happened an event which radically altered the situation.

## VI

### THE SCANDAL OF MARSEILLE

FROM time to time the Marquis was in the habit of visiting Marseille—even then, a town of notoriously loose morals — on business matters, as for instance, the selling of some property at Arles, the proceeds of which were necessary for him to help to carry on his somewhat extravagant mode of life.

On one of these occasions, namely, the 21st of June 1772, attended by his faithful and complaisant valet, he arranged to give a party in the evening at a well-known house of accommodation in the town. Here he provided a luxurious repast for certain select companions and the girls attached to the house. Wine was plentiful, the dishes stimulating, and the fun waxed fast and furious. There were also quantities of appetising bonbons and chocolates, the flavour of which was so delightful that all the guests ate several of them.

Now these sweets had all been subtly treated with cantharides, and the qualities of this drug are well known. The combined effect of the wine and the aphrodisiac soon began to work, and the party resolved itself into an orgy which, as one writer has described it, was reminiscent of Rome in the decadence of the later Empire. Several of the women, under the influence of the drug, were worked up to a state of erotic hysteria, and costumes were deemed superfluous. At the end

of the riotous scene, the Marquis and his valet retired, and many of the guests were extremely ill for some days afterwards.

The affair became known, and created a great scandal, and, as in the case of "*L'Affaire Keller*," very lurid details were supplied by gossip.

There are various accounts which differ considerably in particulars, some even going so far as to say that some of the women died from the effects, but the above facts seem to be authentic.

In any case, the scandal came to the notice of the authorities, and the local magistrate, the Chancellor Maupéou, who prided himself on his puritanic severity, and was very vigilant on behalf of the good reputation of the town, at once took action. He had for some time regarded the Marquis with an anxious eye, as he had probably heard rumours of his life at the Château, and hated him for his somewhat gay reputation. He therefore seized upon this opportunity to make an example of so notorious a libertine, and duly laid a plaint before the Parliament of Aix-en-Provence. But when the myrmidons of the law arrived at the Château to effect the arrest of the culprit they found that the bird had already flown!

The Marquis had been warned, by a letter from a friend, of the action of the magistrate and of the inevitable result of the case, which would be condemnation as a criminal, the torture of the wheel, and confiscation of all the belongings of the condemned.

Armed with this letter, he once more confronted his sister-in-law, and again declaring that it was his hopeless infatuation for her that had driven him to the actions which had placed him in such a predicament, he

affirmed his resolution of committing suicide, unless she would fly with him and join him in his escape, the necessary preparations and details for which he had already provided. At this crisis her resistance broke down, she consented to his entreaties, and within a few hours they were together in a post-chaise which carried them safely over the frontier into Italy.

On the 11th of September following, the Parliament of Aix, presided over by the Chancellor Maupéou who had started the proceedings, in an outburst of baffled rage, solemnly declared the Marquis and his valet contumacious and outlaws, and in their absence condemned them both to death on a charge of administering "poison," and of committing an unnatural offence, which at that time was a capital crime.

The charge of poisoning is obviously an exaggeration of the facts. There is no proof that any of the participants in the orgy died as a result; such a statement is mere gossip, the exaggeration customary in all cases that cause public scandal.

The use of aphrodisiacs was common among gay society in France at that period, and the *cachous* of the Duc de Richelieu and the *pastilles de sérail* of Madame du Barry were famous as such, cantharides usually being the chief ingredient.

However, the actual sentence was not quashed until six years later, 30th of June 1778, when the Marquis was fined fifty francs, a fact which of itself shows that the savage sentence of the Parliament had been originally engineered by some private rancour and hate.

Meanwhile, the Marquis and his beloved were in Italy. This seems to have been undoubtedly the happiest—in fact, perhaps the only happy—period of his life.

But his happiness was shortlived, for in a little while Louise died after a sudden illness, before she had reached the age of twenty-two.

In his grief and despair, de Sade once more plunged into dissipation.[1]

[1] For all this section and the previous one, the author is greatly indebted to the work of Mr. Summers already quoted, several phrases from which have been used.

## VII

### IMPRISONMENT AND ESCAPE FROM MIOLANS

TOWARDS the end of the year he was in Geneva, and from there was rash enough to venture to Chambéry, where he was recognized and at once arrested. He was imprisoned in the Château de Miolans in Savoy, on the 8th of December 1772, and there is extant some interesting correspondence relative to his captivity there.

He seems to have had a not uncomfortable time, for he was allowed certain privileges, had his faithful valet with him in attendance, and spent 282 livres per month on his requirements. He also gambled with a fellow-prisoner, the Baron de l'Allée, and an officer of the small garrison, the Sieur Duclos, for rather high stakes. Nevertheless, he grew restive in confinement, and although he was allowed to exercise in the courtyard of the Château, and had many luxuries that he required, he complained that his health was being affected, that he was unable to sleep, and he requested to see a doctor.

Meanwhile, his wife was doing all she could to obtain his release, and she came to stay in the neighbourhood in the hope of getting permission to see her husband, but in this she was unsuccessful.

However, with her aid and with his own persuasiveness, he apparently suborned some one in the Château, for on the night of 30th of April–1st of May 1773, although he had given his parole the day after he was

brought to Miolans that he would not attempt to get away from there without permission, he and his faithful valet and the Baron de l'Allée made their escape, and once more he was free. He left behind him in his apartment an ironic letter addressed to the Governor, M. de Launay, which is as follows :

" Monsieur,—Si quelque chose peut troubler la joie que j'ai de m'affranchir de mes chaines, c'est la crainte où je suis de vous rendre responsable de mon évasion. Après toutes vos honnêtetés et vos politesses, je ne puis vous cacher que cette pensée me trouble. Si mon attestation peut être cependant de quelques poids vis-à-vis de vos supérieurs, je les prie de la trouver icy dans la parole d'honneur authentique que je leur donne, que bien loin de favoriser en rien cette fuite, vos soins vigilants l'ont retardée de plusieurs jours, et qu'en un mot je ne l'ai due qu'à mes propres manœuvres. Vous êtes d'ailleurs tres-justifié par les attentions qu'on vous recommandoit d'avoir pour moy. Naturellement porté d'adoucir le sort des Malheureux qui sont dans votre château, il était impossible d'allier avec l'honnêteté de ces procédés des attentions trop suspectes, qui ne pouvaient même que déroger aux ordres que vous aviez recus à mon égard. Voilà, monsieur, les raisonnements dont vous pouvez tirer vos excuses, et je vous les garantis légitimes. Considérez d'autre part que je ne suis pas un prisonnier d'Etat, et que ma famille qui seule m'a fait mettre icy, va donner tous ses soins à ce qu'il ne vous arrive rien. Vous vites l'empressement qu'elle montra au sujet de M. Duclos et combien elle aurait été désespérée qu'un officier fut sacrifié par rapport à moy. Cependant, par un excès de vivacité, auquel il ne sera peut-être plus temps de remédier lorsque vous lirez cette lettre, vous courez risque de tout gâter et de rendre vos plus mortels ennemis ceux qui sans cela vont devenir vos plus puissants protecteurs ; je vais vous l'expliquer. Je profite pour m'évader d'un

secours que ma femme m'envoie de mes terres ; ce secours est composé de quinze hommes bien montés, bien armés, qui m'attendent au bas du château, et qui tous sont déterminés à sacrifier leur vie, plutôt que de me laisser reprendre ; vous voyez qu'il est inutile de compromettre votre garnison, et que même tout autre secours extérieur ne saurait m'arrêter. Si cependant il arrivait qu'après avoir massacré beaucoup de monde et en avoir fait échapper davantage, s'il arrivait, dis je, que vous parvinssiez à me reprendre, ce ne seroit, comme vous le croyez bien, que fort blessé, ou même mort, car je défendrai ma liberté au péril de ma vie. Alors croyez-vous que mes parents vous auroient une grande obligation ? Ils vous perdroient, soyez-en sûr. Quoi qu'il vous paroisse, ils m'aiment ; j'ai une femme, des enfants, qui poursuivroient ma mort jusqu'à votre dernier soupir. Prenez le parti de la douceur . . . ; évitez l'éclat . . . ; ma belle-mère et M. le comte de la Tour qui recevront de mes nouvelles demain, seront convaincus que je ne tourne pas mes pas vers la France, et qui par conséquent je remplis les vues de ceux qui désirent m'en tenir éloigné. Je ne veux que ma liberté, et n'ai que le désir de m'affranchir du joug insupportable des caprices d'une belle-mère qui devroit croire les barrières qui s'opposent à mon retour chez moy assez puissantes, sans chercher à m'en forger de nouvelles, et surtout du genre cruel de celle qu'elle se faisoit un charme de choisir.

" Il ne me reste plus, mon cher commandant, qu'à vous remercier de toutes vos bontés ; j'y serai toute ma vie sensible ; je ne désire que des occasions de vous en convaincre ; un jour viendra, je l'espère au moins, où il me sera permis de me livrer entièrement aux sentiments de reconnaissance que vous m'avez inspirés, et avec lesquels j'ai l'honneur d'être votre très-humble et très-obéissant serviteur,

" LE MARQUIS DE SADE.

" MIOLANS, *ce vendredi* 30 *avril* (1773).

" P.S.—Je prie MM. Dimier et Vellet de trouver icy tous mes remerciments de leurs attentions et de leur politesses ; une fois libre, mon premier soin sera de leur en témoigner toute ma reconnaissance par des preuves non équivoques."

The Governor, in a letter to the Minister of State, says that the candle was left burning all night in the Marquis's room, to make the sentry think he was still there. The Governor himself made a tour of examination, but found neither rope nor ladder, only the Marquis's coat and hat near a very small window in the lavatory, through which apparently they made their escape. He declares that they must have received help from outside, and also, by means of bribery, the assistance of some one inside the Château.

As a result of this escape, M. de Launay lost his position as Governor, and a canteen worker, who was suspected as an accomplice, was imprisoned.

The Baron de l'Allée was eventually rearrested in Paris, and brought back to Miolans the following year.

Madame de Montreuil received the news of her son-in-law's escape with much annoyance and chagrin, but not so her daughter. This devoted wife, who had been instrumental in arranging the necessary help from outside the Château de Miolans, joined her husband at the first opportunity. De Sade and his valet made first for Geneva, and from there went again to Italy, where she was waiting for him.

Here for a time they seem to have got on fairly well together, and after some three years they ventured to return to France.

## VIII

### RECAPTURE AND ESCAPE AT LAMBESC

THEY lived quietly at first at their château in Provence, but soon the Marquis began to neglect his wife for a mistress, and again indulged in various indiscretions.

He was rash enough to pay some visits to Paris, where he was recognized and again arrested on the 14th of January 1777, and imprisoned in Vincennes for the second time. This was not on account of any new offence, but with regard only to the old affairs.

Now began one of the longest terms of imprisonment that he underwent, for he was not released for thirteen and a half years. Indeed, except for one period of some ten years during and immediately after the Revolution, he was to spend the rest of his life in confinement. It is obvious that the effect of this, as he naturally considered it, unfair treatment and bitter restraint upon such a temperament, with all its love of life and luxury, was bound to be devastating.

Meanwhile, his family and his wife and her parents had been persevering in their efforts to obtain the annulment of the judgment of the Court of Aix in 1772, which still held good, and at last their pertinacity was rewarded.

After he had been in Vincennes a little over a year, as a result of their appeals and his own protestations of penitence for his contumacy (not for his offences, which

he did not admit), Louis XVI. or his Minister granted him permission to "plead his rights," that is to say, to appear before a Judge and state his case. He was accordingly taken to Aix on the 14th of June 1778, and was there defended by the brilliant advocate, Siméon, who was so eloquent on his behalf that on the 30th of June the previous judgment of the Court was rescinded, and the Marquis, after an admonishment in private by the President, was ordered, as we have already stated, to pay a fine of fifty francs and not to visit Marseille for three years.

By all the ordinary rules of justice, de Sade should now have been free. But such logic was not always recognized in the eighteenth century, and through the influence of his mother-in-law, Madame de Montreuil, he was taken back to Vincennes, and there again imprisoned.

The motives of this lady, who, through her husband, the President of the Auxiliary Court at Paris, exercised a considerable influence in such matters, are worth considering for a moment. We have seen that she was much annoyed by his escape from Miolans; that, on the other hand, she was one of the petitioners against the original sentence of the Court of Aix; and yet we see her, as soon as that sentence is quashed, thrusting him back into gaol. These apparent inconsistencies may be thus explained. For the sake of her daughter and her grandchildren, she did not desire that her son-in-law should be condemned to death for odious crimes, as that would have thrown a certain stigma upon them, and would, moreover, have involved the confiscation of all his goods and worldly possessions. Yet on the other hand, after his treatment of his wife, and his various wild escapades, she did not wish him to

be at liberty to repeat this behaviour, and so be a constant thorn in the side of family peace and respectability. She therefore wished him to be kept under restraint, out of harm's way, and at that period, with sufficient influence, such a thing was not too difficult. Her daughter, however, felt very differently in this matter, and once again, delighted at having attained her long-sought object of getting the judgment of Aix revoked, she laid plans for effecting the escape of her husband from what she regarded as his unjust reincarceration.

On the 5th of July he was being taken from Aix on his way back to Vincennes, in the charge of M. Marais, a King's Councillor and Inspector of Police, this officer's brother, and two confidential attendants. They started at three o'clock in the morning, taking the route from Aix to Tarascon, to avoid passing the estate of the Marquis, and about 9.30 that evening arrived at Lambesc, where they decided to stay the night at an inn. The Marquis was carefully guarded, but nevertheless contrived to escape.

The Councillor and his brother accompanied him to his room. On entering, he at once went to the window, which looked upon the main road, and remained there until supper was served. About half an hour after they had entered the room, the Councillor approached him and suggested that he should take his place at the table, to which he replied that he had no appetite, and did not want anything to eat that evening. The others sat down, the Marquis walking about the room. After a time he expressed a desire to satisfy a pressing need, and was escorted by the Councillor and his brother into the corridor outside the room. On the way back the Marquis, making a false step, stumbled and pre-

tended to fall. His two guardians, in trying to save him, stumbled also and fell with him, whereupon he quickly sprang up and, slipping through their hands, dashed down the staircase which led into the courtyard of the inn, and so gained the gateway, which was open, and at once disappeared.

A hue and cry was immediately raised, the inn and its surroundings diligently searched, the road scoured for a considerable distance in both directions, but with out result. At dawn, the Chief of the Mounted Police at Lambesc, who had been notified of the escape, employed all the means at his disposal in the pursuit of the fugitive. The town and all the neighbouring country was searched, inquiries made, and the inhabitants warned. But it was all of no avail; the erstwhile prisoner had completely disappeared.

There seems no doubt that the wife of the Marquis was mainly responsible for the arrangements for effecting his escape and successful disappearance. To keep such a person, however, hidden in complete obscurity for a very long time was practically impossible, and his retreat to a foreign country was no longer feasible.

Councillor Marais was in despair, and had to report the matter to his superiors. As he was severely reprimanded for his negligence, and thereby lost a good deal of prestige and prospect of advancement, it became his fixed determination to discover the whereabouts of his late prisoner, and to this end he devoted all his energy and perseverance. Under these circumstances it is much to the credit of the arrangements of the Marquise and the resource of the Marquis that it was not until some months later that his purpose was achieved. De Sade was discovered at his own château of La Coste, in Provence, was rearrested, and taken back under a strong

guard, this time without incident, to Vincennes in April of the following year, and once more imprisoned there.

This was the last of the Marquis de Sade's escapes from constraint, but, as we shall see, his spirit was by no means subdued, though undoubtedly embittered.

# IX

## VINCENNES AND THE BASTILLE

AND in truth he had reason for bitterness, for he was now to remain in prison, first at Vincennes, then in the Bastille, and then at Charenton, until 1790. That is to say, from his return from Italy in 1777, with the exception of the short time after his escape at Lambesc, he remained a prisoner, as we have already said, for thirteen and a half years—from the age of thirty-seven to that of fifty.

During his earlier imprisonments at Vincennes and Miolans, conditions had not been too bad. But now, on his return to Vincennes, things were different, and he suffered a certain amount of hardship. He was confined in a room that was both cold and damp, and contained nothing but a small bed, which he had to make himself every day. His food was passed to him through a peephole in the door, and he had one hour's exercise a day. He was allowed neither books nor writing materials (except for a letter once a week), and this was the deprivation he felt most of all.

At this time there was also confined as a prisoner at Vincennes another very remarkable man, namely, Mirabeau. The meeting of these two men—in many ways so different but in some so alike—under such circumstances is interesting. Mirabeau had many more privileges and comforts than de Sade, of whose presence at Vincennes he was not aware, and this

probably aroused a keen feeling of jealousy in the Marquis. A violent quarrel occurred between them which neither ever forgave. There is a characteristic letter of Mirabeau's on the subject, dated 28th of June 1780 :

" Yesterday," he says, " M. de Sade put the prison in an uproar, and did me the honour, in stating his name and without the least provocation on my part as you can well believe, to say to me the most infamous horrors. I was, said he (only less decently), the *giton* of M. de Rougement (the Governor of the prison), and it was to give me outdoor exercise that they had deprived him of it ; finally he demanded my name so that he might have the pleasure of slitting my ears when he was free. I lost my patience, and said to him, 'My name is that of a man of honour who has never dissected nor poisoned women, who will write it upon your back with cane-cuts, if you are not broken on the wheel first, and whose only fear is that of having to wear mourning on your account in the Place de Grêve.'[1] He was silenced, and has not dared to open his mouth since. If you blame me, you must blame me, but forsooth, it is easy to have patience from a distance, and sad enough to have to inhabit the same house that such a monster lives in."

It may be mentioned here that Mirabeau himself was by no means above reproach so far as the fair sex was concerned, and was at this very time beguiling the tedium of his captivity by writing those erotic and obscene works to which we shall refer later.

De Sade never forgave this altercation, and after-

[1] Mirabeau was also a noble of Provence, and was even distantly related to de Sade through their wives. The Place de Grêve was a square in Paris where executions took place.

wards he wrote [1] of "Mirabeau who would be a *libertin*, for the sake of being something, and who nevertheless is not and never will be anything all his life." And in a footnote to this he adds: "Surely not even a legislator; one of the best proofs of the delirium and folly which characterized, in France, the year 1789, is the ridiculous enthusiasm which this vile spy of the monarchy inspired. What idea remains to-day of this immoral man of very little wit?—that of a knave, a traitor, and an ignoramus." Such was the result of the meeting of two such turbulent spirits as these!

Another side of the life of the Marquis in prison is to be found in the platonic friendship he had with Mademoiselle de Rousset, with whom he carried on a considerable correspondence while he was in Vincennes.

She was a native of Provence, whom he had met while he was at La Coste, and was a friend and confidante of his wife. She entered into all the latter's fears and anxieties regarding her husband, and helped her in her plans for his escape and in her endeavours to obtain various necessities and luxuries for him in his captivity. She was deeply grieved at his unkindness and ingratitude to his wife, and wrote him some letters of remonstrance and reproof, not, however, of too severe a nature.

The correspondence was continued, and gradually took a brighter turn. She sympathized with the prisoner in his hardships; counselled and advised him; gave him news of the state of affairs at La Coste, and various items of more general interest. She even discussed *Clarissa Harlowe*, which then was quite the rage, and, in fact, tried her best to enliven somewhat the prisoner's solitude.

[1] *Juliette*, iii. 98.

Unfortunately, most of the replies of the Marquis no longer exist, at least so far as is known, but we can gather some idea of the tone of these by the letters of his correspondent, and the whole incident shows de Sade in his best light. He seems to have genuinely appreciated her attention, and was playful and gallant in his replies. He composed some stanzas in Provençal, and wrote some letters in the Troubadour style.

It seems that Mademoiselle de Rousset was sincerely affected by the charm that de Sade always exerted upon women, and her letters became more intimate—even affectionate. Poor Madame de Sade came to know of this correspondence between her husband and her friend, and the contrast between his attitude to the latter and to herself aroused her jealousy. In telling her husband that she knows of this "correspondence of gallantry," she concludes: "Amusez-vous tous deux de cette manière, mais *pas plus*." It appears to have been Madame de Montreuil, mother of the Marquise, who informed her of the correspondence, doubtless with the intention of furthering her deliberate plan of endeavouring to cure her daughter's loyal—but, as she considered, absurd—devotion to her husband. As a result, a distinct coolness occurred between Madame de Sade and Mademoiselle de Rousset.

But the former's fears were without any real justification, and the affair was soon to come to an end. De Sade, in his usual impetuous and hot-tempered way, had written, or caused to be done, things which in the opinion of his friend were inimical to his own interests, and she did not hesitate to tell him so. Always unable to believe in any disinterested advice or comment on his actions, the Marquis wrote an angry letter to his would-be adviser, who replied with an injured air.

" Aujourd'hui," she says, " vous m'envoyez deux milles baisers, demain deux mille sottises."

For months there was silence, then a few more letters from the lady in a different key. She writes in a less intimate vein, of purely outside affairs or of matters concerning his estate of La Coste, and then the correspondence ceases altogether. Such was the finish of a purely platonic affair, which serves to show the better side of de Sade's nature.

The reverse of the medal is to be observed in his relations with his wife, and it may be well to consider that matter at this juncture.

The devotion of this lady to her husband, in spite of his ingratitude, his faithlessness, and his unkindness, is indeed worthy of all commendation. Without doubt she genuinely loved him. We have already seen the circumstances of their marriage, and from that time the Marquis conceived a dislike for her which he never overcame—which, in fact, developed into a lasting hatred. There were times when he endured her companionship with less impatience than at others, and there were three children born of the marriage. But in spite of the treatment she received from him, her constant consideration was for his welfare.

We have already referred to her efforts to save both her husband and the honour of his name after " *L'Affaire Keller* " and the scandal of Marseille. We have seen how, in spite of her mother, Madame la Presidente de Montreuil, who was bitterly incensed against the Marquis, she was instrumental in effecting his escape from Miolans. After the revision of the judgment of Aix and the acquittal of her husband, for which she had worked all along with indomitable perseverance, it was she who made the arrangements

for his escape at Lambesc, and though he was recaptured afterwards, it was through no fault of hers. When he was in prison, she wrote him most charming and affectionate letters, giving him news of their children, and affirming her devotion to him. She sent him all the requirements for which he expressed a wish, as far as she was allowed. In return, she received only peevish complaints against her negligence and against the failure of her efforts on his behalf.

She tried her hardest to overcome the animosity of her mother towards the Marquis, but that influential lady remained inflexible. For this de Sade blamed his wife, and even forbade her to see her mother at all. The Marquise at one time found herself seriously embarrassed in her finances and in the maintenance and education of her children. This again her husband declared was her own fault, though in fact it was mainly due to following his instructions. There is extant a charming letter from the younger son to the Marquis in prison, which shows that their education and upbringing was by no means being neglected.

After a while, Madame de Sade was allowed to visit her husband occasionally at Vincennes, but these visits became more and more distressing. The Marquis grew more irritable and ill-tempered as his captivity went on, and worked himself up into violent passions. Indeed, his upbraidings and insults to his long-suffering wife reached such a pitch that she had to be protected from his physical violence. So great a scandal did this become that at last, in September 1782, the Lieutenant of Police, M. Le Noir, forbade the visits of the Marquise, and though she protested vigorously against the restriction, she was not allowed to see her husband again for some time.

Meanwhile, on the 29th of February 1784, the Marquis was transferred from Vincennes to the Bastille.

Here he was allowed to receive a few of the things he had requested, and his wife, who all the time had been striving to this end, was allowed to resume her visits to him. It is recorded that she visited him on the 16th of March 1784, and stayed from four o'clock until seven, by means of a permission from M. Le Noir dated that same day, which allowed her to see her husband twice a month. There seems, however, to have been trouble again later, for another order dated the 13th of July 1786 states that Madame de Sade may be permitted to see her husband once a month, and if the prisoner behaves well, she may even be allowed to visit him more frequently.

On the occasion of these visits, at which it was ordered that a third person must always be present, she was allowed to bring, and at other times to send him, such things as books, writing materials, candles, articles of clothing, sweetmeats, eau de cologne, etc. In this respect a prisoner in the Bastille was better off than in Vincennes. There is the record of a receipt given to M. le President de Montreuil for 350 livres, for one month and twenty-three days' keep of the Marquis de Sade, out of which he was allowed to purchase additional comforts. This was most probably de Sade's own money, being administered by his father-in-law on behalf of the Marquise.

With the continuance of his captivity, the Marquis again became irascible and unreasonable, and his wife as usual had to bear the brunt of his ill-temper. He accused her of all kinds of shameful faults, of showing towards him a consistent harshness and unkindness, of conspiring with her mother to keep him in prison—even

of worse things than these. This ingratitude, these insults, so unjust and so untrue, cut the poor lady to the heart.

We may here for a moment depart from strict chronology, and conclude the story of Madame de Sade.

Nothing—not all her devotion, her patience, her self-sacrifice—could overcome the hatred of the Marquis for his wife. He would seem to have revenged all his sufferings and the torment of his captivity upon her. His first care when he at length regained his liberty in 1790 was to take steps to obtain a judicial separation. From that day, it may be said that the Marquise de Sade ceased to exist. She resumed her maiden name of de Montreuil, and lived in retirement. Her sons had emigrated, and the man that she had loved so devotedly had become the Citizen Sade, Secretary of the Section des Piques, of whom she only occasionally heard something more or less scandalous. She was alone, sad and disillusioned. She died at Echauffour, near Argentan, on the 7th of July 1810, some four and a half years before him who had been her husband. Thus ends the pathetic story of one who has been fittingly described as " a saint of conjugal love."

We will now return to the Marquis in the Bastille. We have already seen that after his removal there the Marquis was able to obtain many of his requirements, and chief among these were supplies of paper, pens, ink, and candles, which are continually mentioned as being either brought to him by his wife when she visited him, or purchased for him with his own money. He also got a considerable number of books in the same way. It was at this period and under these conditions that he wrote many of those extraordinary works that were afterwards to make his name famous—or

rather, infamous—and notably, the first version of the most notorious of them all, *Justine*.

Many years of captivity and enforced restraint from all satisfaction was bound to have considerable effect upon so passionate a temperament as that of de Sade; and his violent desires, aided by a vivid imagination, could only find expression, under the circumstances, in the composition of extremely erotic and licentious writings. We have already referred to the fact that even so brilliant a mind as Mirabeau's, under the same circumstances, found relief in the same way; when in Vincennes, having the necessary facilities of which de Sade was then deprived, he produced works just as erotic and just as licentious, but without that distinctively "sadistic" element which has made the Marquis's name a byword.

A curious mental picture may be conjured up of the Marquis de Sade in his little room in the Bastille, that ancient fortress-prison of the Kings of France, sitting up at night, writing the outrageous and terrible pages of *Justine* with the pens and ink and by the light of the candles that had been brought to him by his saint-like wife, on the eve of the Revolution that was to overthrow the monarchy and destroy for ever the very walls which then held him prisoner!

This prolonged, and from his point of view unjust, captivity and restraint had the effect of making the Marquis—always quick-tempered and highly choleric—more violent than ever. In addition to this, in the early part of 1789 there were rumours of unrest, turbulence, and revolution, that filtered through even the solid walls of the Bastille.

And so we find, in June of that year, de Sade trying to "force his way through the sentries outside his door

and at the foot of the tower," but they promptly compelled him to return to his room by "showing him the live end of a musket *d'un peu près*."

Some days later he made another demonstration. On the 2nd of July, we learn, he had the brilliant idea of using as a sort of megaphone a long tin pipe, funnel-shaped at one end, which was supplied to him for emptying his slops into the cesspool, through which he shouted several times out of his window which looked on to the Rue Saint Antoine, that they were going to slaughter all the prisoners in the Bastille, and that those outside should come and deliver them. He also threw papers out of the window, in which he gave details of the tortures to which the prisoners were to be subjected.

At this time there were but very few prisoners in the Bastille, and it may be asked what were the reasons that excited the fury of the populace against a prison that was almost deserted. The answer seems to be that it was mainly the traditions of the place and all that it stood for, but is it not also possible that the attention of the mob was still more actively directed towards it by these demonstrations of the Marquis de Sade? However that may be, he was not there when the Bastille actually fell twelve days later, on the 14th of July.

The Governor, M. de Launay (who was to be foully murdered when the prison was taken by the mob), thought sufficiently seriously of his conduct to have him transferred to another place. Accordingly, he was removed at one o'clock in the morning on the 4th of July, by royal order, and, as it was stated, as a direct result of the scene of the 2nd, and was taken to Charenton. Seals were put upon the door of the room he had occupied, in which still remained some of his

papers. Barras, in his *Memoires*, says that he was present at the fall of the Bastille, and saw the rescued prisoners brought out, amongst whom "I heard named the too celebrated Marquis de Sade." This, of course, was not the fact, but such a rumour shows that his presence in the Bastille up to a few days before was well known.

De Sade only remained at Charenton for eight months. A Decree of the Constituent Assembly regarding *lettres de cachet* gave him his long-deferred liberty, and he became once more a free man on the 29th of March 1790, after a continuous imprisonment of over thirteen years.

## X

## THE REVOLUTION AND LITERARY ACTIVITY

AS we have seen, he divorced his wife, and his sons had left the country at the beginning of the Revolution.

He was therefore alone, and settled down in Paris, where he lived successively in the Rue du Pot-de-Fer, near Saint Sulpice, the Rue Neuve-des-Mathurins, and at No. 20, Rue Chaussée-d'Antin. After a time, he is said to have taken a mistress to live with him, to do the honours of the house when he entertained. She is described as pale, serious, and distinguished in appearance, and was said to be the daughter of a nobleman who had escaped from the country. The Marquis sometimes called her his Justine, and it is thought that she is the "Constance" to whom the first edition of *Justine* was dedicated, but little is actually known about the lady.

De Sade now proceeded to aid his resources, which were greatly depleted, with the products of his pen. Many of his writings in captivity were lost in the Bastille, but he had contrived to retain a few of them, notably *Justine*, the first edition of which was published in 1791.

Most of de Sade's works were published during the years of the Revolution and the Directoire. Always having had a strong leaning towards the theatre, he wrote several plays, chiefly comedies, which were played at

various theatres in Paris, Versailles, and probably Chartres. He is even said to have occasionally performed in some of these himself.

Theatres at this time were springing up in Paris like mushrooms, and the demand for plays to supply their needs produced a crop of dramatic writings of all kinds, long and short plays, comedies, burlesques, satires, etc. The majority of these were of an ephemeral nature, but de Sade took advantage of the opportunity, and produced quite a number, which, however, are of very minor importance in the list of his works.

One of them, *Le Comte Oxtiern, ou les Effets du Libertinage*, was produced at the Theâtre Molière in the Rue Saint Martin on the 22nd of October 1791, with success. At the second performance on the 4th of November, however, a disturbance occurred, and it was not performed again till eight years later at Versailles, when the title was altered to *Oxtiern, ou les Malheurs du Libertinage*.

He sent several plays to the Comédie Française, but none were actually produced there, though one, *Le Misanthrope par Amour*, was accepted. In the archives of that historic theatre are preserved some letters of de Sade, who, as usual, seems to have lost his temper when things did not go as he wished, and, by adopting a somewhat peremptory attitude, did himself no good with the directors of the theatre. In particular, he endeavoured to get them to produce a piece called *Jeanne Laisné, ou le Siège de Beauvais*, which appears to have been the result of his historical researches whereby he established the real name of a fifteenth century heroine hitherto known as Jeanne Hachette, but the directors refused the play as dealing with and eulogiz-

ing Louis XI., a king whose strong monarchical policy made his name anathema to the populace of the Revolution.

Meanwhile, his other works were being published. *Aline et Valcour* appeared in 1793. In this work, which according to the title-page was "written in the Bastille one year before the Revolution in France," occurs the following passage: "Une grande Révolution se prépare dans notre patrie: la France est lasse des crimes de nos souverains, de leurs cruautés, de leurs débauches et de leurs folies; elle est lasse du despotisme, et elle va rompre ses liens." If this passage was actually written in 1788, as the author leads us to believe, and not added in the light of after-events, before publication, then it is a remarkable instance of political prevision on the part of the Marquis.

In 1795 appeared *La Philosophie dans le Boudoir*, one of the most remarkable of all de Sade's works, and in 1796 the first edition of *Juliette*. In the following year was published his "magnum opus," *La Nouvelle Justine, ou les Malheurs de la Vertu, suivie de l'Histoire de Juliette, sa sœur*, containing the rewritten and greatly amplified version of *Justine*. *Les Crimes de l'Amour* followed in 1800.

In addition to these plays and books, various articles and pamphlets were also written, so that the literary activity of the Marquis at this period is very remarkable. It is true that de Sade afterwards publicly denied the authorship of *Justine*, but this is not surprising when the kind of reputation and notoriety that this work gained for its author is remembered. Similar denials were quite common amongst the writers of the eighteenth century regarding this type of work, as for instance, in the cases of Voltaire and Mirabeau, and

there is no reason whatever to doubt the authorship of de Sade, but, on the contrary, much to confirm it.

There is but little information available regarding the private life of the Marquis during this period, and a few stories of a more or less scandalous nature that have been related by irresponsible writers are undoubtedly mere inventions.

He was in somewhat straitened circumstances, and hence, apparently, his literary activity that we have already remarked upon. There is a letter of his, dated the 27th of February 1795, addressed to the "Citizen Representative," Rabaut Saint-Etienne, in which "Alphonse Sade, man of letters," solicits employment as a librarian, or custodian of a museum, on the grounds that he is destitute of resources, having lost his literary possessions in the fall of the Bastille, "where ministerial despotism had kept him confined for several years"; and likewise his goods and property, which had been pillaged and sacked by the "brigands of Marseille." This was true, for his Château of La Coste had been sacked and burned by the peasants and rioters in the early days of the Revolution in 1790. His appeal, however, though forwarded with a recommendation to the Committee of Public Instruction, had no result. He was thus of necessity compelled to rely entirely on his own efforts, and he appears to have succeeded fairly well.

But of more interest and significance is the political activity of the Marquis at this period, and his attitude towards the Revolution and the Revolutionaries.

Having regained his liberty by means of the Revolution, and during the long term of his imprisonment having systematically developed revolutionary principles, in his mind and in his writings, especially

those of revolt against God, Royalty, and the Clergy—his enemies, as he considered—he naturally threw himself with keenness into the new movement, took part eagerly in the events of the Revolution, and behaved as an enthusiastic adherent of the Terrorists. But not in quite the way that might be imagined. He was all for moderation, and against extremes.

The city of Paris was divided into districts, or "sections," and de Sade became Secretary of the "Section des Piques," which was also known as the Section of the Place Vendôme, or Section of Robespierre. During the disorders of the 2nd of September, when most people stayed at home, the Marquis thought, not without reason, that he would be safer at the headquarters of his Section. So he left his abode in the Rue Neuve-des-Mathurins in the evening and went to the "Capucines," near the Place Vendôme. The "Friends of Robespierre" were not there, having all gone to the Jacobins' Club. There were not very many people there, and none who could write decently. De Sade, who signed himself "Citizen Sade," was only known as a man who had been imprisoned under the old régime. He was prepossessing in appearance, although slightly bald and going grey. "Will you be our Secretary?" they asked. "Willingly," he replied, and thereupon took the pen. Such is the account given by Michelet, in his *History of the French Revolution*.[1]

He regularly attended the meetings of his Section, and was often their spokesman. Having regard to his past, he observed a discreet reserve, and appeared in the guise of philanthropist, being one of four delegates who were appointed to visit the hospitals of Paris and

[1] Michelet: *Histoire de la Revolution Française*, vi. 220. See No. 96 in Bibliography.

report upon their condition. He wrote the reports, which were signed by himself and his coadjutors.

He became an enthusiastic admirer of Marat, and after the assassination of "the Friend of the People" by Charlotte Corday on the 13th of July 1793, de Sade delivered a flaming panegyric, which is full of revolutionary phrases, wherein he celebrated the sacred and divine figure of Liberty as the sole Goddess of the French. This was published as a *Discours prononcé à la fête décernée par la Section des Piques, aux mânes de Marat et de Le Pelletier, par Sade, citoyen, de cette Section, et membre de la Société Populaire.*

As an example of what the Marquis could do in this genre, we give herewith the text of this discourse :

"Citoyens,—Le devoir le plus cher à des cœurs vraiment républicains est la reconnaissance due aux grands hommes ; de l'épanchement de cet acte sacré naissent toutes les parties nécessaires au maintien et à la gloire de l'Etat. Les hommes aiment la louange et toute nation qui ne la refuse pas au mérite trouvera toujours, dans son sein, des hommes envieux de s'en rendre dignes ; trop avares de ces nobles tributs, les Romains, par une loi sévère, exigeaient un long intervalle entre la mort de l'homme célèbre et son panégyrique ; n'imitons point cette rigeur, elle refroidirait nos vertus ; n'étouffons jamais un enthousiasme dont les inconvénients sont médiocres et dont les fruits sont si nécessaires : Français, honorez, admirez toujours vos grands hommes. Cette effervescence précieuse les multipliera parmi vous, et si jamais la postérité vous accusait de quelque erreur, n'auriez-vous pas votre sensibilité pour excuse ?

"Marat ! Le Pelletier ! ils sont à l'abri de ces craintes, ceux qui vous célèbrent en cet instant, et la voix des siècles à venir ne fera qu'ajouter à ces hommages

que vous rend aujourd'hui la génération qui fleurit. Sublimes martyrés de la liberté, déjà placés au temple de mémoire, c'est de là, que toujours révérés des humains vous planerez au-dessus d'eux, comme les astres bienfaisants qui les éclairent, et qu'également utiles aux hommes, s'ils trouvent dans les uns la source de tous les trésors de la vie, ils auront aussi dans les autres, l'homme modèle de toutes les vertus.

" Etonnante bizarrerie du sort ! Marat, c'etait du fond de cet antre obscur où ton ardent patriotisme combattait les tyrans avec autant d'ardeur que le génie de la France indiquait ta place dans ce temple où nous te révérons aujourd'hui.

" Egoisme est, dit-on, la base de toutes les actions humaines, il n'en est aucune, assure-t-on, qui n'ait l'intérét personnel pour premier motif, et, s'appuyant de cette opinion cruelle, les terribles destructeurs de toutes les belles choses en réduisent à rien le mérite. O Marat ! combien tes actions sublimes te soustraient à cette loi générale ! quel motif personnel d'intérêt t'éloignait du commerce des hommes, te privait de toutes tes douceurs de la vie, te reléguait vivant dans une espèce de tombeau ? Quel autre que celui d'éclairer les semblables et d'assurer le bonheur de tes frères ? Qui te donnait le courage de braver tout . . . jusqu'à des armées dirigées contre toi, si ce n'était le désintéressement le plus entier, le plus pur amour du peuple, le civisme le plus ardent, dont on ait encore vu l'exemple ?

" Scévola, Brutus, votre seul mérite fut de vous armer un moment pour trancher les jours de deux despotes, une heure au plus votre patriotisme a brillé ; mais toi, Marat, par quel chemin plus difficile tu parcourus la carrière de l'homme libre ! Que d'épines entravèrent ta route avant que d'atteindre le but. C'était au milieu des tyrans que tu nous parlais de liberté ; peu faits encore au nom sacré de cette déesse, tu l'adorais avant que nous la connussions : les poignards de Machiavel s'agitaient en vain sur ta tête sans que ton front auguste

en parût altéré : Scévola et Brutus menaçaient chacun leurs tyrans, ton âme bien plus grande, voulait immoler à la fois tous ceux qui surchargeaient la terre et des esclaves t'accusaient d'aimer le sang ! grand homme c'était le leur que tu voulais répandre. Tu ne te montrais prodigue de celui-là que pour épargner celui du peuple : avec autant d'ennemis ne devais-tu pas succomber ? Tu désignais les traitres, la trahison devait te frapper.

" Sexe timide et doux, comment se fait-il que vos mains délicates aient saisi le poignard que la sédition aiguisait ? Ah ! votre empressement à venir jeter des fleurs sur le tombeau de ce véritable ami du peuple nous fait oublier que le crime put trouver un bras parmi vous.

" Le barbare assassin de Marat, semblable à ces êtres mixtes auxquels on ne peut assigner aucun sexe, vomi par les enfers pour le désespoir de tous deux, n'appartient directement à aucun. Il faut qu'un voile funèbre enveloppe à jamais sa mémoire ; qu'on cesse surtout de nous présenter, comme on ose le faire, son effigie sous l'emblème enchanteur de la beauté. Artistes trop crédules, brisez, renversez, défigurez les traits de ce monstre, ou ne l'offrez à nos yeux indignés qu'au milieu des furies du Tartare.

" Ame douce et terrible ! Le Pelletier, que tes vertus viennent un instant adoucir les idées qu'ont aigries ces tableaux. Si tes heureux principes sur l'éducation nationale te survivent un jour, les crimes dont nous nous plaignons ne flétriront plus notre histoire. Ami de l'enfance et des hommes, que j'aime à te suivre dans les moments où ta vie politique se consacre tout entière au personnage sublime de représentant du peuple ; tes premières opinions tendirent à nous assurer cette liberté précieuse de la presse sans laquelle il n'est plus de liberté sur terre ; méprisant le faux éclat du rang où des préjugés absurdes et chimériques te plaçaient alors, tu publias que s'il pouvait

exister des différences entre les hommes, ce n'était qu'aux vertus, qu'aux talents qu'il appartenait de les établir.

" Sévère ennemi des tyrans, tu votas la mort de celui qui avait osé comploter celle de tout un peuple : un fanatique te frappa, et son glaive homicide a déchiré tous nos cœurs ; ses remords nous vengèrent, il devint lui-même son bourreau : ce n'était point assez . . . Scélérat ! que ne pouvons nous immoler tes mânes ! Ah ! ton arrêt est dans le cœur de tous les Français. Citoyens, s'il était des hommes parmi vous qui ne fussent pas encore assez pénetrés des sentiments que le patriotisme doit à de tels amis de la liberté, qu'ils tournent leur regard vers les derniers mots de Le Pelletier, et remplis à la fois de douleur et de vénération, ils éprouveront plus que jamais la haine due à la mémoire du parricide qui put trancher une si belle vie.

" Unique déesse des Français, sainte et divine Liberté, permets qu'aux pieds de tes autels nous répandions encore quelques larmes sur la perte de tes deux plus fidèles amis : laisse-nous enlacer des cyprès aux guirlandes de chêne dont nous t'environnons. Ces larmes amères purifient ton encens et ne l'éteignent pas : elles sont un hommage de plus à tous ceux que nos cœurs te présentent . . . Ah ! cessons d'en répandre, citoyens ; ils respirent, ces hommes célèbres que nous pleurons ; notre patriotisme les revivifie ; je les aperçois au milieu de nous . . . Je les vois sourire au culte que notre civisme leur rend. Je les entends nous annoncer l'aurore de ces jours sereins et tranquilles où Paris plus superbe que ne fut jamais l'ancienne Rome deviendra l'asile des talents, l'effroi des despotes, le temple des arts, la partie de tous les hommes libre.

" D'un bout de la terre à l'autre, toutes les nations envieront l'honneur d'être alliées au peuple français. Remplaçant le frivole mérite de n'offrir aux étrangers que nos coutumes et nos modes, ce seront des lois, des exemples des vertus et des hommes que nous donnerons

à la terre étonnée, et si jamais les mondes bouleversés cédant aux lois impérieuses qui les meuvent venaient à s'écrouler . . . à se confondre, la déesse immortelle que nous encensons, jalouse de montrer aux races futures le globe habité par le peuple qui l'aurait le mieux servie, n'indiquerait que la France aux hommes nouveaux qu'aurait recréés la nature.

" SADE (rédacteur)."

The effect of this address, given with all the rhetorical and histrionic art in which the Marquis was no mean adept, and in the electrical atmosphere of the time, may well be imagined. The General Assembly of the Section des Piques applauded the principles and the energy of the Discourse, and caused copies of it to be sent to the National Convention, to all the Departments, to the Armies, to the constituted authorities of Paris, to forty-seven other Sections, and to the Sociétés Populaires.

Thus the Citizen Sade had gained his niche in the annals of the Revolution !

But there was another side to the medal. These were the public acts of the erstwhile aristocrat. The private feelings of the man de Sade are even more interesting—and, as coming from him, more surprising.

It is generally agreed that the Marquis was secretly hated and scorned by the other members of the Section des Piques, and also by the other Terrorists. In the celebrated *Liste des Ci-devants Nobles* by Jacques Dulaure which appeared in 1791, there is a violent article against the Marquis de Sade. The reason for all this was actually his moderation.

In spite of all his writings and his speeches, he was in reality what had been described as a pasteboard Terrorist, " un pseudo-terroriste de boudoir musqué."

He was a sincere republican, but was opposed to capital punishment and all extreme measures. He fought against the Laws and the old aristocratic régime only in a spirit of revenge for his long imprisonment and all the sufferings it entailed, and also under the influence of the *théorie du libertinage* invented by him and developed in his writings. He was actually a " philosopher of vice," not a passionate politician. It has been well said that " Scélérat absolu en théorie, il était en réalité très doux, prudent et plein de phrases de vertu." [1]

Had he really been the bloodthirsty monster of tradition—a figure mainly evolved from his own too notorious writings—what a glorious opportunity the Revolution would have afforded him ! Nothing would have been easier for de Sade, had he so desired, than to get himself sent into the provinces on a mission like Carrier and Le Bon at Nantes, Fréron at Toulon, and Barrère at Lyon. There he could have executed and tortured at his will, and from time to time obtained a victim with whom to satisfy his own alleged tastes.

But what did he actually do ? Nothing of the sort. On the contrary, while others did these things, he remained quietly at Paris, carrying out his duties as Secretary, and reporting on the state of the hospitals ! And more than this. The father and mother of his wife, Monsieur and Madame de Montreuil, were among the accused ci-devant nobles, and were in very great danger of losing their heads on the guillotine. In de Sade's mind, they were directly responsible for most of his sufferings. It was they who had forced him to marry a woman he hated, and refused him the one that he loved. It was they who had caused him to be still kept in captivity for all those years, after the reversal

[1] Janin : *Le Marquis de Sade.* See No. 61 in Bibliography.

of the judgment of Aix had technically set him free. They had always shown animosity towards him. Now, had he so minded, he could easily have revenged himself upon them. He had only to speak to Fouquier-Tinville, the terrible Public Prosecutor. Instead, he exerted all his influence to save them, and in this he was successful, though thereby compromising himself.

It seems strangely ironical that the Marquis should experience in his own person confirmation of one of his pet theories which is enunciated in all his books—namely, that " Vice is always recompensed and Virtue punished." For as a result of his good action in saving his wife's parents, and his avowed opposition to the death penalty, he was declared suspect of " moderatism," and was arrested on the 6th of December 1793, by order of the Committee of Public Safety. He was taken successively to the prisons Des Madelonnettes, Des Carmes, and Picpus, but he regained his liberty once more in the following October, through the good offices of the Deputy Rovere. On his release he sold his pillaged château and estate of La Coste to his benefactor, and thereby obtained some means on which to live, at least for a time.

De Sade now retired from any active participation in the political events of the closing years of the century. He had found the prisons of the Revolution no less irksome than those of the monarchy, and his enthusiasm for the new order of things had abated. He devoted himself to literary work, sold some of his plays, and published his principal books, as we have already described. Further details of his life at this period are lacking.

Under the Directoire the works of the Marquis de Sade were sold openly in the bookshops and on the

stalls. They could be procured at all the libraries, and were named in their catalogues. Their circulation was considerable. They were regarded as paradoxical, but not as unfit to read. This is not so surprising when we remember the enormous mass of erotic and pornographic works that were written, published, and openly sold during the last half of the eighteenth century. The publication of this class of book attained its zenith in the last decade of the century, during the Revolution. We shall refer to this subject in more detail in the third part of this study. A wealthy capitalist is said to have financed the publication of de Sade's works, and arranged for their extensive distribution in Paris, in the provinces, and abroad. The profits were large, and the Marquis had his share of them. He was thus able to improve his finances by work that was entirely congenial to him. He even presented a richly bound set of the new edition of *Justine et Juliette* to each of the five Directors, and they were accepted.

But the Marquis was not to be allowed to remain in peace much longer.

## XI

## CONFINEMENT AT CHARENTON

IN July of the year 1800 was published *Zoloë et ses deux Acolytes*, which is actually an obscene and violent pamphlet against the First Consul, his wife, and some of their associates.

The characters are thinly disguised, and it was not difficult to recognize Joséphine de Beauharnais as *Zoloë*; Madame Tallien as *Laureda* and Madame Visconti as *Volsange*, the two acolytes; Barras as the *Vicomte de Sabar*; Tallien as *Fessinot*; and, above all, Bonaparte himself as *Baron d'Orsec*.[1]

All these characters indulge in the most unbridled debauchery in a *petite maison*, and to make matters worse, the author declares that it is true "living history" that he has written. "Qu'on se rappelle," he says, "que nous parlons en historien. Ce n'est pas notre faute si nos tableaux sont chargés des couleurs de l'immoralité, de la perfidie et de l'intrigue. Nous avons peint les hommes d'un siècle qui n'est plus. Puisse celui-ci en produire de meilleurs et prêter à nos pinceaux les charmes de la vertu!" The engraved frontispiece shows the three heroines in transparent classical robes compelled to unmask before the Genius of History. The book caused a tremendous scandal. Although it was marked as printed abroad, there was no doubt as to its authorship.

[1] An anagram on "Corse" (= Corsican).

Napoleon was now all-powerful as First Consul, and was not going to submit calmly to such libels as this. De Sade was arrested on the 5th of March 1801, with his publisher, Bertrandet, and was taken to the prison of Sainte-Pélagie. The pretext was that he was about to publish *Juliette*, "un ouvrage contraire à la morale et aux mœurs." This is obviously absurd, as the work had already been published in 1796, and again in 1797, and openly sold and circulated ever since. Even if a re-written and still longer version of *Juliette*, as happened in the case of *Justine*, is meant, it was rather late in the day to take action with regard to this book. But there is not the slightest reason to believe that the Marquis ever wrote a new version of *Juliette*, or even contemplated it. It was, as we have said, a mere pretext. The real reason was a matter not of literature nor of morals, but of politics. If *Zoloë* had not contained thinly disguised portraits of Napoleon and his circle, de Sade would not have been arrested. As it was, had the real reason been stated and a public trial taken place, the scandal would only have been magnified. So de Sade was quietly removed out of further harm's way.

What induced him to commit the foolish indiscretion of publishing this libel we do not know. But the result was what might have been expected where such a person as Napoleon was concerned, and the Marquis, now over sixty years of age, was to spend the rest of his life in confinement.

He protested in vain against this arbitrary treatment. He again denied the authorship of *Justine et Juliette*, but without avail. He had committed the unpardonable crime of maligning the First Consul and his wife, and he was not to be allowed his freedom under any circum-

stances. After a time he was removed from Sainte-Pélagie to Bicêtre, the reason for which, as stated by the Prefect of Police, being that he "corrupted" his fellow-prisoners at the former place. The Minister of Justice had given the order that he should be "forgotten for a while" in prison, which was a convenient way of getting rid of a troublesome character without the scandal of a public trial. Eventually he was transferred to Charenton on the 27th of April 1803, as it was said officially, "at the request of his family," and here he was to remain for the rest of his days, that is to say, for over eleven years.

It was now diligently given out that the Marquis de Sade was mad. Aulard has drawn attention to the frequency with which offenders against Napoleon were summarily imprisoned without trial, and then stated to be insane. The cases of the poet Désorgues, M. de Laage, and the Abbé Fournier, to name but a few, were very similar, only in these instances the period of detention was not so long, death releasing the first-named after four years, and the others were pardoned.

Charenton was actually an asylum and not strictly a prison. Therefore life in that establishment was considerably easier than it had been in Vincennes and the Bastille, and the Marquis was allowed a certain amount of freedom within the precincts. It is very probable, therefore, that if in any case he was to be kept in confinement, he preferred to be regarded as mad and so remain at Charenton than to be treated as an ordinary prisoner and kept in a prison cell. But there is no evidence whatever that he was really mad, in the proper sense of the term. The circumstances of his life, acting upon such a temperament as his, was bound to have an

effect. Many of his ideas were distorted and perverse, and the sexual element therein grossly exaggerated. But of actual insanity there is no proof. Indeed, there is the evidence of an expert witness to the contrary.

The letter of Dr. Royer-Collard, Head Physician of the Asylum of Charenton, to the Minister of Police is of the utmost value in this respect. It is dated the 2nd of August 1808. The Doctor had had de Sade under personal observation for a considerable time, and was certainly well qualified to express an opinion on such a matter. The avowed object of the letter is to get him removed as not being a suitable subject for treatment in an asylum. In this letter he says definitely, "*This man is not a lunatic.* His only mania is that of vice, and it is not in an establishment devoted to the medical treatment of insanity that this kind of mania can be repressed." [1]

That surely is sufficiently explicit and conclusive. But we shall return to the subject in the third part of this study.

The letter above quoted is also interesting as showing us something of de Sade's life at Charenton. The Doctor affirms that the proper method of treatment in this instance would be the strictest isolation, and goes on to show that exactly the reverse is the case at the Asylum. The Marquis enjoyed considerable liberty. He could communicate with a large number of people of both sexes, who were still afflicted or at least scarcely convalescent; he could receive them in his apartment or visit them in theirs. He was allowed to walk in the

[1] "*Cet homme n'est pas un aliéné.* Son seul délire est celui du vice et ce n'est point dans une maison consacrée au traitement médical de l'aliénation que cette espèce de délire peut être réprimé."

park, where he could meet those who were granted the same privilege.

Above all, there was a small theatre attached to the Asylum, where plays were performed by the more rational of the inmates, with occasional professional assistance from outside, and the Marquis was the director of this theatre. It was he who chose the plays, distributed the parts, and presided at the performances. He also " produced " the plays, both as to the declamation and action of the actors and actresses and the supervision of the scenery. On the occasion of public performances he always had a certain number of tickets which he could dispose of as he liked, and, surrounded by his assistants, he partly did the honours of the assembly. Sometimes he was even author as well, and for the Director's birthday he always took care to write an allegorical piece in his honour, or at least compose some verses in his praise. All this the good Doctor laments as entirely wrong, and dreads to think of the scandal that would be caused if the details were publicly known. He therefore begs that de Sade may be transferred somewhere else, and ventures to suggest that " une maison de sûreté ou un château fort " would be more suitable.

It was probably as a result of the Doctor's letter that the order was given that the Marquis should be removed to the Château of Ham. But through the intervention of M. de Coulmier, Director of Charenton, who used as a pretext the large arrears due to the institution for the maintenance of de Sade, the order was rescinded, and he remained where he was.

This M. de Coulmier was the Director for whose birthdays the Marquis, as we have seen, composed complimentary verses, and the two appear to have been

on very good terms. It is said that de Sade was a great favourite with the Director, who had, indeed, upon one occasion, been sharply reprimanded by the Prefect of Police for his "extreme complaisance" towards his charge, and for allowing him to make the bread-offering and collect the offertory in the parish church of Charenton on Easter Sunday. He was reminded that de Sade was his prisoner, and that under no pretext whatever was he to be allowed out without an explicit and formal order from the Prefect. This partiality would explain the privileges which the Marquis enjoyed at Charenton, and his position as director of the theatre. If the Head Physician did not approve of the theatrical entertainments, the Director obviously did, and as for the Marquis, we can picture him as in his element. At last he had scope for the exercise of his theatrical talent, and was able to give free rein to his undoubted sense of the theatre.

After further protests the Doctor was successful in getting these theatrical performances prohibited, but concerts and balls took their place. It was only in 1813 that all these entertainments were stopped at Charenton.

As an amusing sidelight on de Sade as stage-manager there is a letter from one Thierry, a servant at Charenton, addressed apparently to the Director. In this he says that the Marquis told him to do something that was needed in connection with the stage decoration. He turned round without speaking, to find the necessary things, when de Sade seized him by the shoulders and said, "Monsieur le polisson, have the goodness to listen to me." Thierry quietly replied that he should not speak to him like that, as he was only going to carry out what he had told him to do.

The Marquis replied that that was not true, that he had turned his back upon him impertinently, and that he was a rogue to whom he would give fifty strokes with a cane. At that Thierry lost his patience, and he replied in the same tone; a scene took place, after which he was given no further parts in the theatrical performances.

In this incident we have yet another instance of de Sade's choleric temper, which was characteristic. But these were only occasional outbursts, and one can understand the Director's liking for him, for it is agreed on all sides that he was distinguished and attractive in appearance, and, when not ruffled, had a pleasing and ingratiating manner. There are on record a few impressions of the Marquis by people who actually came into contact with him. Thus, Charles Nodier, who slept in the same room with him and two other prisoners one night shortly before his removal to Charenton, describes him as follows: "Je ne remarquai d'abord en lui qu'une obésité enorme qui gênait assez ses mouvements pour l'empêcher de déployer un reste de grâce et d'élégance dont on retrouvait des traces dans l'ensemble de ses manières. Ses yeux fatigués conservaient cependant je ne sais quoi de brillant et de fin qui s'y ranimait de temps à autre comme une étincelle expirante sur un charbon éteint. . . . J'ai dit que ce prisonnier ne fit que passer sous mes yeux. Je me souviens seulement qu'il était poli jusqu'à l'obséquiosité, affable jusqu'à l'onction, et qu'il parlait respectueusement de tout ce que l'on respęcte." And he further says: "Ce de Sade est le prototype des victimes *extra*-judiciares de la haute justice du Consulat et de l'Empire." [1]

[1] Nodier: *Souvenirs, etc.*, ii. 57–60. See No. 98 in Bibliography.

Ange Pitou also relates a meeting with the Marquis, when he was in the same corridor in Sainte-Pélagie in 1802. De Sade entered his room, and, according to Pitou, was annoyed to find him so happy in his captivity, with his black bread and prison soup and all the restrictions. He approached the table and said," What is that you are reading ? " " The Bible." " Ah, that Tobias is a good fellow, but that Job tells some tales ! " His opinion of the Marquis is that " cependant, on apercevait encore de lui des traces de quelque vertu, telle que la bienfaisance." [1]

Lacroix states that he had questioned several people then living, some of whom were over eighty years of age, who had known the Marquis de Sade, and who were eminently respectable and truthful, and had requested them to give him some details of this notorious character, and he was greatly surprised to find that they none of them showed the least repugnance in remembering the author of *Justine*, and spoke of him as " un aimable mauvais sujet."

According to the *Biographie Universelle*, he had beautiful white hair, an affable appearance, and he observed a scrupulous politeness. He was a robust old man, and suffered from no infirmity.

It is true that de Sade himself, in a petition which he addressed to Napoleon in 1808 for his release, and in which he says that he has dragged out for more than twenty years in three different prisons consecutively the most miserable life in the world, states that he is " a septuagenarian, nearly blind, afflicted with gout and rheumatism in the chest and stomach which makes him suffer horrible pains," but this may be regarded more as an endeavour to appeal to the sympathy of the

[1] Pitou : *Analyse de mes malheurs, etc.* See No. 102 in Bibliography.

Emperor than as a statement of actual fact. In any case, the petition had no effect, and the Marquis was left, as we have said, to end his days in captivity.

Of the last two or three years of his life we have no detailed information.

## XII

### DEATH OF THE MARQUIS. HIS CHILDREN

THE Marquis de Sade died at Charenton at ten o'clock in the evening of the 2nd of December 1814, in the seventy-fifth year of his age, when Napoleon, his last imprisoner, was an exile in Elba.

According to a note written by Doctor Ramon, who had attended him on his death-bed, and who was in charge of the autopsy, the Marquis had succumbed to "a pulmonary obstruction, in the form of asthma," or more probably, as we should now call it, pneumonia. It seems that he had been gradually weakening for some time, but had been well enough to be out walking in the grounds two days before his death. The night before, he had put all his papers in order. His second son, Armand, was present at the end, and the funeral took place at Charenton.

His last will and testament, made nearly nine years previously, contained the following clause :

"Je défends que mon corps soit ouvert sous quelque prétexte que ce puisse être, je demande avec la plus vive instance qu'il soit gardé 48 heures dans la chambre où je décéderai, placé dans une bière de bois qui ne sera clouée qu'au bout des 48 heures prescrites ci-dessus, à l'expiration desquelles la dite bière sera clouée, pendant cet intervalle, il sera envoyé un exprès au sieur Lenormand, marchand de bois, Boulevard de l'Egalité, No. 101, à Versailles, pour le prier de venir lui-même, suivi d'une

charrette, retirer mon corps pour être transporté sous son escorte et dans ladite charrette, au bois de ma tere de la Malmaison, commune de Mancé, pres d'Epernon où je veux qu'il soit placé sans aucune espèce de cérémonie, dans le premier taillis fourni qui se trouve à droite dans ledit bois en y entrant du côté de l'ancien château par la grande allée qui le partage. La fosse pratiquée dans ce taillis sera ouverte par le fermier de la Malmaison, sous l'inspection de M. Lenormand, qui ne quittera mon corps qu'après l'avoir placé dans ladite fosse ; il pourra se faire accompagner dans cette cérémonie, par ceux de mes parents ou amis qui, sans aucune espèce d'appareils auront bien voulu me donner cette dernière marque d'attachement ; la fosse une fois recouverte, il sera semé dessus des glands, afin que par la suite le terrain de ladite fosse se trouvant réuni et le taillis se trouvant fourré comme il était auparavant, les traces de ma tombe disparaissent de la surface de la terre ; comme je me flatte que ma mémoire s'effacera de l'esprit des hommes.

" Fait à Charenton Saint-Maurice, en état de raison et de santé, le 30 janvier 1806.

" D. A. F. Sade."

He thus desired no burial in consecrated ground, no mourning, and " no flowers by request." But it seems that his wishes were not carried out, for a note of his funeral expenses was found at Charenton which totalled sixty-five livres. This included ten livres for the coffin, six for digging the grave, eight for the bearers, six for the chaplain, six for the chapel fees, nine for candles, and twenty for the stone cross placed upon his grave.

This hardly conforms to the grave in the wood on his own estate, which, when covered over, was to be thickly planted with acorns, and no sign of it left, so that all traces of his last resting-place might disappear from the face of the earth. There are few human

documents so filled with bitterness and sorrow as this testament of de Sade. We cannot but feel that he would have particularly resented the candles and the stone cross.

At the autopsy, which was performed by three doctors, it was remarked that the skull was small but extremely well formed, and would at first sight have been taken for that of a woman.

It is unfortunate that, so far as is known, there is no authentic portrait of the Marquis de Sade in existence.

We have seen that the Marquis had three children —two sons and a daughter. Of these, the eldest, Louis Marie, was born in Paris, 27th of August 1764. He had for godfather the Prince de Condé, and for godmother the Princess de Conti. He served as an officer in the armies of the King, and saved a comrade's life at the risk of his own. At the beginning of the Revolution he left France, like so many of the nobility, but he returned to Paris in 1794. He worked for a living as an engraver on copper, all his goods having been confiscated during the Terror. He wrote a *Histoire de la Nation Française*, published in 1805, based upon research, and for which he was made a member of the *Académie Celtique*. Finally, under Napoleon, he re-entered the Army, took part in the battle of Iéna, and was wounded at the battle of Friedland. He was murdered in Spain, the 9th of June 1809, by bandits, five and a half years before the death of his father.

The second son was named Donatien Claude Armand. It was he who, when a child, wrote the letter to his father in prison to which we have already referred. He was present at his father's death at Charenton, and afterwards had a lawsuit with the authorities there regarding the alleged arrears of payments for the

maintenance of the Marquis, which case he won, in spite of their appeal to a higher court, in 1832. He adopted the name of de Sade-Mazau, and it is through him that the family has descended.

The daughter of the Marquis, Madeleine Laura, died at Echauffer in 1844.

Here, then, ends the biography of the Marquis de Sade. In the foregoing account we have avoided as far as possible matters still in dispute, and the many points upon which authorities do not agree, and have endeavoured to give a plain straightforward narrative of facts, at least so far as they can be ascertained.

Of the many legends that have grown around the personality of de Sade, of his character and temperament, of his influence upon posterity, we shall have more to say in the third part of this study.

We may here remind the reader that out of his seventy-four years he spent nearly thirty of them in eleven different prisons. Truly it may be said that his life was a restless and a sad one.

We have now to consider the works of this extraordinary man.

# PART II.—WORKS

## I

## DRAMATIC WORKS

AS we have seen in the first part of this study, the Marquis de Sade wrote several plays, mainly comedies, but as they form only a very minor part of his literary work, we will briefly dismiss them before considering his romances and tales.

Of all the plays that he wrote, the only one which was actually printed and published was *Oxtiern, ou les Malheurs du Libertinage*, a drama in three acts, in prose. This was not published until 1800, although it was first performed on the stage in 1791. The disturbance at the second performance, to which we have already referred, was not due to the moral atmosphere of the piece, for many others of a much more daring nature were favourably received in the Paris theatres of the period; it seems to have originated in the noisy demonstration of one spectator, which the rest of the audience resented, and so led to a row which caused the drop-scene to be lowered for a short time.

The plot of the play is briefly as follows:

Count Oxtiern, a Swedish nobleman and confirmed libertine, has violated and abducted Ernestine, daughter of the Count of Falkenheim. He has caused her young lover to be thrown into prison on a false accusation, and he brings his unhappy victim to an inn

outside Stockholm, the landlord of which is an honest man named Fabrice. Ernestine's father follows in pursuit, and traces them to the inn. Ernestine, in despair, has planned a means of revenging herself upon the monster who has dishonoured her ; she gives him a rendezvous at eleven o'clock at night in the garden, to fight with swords, and makes the letter appear as though it came from her (imaginary) brother. Her father, meanwhile, has also sent a challenge to Oxtiern, who, having got to know of Ernestine's project, conceives the villainous idea of letting the father fight with his own daughter. Accordingly, they both arrive at the rendezvous and begin to fight, attacking each other with vigour, when a youth rushes between them and separates them. This turns out to be Ernestine's young lover, whom the honest innkeeper, Fabrice, has rescued from prison. The first thing he has done on regaining his liberty has been to fight with Oxtiern, and to kill him. In the end he marries his beloved, after having avenged her.

This may not sound a very promising or convincing theme for a play, but it was apparently a success on the stage, and a contemporary critic said that it had interest and power, but that the character of Oxtiern was revoltingly atrocious, and that he was viler and more of a scoundrel than Lovelace, without being as agreeable. It was upon this character that the author endeavoured to centre the chief interest of the play. The kind of sentiments he expresses are indicated in the following speech : " Ce valet m'impatiente, il fremit. Ces imbéciles-là n'ont point de principes ; tout ce qui sort de la règle ordinaire du vice et de la friponnerie les étonne ; le remords les effraie." He is, in fact, as much of a typical de Sade " hero " as it was permissible to show upon the stage of a public theatre, even at that period. He is a

personification, somewhat subdued, of the author's "spirit of revolt." Otherwise, the play is of little significance.

*Le Misanthrope par Amour, ou Sophie et Desfrancs*, a comedy in verse, in five acts, was accepted by the Comédie Française in 1790, though not actually produced there, but the mere fact of acceptance secured for its author the *entrée* to the National Theatre for five years. It has never been published.

His historical play, *Jeanne Laisné, ou le Siège de Beauvais*, a tragedy in five acts, he tried his best to get the same theatre to accept in 1791, but, as we have already seen, he was unsuccessful in this.

Of other plays which are said to exist or have existed in manuscript, we may mention *Julia, ou le Mariage sans Femme; Les Jumelles; L'Homme dangereux, ou le Suborneur; Le Capricieux, ou l'Homme inégal*; and *Cléontine, ou la Fille malheureuse*. Others will be noted in the Bibliography at the end of this study. Some of these were probably performed at Charenton during de Sade's last sojourn there.

As with the novels and romances, so with the dramatic works, several have been attributed to the Marquis de Sade which undoubtedly are not by him. Probably the most notorious of these is *La France Foutue, tragédie lubrique et royaliste*, in three acts in verse, published in 1796. This is one of the many scurrilous and obscene pamphlets, written in dramatic form, which appeared at this time, directed against the French Royal Family and Royalty in general. We do not propose to discuss these productions here, as it is now generally agreed that they show no trace of de Sade's authorship.

On the whole, we are not in a position to appraise the dramatic works of the Marquis de Sade, but it seems fairly safe to assume that they were not of very much importance, from any point of view.

## II

### "ALINE ET VALCOUR"

IN 1791 appeared the first edition of *Justine*, the most famous of all the works of the Marquis de Sade. But as this was entirely rewritten and expanded to about twice the length in the final edition of 1797, when it was issued with *Juliette*, we will defer our notice of this notorious romance for the present, and consider the two together in their final form, in their chronological place.

The second work of fiction to be published by de Sade was *Aline et Valcour, ou le Roman Philosophique, écrit à la Bastille un an avant la Révolution de France*, which first appeared in 1793, in four volumes containing eight parts.

Like *Justine*, it had been written during his imprisonment in the Bastille, as it states on the title-page, and was probably the earlier of the two. Indeed, it has been called the precursor of the more famous work, and there are certain similarities between them. But it is a very tame and ordinary affair—even commonplace—in comparison with the other.

In 1792 the publisher, Girouard, agreed to have the book printed, but he was implicated in an alleged Royalist conspiracy and was arrested and guillotined. After his death, de Sade contrived to have the printing continued, and it eventually appeared in 1793. The Revolution was just then at its height; the King and

Queen were guillotined, and everything concerning property, and even life itself, was in such a state of uncertainty that no one felt safe from day to day. Under these circumstances, as may well be imagined, very few purchasers were found for the new novel, and it therefore fell rather flat. Two years later, when things were beginning to settle down a little, and public events were not quite so sensational, it was issued twice again, with the name of the Widow Girouard on the title-page. Later in the same year, a certain Maradan bought all the unsold copies, replaced the original title-pages with new ones bearing his own name, inserted a new frontispiece, and reissued the book once more. There thus appear to be four editions, which in reality are only one, but with different title-pages and dates of issue. On its reappearance the book obtained a ready sale, and soon went out of print.

*Aline et Valcour* is written in the epistolary form so much in favour with authors of novels and romances at this period, a fashion that was considerably increased by the amazing success of Richardson's *Clarissa*, both in England and on the Continent—a work which, as we have seen, de Sade and Mademoiselle de Rousset discussed in their correspondence while the Marquis was a prisoner at Vincennes.

The following is a brief outline of the story :

Valcour, a good-looking and virtuous young man, who, however, is but poorly off, is in love with and is beloved by Aline, an equally good-looking and virtuous young girl. She is the daughter of M. le President and Madame de Blamont. Her mother is a model of goodness and virtue, and is willing that her daughter should marry the man she loves. But her father is a " monster," and would give his daughter to a friend

of his own named Dolbourg, a Farmer-General of Revenues, who is a rich obese old debauchee. He has already given as mistress to this same Dolbourg the virtuous Sophie, whom he believes to be his elder daughter, Claire. He has persuaded the latter's nurse to let him take the child away, and then to make a declaration of her charge's death, giving as his reason that, at the instance of his wife, he is taking her away to send her secretly to America, for her future good. The nurse, thinking she foresees a great opportunity for her own daughter, substitutes the latter in the place of Claire de Blamont.

Aline and Valcour are of course greatly distressed by this project of de Blamont's, and Madame de Blamont is also on their side, but her husband is obdurate and insists on his wishes being fulfilled. Furthermore, he has the monstrous intention that after the marriage he and his friend Dolbourg shall take each other's wives as mistresses.

This is the main theme round which the story centres, with numerous complications and digressions.

As so frequently happens in the works of de Sade, several of the minor characters proceed to relate the story of their lives and adventures at considerable length, and we thus get several "stories within a story."

Valcour himself relates the happenings of his own life before he met Aline. Then Madame de Blamont, taking a walk one day with some of her guests in a wood on the family estate, comes across a young girl in obvious distress, about to give birth to a child. This turns out to be the unfortunate Sophie, who, after her urgent needs have been attended to, proceeds to relate her history. Shortly afterwards, a terrible storm in the

middle of the night brings to the de Blamont château of Vertefeuille a young man accompanied by a young girl, who crave shelter and hospitality. In due course they each narrate the story of their lives, and the circumstances leading up to their present situation. We thus have the histories of Sainville and Léonore, which are given at such length as to make them almost equal in importance to the principal characters of the book. Léonore turns out in the end to be the real Claire de Blamont.

It would be wearisome and profitless to give long accounts of these various life-histories, as likewise of the numerous complications and ramifications of the main theme. We will therefore pass to the tragic and lugubrious end of the story.

President de Blamont seeks to persuade Valcour to give up Aline by means of a large sum of money, and, having failed in this, he determines to have him assassinated. Valcour is set upon and wounded by a sword-thrust, but is saved by the timely arrival of the night-watch. De Blamont then causes poison to be administered to his wife by Augustine, one of her maids whom he has seduced. His motives for this are her opposition to his designs on Aline, and to prevent the consequences of the complaint lodged against him by her, which is supported by one of her influential friends. Before this, he has obtained by *lettre de cachet* authority to have Sophie delivered into his hands from the Convent at Orleans where Madame de Blamont had placed her.

The corpse of his wife is hardly cold, when he brings Aline to the Château de Blamont, in the same room where he has already done violence to Sophie. The unfortunate girl, in utter despair, seeing nothing

but dishonour before her, between an abominable father and a debauched husband, is driven to commit suicide by plunging a pair of scissors into her left breast. Her remains are taken to Vertefeuille and placed in the same tomb as those of her mother.

Meanwhile, the aforesaid influential friends of Madame de Blamont have lodged a secret complaint against the President, by means of which his accomplice, Augustine, is arrested, and confesses everything. When they come to arrest him, he escapes and saves himself by leaving the country. Léonore, otherwise Claire de Blamont, inherits all the family wealth and possessions, and taking pity on her father—who ill deserves it—sends him an allowance of 50,000 livres a year to London, whither he has flown. He is eventually murdered by thieves.

The old debauchee, Dolbourg, much affected by the tragic death of Aline, reforms, gives his wealth to his relatives and the poor, and retires into the country.

As for Valcour, after paroxysms of despair, and lying between life and death for six weeks, he enters a religious order, and dies two years later in the Abbey of Sept-Fonds, in the odour of sanctity.

It has been said that parts of *Aline et Valcour* are more or less autobiographical, and that the author has based certain incidents contained in it upon his own experience and actual circumstances. Without pressing the analogies too far, we may for a moment consider some of the principal characters in this curious romance from that point of view.

Valcour in many respects resembles the Marquis de Sade himself. Born of an old and noble family, and brought up in the palace of an illustrious prince who is his playfellow, he can aspire to the highest positions on

account of his wealth and the prestige of his family. When very young, scarcely adolescent, he enters the Army with a commission, and takes part in a campaign in Germany. After peace is declared, his regiment is in garrison in Normandy. Here he makes the acquaintance of Adélaide de Sainval, the youthful daughter of a retired officer. He lays siege to her affections, and conquers her resistance. But his regiment is moved to another garrison, and he leaves the poor Adélaide disconsolate and forlorn. For two years in Paris he plunges into the life of gallantry and dissipation common to the young nobles of his rank at this period. Then, by the death of his parents, he inherits a considerable fortune, and obtains leave to go to Languedoc to take possession of his heritage. On the way, he stays at Lyon, where on coming out of a theatre one evening he is accosted by a Captain of the garrison there, whom he recognizes as Adélaide's brother. The Captain forces a quarrel, and, determined to avenge the betrayal of his sister, compels him to fight. In the duel that follows, the Captain is killed. Pursued and arrested, Valcour relates the circumstances to the Commandant at Lyon, who confines him in the Fort of Pierre-en-Cize, to allow time for the scandal of the affair to cool down a little. The Commandant then allows him to escape to Switzerland, and he remains two years at Geneva, where he becomes acquainted with Jean Jacques Rousseau, whom he greatly admires. As a result of this long absence, Valcour loses his commission in the Army, and the lawyers and people entrusted with the administration of his affairs swindle him out of his inheritance, and he thus becomes a poor man. He now falls sincerely and desperately in love with Aline, who equally loves him, but, as we have seen, their

union is prevented by the cruel and vicious father of the girl.

If we compare this story with the actual facts of de Sade's own early life, we shall find many points of similarity, and the last letter of Valcour to his friend on hearing of Aline's death bears unmistakable traces of deep feeling and the stamp of reality, the pathetic outburst of a broken heart, such as de Sade himself probably actually felt with regard to his loss of Louise de Montreuil.

The character of de Blamont may be considered as a savage and exaggerated portrait of his own father-in-law, President de Montreuil. He is the villain of the piece, the obstacle to the lovers' happiness, the cause of all the suffering and the tragedy. He is an odious person, governed solely by lust and cruelty, with no scruples and no redeeming features. He is the first of many similar characters that de Sade was afterwards to portray, the later ones being even more hideous. But de Blamont is sufficiently vile, and is a vehicle for the expression of de Sade's hatred of magistrates in general and President de Montreuil in particular.

In Madame de Blamont, the model wife and mother, the virtuous, dutiful, and long-suffering woman, we may if we choose see a portrait of Madame de Sade, though it seems doubtful if the Marquis consciously thought of his own wife in depicting this character. She is more likely merely a foil and a contrast to the President, her husband, intended to show up more clearly the vileness and wickedness of that scoundrel.

Aline undoubtedly bears many points of resemblance to the younger of the de Montreuil sisters, that Louise whom de Sade loved so passionately, and whom he was not allowed to marry, even as Valcour was not

allowed to marry Aline. She is a sweet and charming girl, and her misfortune is that she has the strength of will to insist that she will only marry a man she loves—a pretension that was regarded as ridiculous in the eighteenth century, and which led to her tragic end. Her letters in the book are full of delicacy and charm, and she alone refutes the statement that de Sade was incapable of drawing a sympathetic and estimable character. If the Marquis put something of himself into the character of Valcour, it seems certain that he had thoughts of his lost love, Louise, in creating that of Aline.

We have already said that *Aline et Valcour* is the precursor of *Justine*. We may for a moment consider a few of the characters of both works in juxtaposition.

In both Aline and Sophie we find something of the character and the misfortunes of Justine, that perpetual victim of virtue. Justine has not a hundredth part of the charm or personality of Aline, for she is after all little more than a lay-figure. But her misfortunes and tribulations are a thousand times greater. Léonore is a mild and rather anæmic counterpart of Juliette, and her voyage in Spain is a very slight preliminary rough sketch for the hectic peregrinations of the latter lady. President de Blamont is enlarged upon, expanded, and even exaggerated, into several characters in the later book, and the minor personages, such as Dolbourg, La Dubois, and Rose, are developed and portrayed in greater detail under different names. But there is no Valcour in *Justine*.

The great difference between the two works is that in *Aline et Valcour* there is practically no obscenity, and except for the poisoning and some slight flagellation, no actual scenes of cruelty.

Pisanus Fraxi (1877) has the following criticism of *Aline et Valcour*: "The work from an artistic point of view has grave defects, it is altogether too long; making every allowance for the digressions and philosophical tirades, the tale itself is told with too much verbosity, and is drawn out to a length altogether out of proportion to its importance; besides, by adopting the epistolary form, the author has fettered himself, and the narration becomes frequently awkward and improbable.

Throughout, and at nearly every page, Sade indulges in the exposition of his various theories on government, morality, education, political economy, relation of the sexes, etc., and, extravagant and outrageous as his notions frequently are, some of them are well worth consideration." [1]

This is entirely just, and we have nothing further to add thereto.

[1] Fraxi: *Index Librorum Prohibitorum*, p. 32. See No. 85 in Bibliography.

## III

### "LA PHILOSOPHIE DANS LE BOUDOIR"

EXCEPTING *Zoloë*, this is the shortest of de Sade's books, but in a study of the author it is second in importance only to *Justine et Juliette*, and is almost equally as characteristic as the more notorious work. In it we find the writer's ideas and theories on innumerable subjects, and his "philosophy of vice," as vividly expressed, but much more concisely, and without so many digressions.

It was published as *La Philosophie dans le Boudoir, Dialogues, Ouvrage posthume de l'auteur de Justine,* with the imprint *à Londres,* but actually in Paris, in 1795, in two small volumes.

The short preface is addressed *Aux Libertins.* The book is written in dialogue form, and is somewhat in the style of the celebrated *Ragionamenti* of Pietro Aretino, published in the sixteenth century; the notorious *Aloysia Sigæa* of Nicholas Chorier, of the seventeenth century; and *Le Rideau Levé, ou l'Education de Laure* of Mirabeau. The latter, which was first published in 1786, is in narrative form, and is mentioned by de Sade in *Juliette.*

*La Philosophie* consists of seven dialogues, the chief characters in which are as follows: Madame de Saint-Ange, a woman of twenty-six, sensual and physically attractive, with no moral scruples and of the Juliette type; the Chevalier de Mirvel, her brother, a com-

plaisant youth of twenty; Eugénie de Mistival, a pretty girl of fifteen, of a receptive and lascivious temperament; and, above all, Monsieur Dolmancé, a cynical debauchee of thirty-six, who dominates the situation throughout, and enunciates the theories and didactic diatribes with which the book abounds. He is a typical de Sade character, and indeed it has been said that in many of his tirades he is the mouthpiece of the author himself.

The remaining characters, who are of minor importance, are: Madame de Mistival, mother of Eugénie, a pious and virtuous woman of thirty-two; Augustin, a gardener's boy, aged eighteen; and Lapierre, a *valet-de-chambre*.

The principal theme of the book is the education and initiation of Eugénie into the mysteries of Venus, and various forms of vice. But the long dissertations are only occasionally interrupted by practical demonstrations, and action almost entirely disappears under the torrent of theoretical discussions.

All the dialogues follow on in direct sequence, and take place in one day.

The first one is between Madame de Saint-Ange and her brother, in which the latter describes the appearance and character of Dolmancé, and Madame de Saint-Ange details the beauties of Eugénie, who is the daughter of a pious mother and a dissolute father, the latter having already had a *liaison* with Madame de Saint-Ange.

The second dialogue is extremely short, and serves to introduce Eugénie, who states that her mother objected to her coming on this visit alone, but that her father had overruled all objections, and forced her mother to consent.

In the third dialogue, the scene of which (and all the following ones) is laid in *un boudoir delicieux*, we are introduced to Dolmancé, and the real *motif* of the book begins. Madame de Saint-Ange has already prepared the ground by her insidious influence upon the naturally lascivious temperament of Eugénie, and we soon obtain an insight into the character of the latter by her frank avowal that she adores her dissolute father, but detests her pious mother. Nevertheless, she is somewhat confused at the rather rapid advances of Dolmancé. "Allons, belle Eugénie, mettez-vous à votre aise," he assures her, "la pudeur est une vieille vertu dont vous devez, avec autant de charmes, savoir vous passer à merveille." "Mais la décence . . ." she protests.

"Autre usage gothique," he replies, "dont on fait bien peu de cas aujourd'hui. Il contrarie si fort la nature."

The instruction then proceeds, and we are spared no details, physiological or psychological.

In the fourth dialogue, the Chevalier is brought in to help, not having appeared in the two previous ones, and the course of instruction is carried still further.

The fifth dialogue, which is longer than the four previous ones together, and forms nearly half the entire book, is full of long dissertations on all kinds of subjects. The longest of all, which is supposed to be a pamphlet and is read aloud, has the special heading: *Français! encore un effort si vous voulez être Republicains.* It is divided into two sections dealing respectively with Religion, and Manners and Customs.

The former is a diatribe against Religion in general and Christianity in particular. "Cessons de croire que la religion puisse être utile à l'homme, ayons de bonnes lois, et nous saurons nous passer de religion." It is undeniable that all religions are the cradle of despotism.

The first of all the despots was a priest ; the first King—and the first Emperor of Rome, Numa and Augustus, were associated with the priesthood ; Heliogabalus was still Priest of the Sun while he was Emperor ; Constantine and Clovis were more priests than sovereigns. "Dans tous les siècles il y eut dans le despotisme et dans la religion une telle connexité, qu'il reste plus que démontré qu'en détruisant l'un, l'on doit sapper l'autre, par la grande raison que le premier servira toujours de loi au second." If you would be in very truth free men, therefore, get rid of religion and the priests. But, nevertheless, do not proceed to extreme measures. No massacres, no exportations, no tortures. The sarcasms of Julian have done more to discredit Christianity than all the tortures of Nero.

The second section, on Manners and Customs, propounds the theory that laws and rules, by their naturally inevitable generalizations, frequently cause unjust suffering to the individual, and also, in many instances, override the dictates of Nature. One of the chief maxims of Christian morality is that we should love our neighbours as ourselves. Assuredly, nothing would be more sublime than this, if it were possible that that which is false could also be admirable. But it is in fact absurd, for it is not possible to love another exactly as oneself, as it is against all the laws of Nature, which govern all the actions of our lives. To love our fellows as brothers, as friends that Nature has given us, and with whom we live in comity, that is sensible and truly democratic. The other is an impossible ideal.

The institution of universal laws is also an absurdity ; it is as if the commander of an army had all the uniforms of his soldiers made to the same measure. It is a palpable injustice to exact that men of unequal character

should be bound by equal laws; that which is good for one is not necessarily good for another. It is obvious that there cannot be as many laws as there are people, but the laws should be so mild and so few in number that all men, of whatever character they may be, could easily conform to them, and these few laws should be of such a nature that they could easily be adapted to all the different characters. Many traits in the human character that have come to be regarded as criminal, should rather be considered as expressions of primeval Nature. Above all, capital punishment should be abolished, for the impulse which is generally the cause of one person taking the life of another is engendered in that person by Nature, and cold, impartial Justice should not be subject to such passions.

"De ces premiers principes il découle, on le sent, la nécessité de faire des lois douces, et surtout d'anéantir pour jamais l'atrocité de la peine de mort, parce que la loi qui attente à la vie d'un homme est impraticable, injuste, inadmissible; ce n'est pas, ainsi que je le dirai tout à l'heure, qu'il n'y ait une infinité de cas où, sans outrager la nature (et c'est ce que je démontrerai), les hommes n'aient reçu de cette mère commune l'entière liberté d'attenter à la vie les uns des autres, mais c'est qu'il est impossible que la loi puisse obtenir le même privilége, parce que la loi froide par elle-même ne saurait être accessible aux passions qui peuvent légitimer dans l'homme la cruelle action du meurtre; l'homme reçoit de la nature les impressions qui peuvent lui faire pardonner cette action, et la loi au contraire toujours en opposition à la nature, et ne recevant rien d'elle, ne peut être autorisée à se permettre les mêmes écarts, n'ayant pas les mêmes motifs, il est impossible qu'elle ait les mêmes droits, voilà de ces distinctions savantes

et délicates qui échappent à beaucoup de gens, parce que fort peu de gens réfléchissent ; mais elles sont accueillies des gens instruits à qui je les adresse, et elles influeront, je l'espère, sur le nouveau code que l'on nous prépare.

" La seconde raison pour laquelle on doit anéantir la peine de mort, c'est qu'elle n'a jamais réprime le crime, puisqu'on le commet chaque jour aux pieds de l'échafaud.

" On doit supprimer cette peine, en un mot, parce qu'il n'y a point de plus mauvais calcul que celui de faire mourir un homme pour en avoir tué un autre, puisqu'il résulte évidemment de ce procédé, qu'au lieu d'un homme de moins, en voilà tout d'un coup deux, et qu'il n'y a que des bourreaux ou des imbéciles auxquels une telle arithmétique puisse être familière."

The chief offences that men commit against their fellow-beings may be reduced to four, namely, Calumny ; Robbery or theft ; acts which, prompted by the sexual impulse, may cause harm to others ; and Murder. These are then discussed at length. As may be imagined, they are mainly regarded from the point of view of the " Devil's Advocate," the avowed purpose of the author being to answer in the negative the following question : Are all these actions, regarded as capital crimes in a monarchal government, equally grave in a truly republican state ?

As regards Calumny, it may be directed against a good man or a bad man. In a truly republican state, where all men live as brothers, and every one knows the people he comes into contact with intimately, if it is directed against a good man, it does him no actual harm, but merely recoils upon the person who utters and circulates it. If, on the other hand, it is directed against a bad man, it matters little that something is

said to his discredit, when it is well known that he has actually done many things much worse!

Theft was not punished, but even praised, in the old Greek republics, such as Sparta and Lacedemonia, so long as the culprit was not discovered. It was not the theft that was considered blameworthy, but the fact of being found out. If the man who has nothing can take something from him who has everything, can we justly blame him? Then follows a passage that reads like a rather crude version of Samuel Butler in his most paradoxical mood. It is not the thief who should be punished, but, if any one, the owner who cannot protect his own property, and allows himself to be robbed!

The individual should not be held to be responsible for the various phases of the expression of the sexual impulse. The desire for them is implanted in him by Nature, and proper provision should be made for their gratification. Mere sexual satisfaction, whatsoever form it may take, should not in itself be regarded as an offence. "Is it possible to be so barbarous as to dare to condemn to death an unfortunate individual whose only crime is that he has not the same tastes as you?" Furthermore, women should be allowed the same freedom in sexual matters as men.

Of the offences which man can commit against his kind, Murder is, without question, the cruellest of all. But in certain circumstances it is exonerable, and human lives, after all, are not so inestimably valuable.

"Gardez-vous de multiplier trop un peuple dont chaque être est souverain, et soyez bien sûrs que les révolutions ne sont jamais les effets que d'une population trop nombreuse. Si, pour la splendeur de l'état, vous accordez à vos guerriers le droit de détruire des hommes,

pour la conservation de ce même état, accordez de même à chaque individu de se livrer tant qu'il le voudra, puisqu'il le peut sans outrager la nature, au droit de se défaire des enfants qu'il ne peut nourrir ou desquels le gouvernement ne peut tirer aucun secours ; accordez-lui de même de se défaire, à ses risques et périls, de tous les ennemis qui peuvent lui nuire."

In short, Murder is a horrible thing, but is sometimes necessary, and in no case should the death penalty be exacted, for even if it *is* regarded as a crime, it is merely barbarous and stupid to punish it by committing another one.

This long disquisition ends with an exhortation to the French people, the last part of which is as follows :

" Faisons peu de lois, mais qu'elles soient bonnes ; il ne s'agit pas de multiplier les freins, il n'est question que de donner à celui qu'on emploie une qualité indestructible ; que les lois que nous promulguons n'aient pour but que la tranquillité du citoyen, son bonheur et l'éclat de la république ; mais après avoir chassé l'ennemi de vos terres, Français, je ne voudrais pas que l'ardeur de propager vos principes vous entraînât plus loin ; ce n'est qu'avec le fer et le feu que vous pourrez les porter au bout de l'univers. Avant que d'accomplir ces résolutions, rappelez-vous le malheureux succès des Croisades ; quand l'ennemi sera de l'autre côté du Rhin, croyez-moi, gardez vos frontières et restez chez vous ; ranimez votre commerce, redonnez de l'énergie et des débouchés à vos manufactures, faites refleurir vos arts, encouragez l'agriculture, si nécessaire dans un gouvernement tel que le vôtre, et dont l'esprit doit être de pouvoir fournir à tout le monde sans avoir besoin de personne, laissez les trônes de l'Europe s'écrouler d'eux-mêmes ; votre

exemple, votre prospérité les culbutera bientôt, sans que vous ayez besoin de vous en mêler. Invincibles dans votre intérieur et modèles de tous les peuples par votre police et vos bonnes lois, il ne sera pas un gouvernement dans le monde qui ne travaille à vous imiter, pas un seul qui ne s'honore de votre alliance ; mais si, pour le vain honneur de porter vos principes au loin, vous abandonnez le soin de votre propre félicité, le despotisme qui n'est qu'endormi renaîtra, des dissentions intestines vous déchireront, vous aurez épuisé vos finances et vos soldats, et tout cela pour revenir baiser les fers que vous imposeront les tyrans qui vous auront subjugué pendant votre absence ; tout ce que vous désirez peut se faire sans qu'il soit besoin de quitter vos foyers ; que les autres peuples vous voient heureux, et ils courreront au bonheur par la même route que vous leur aurez tracée."

And this, remember, was written in the year 1795 !

When the reading of this lengthy discourse is finished, "Voilà ce qui s'appelle un ecrit très-sage," says Eugénie, and then adds, very pertinently, "Je trouve cependant quelques-uns de ces principes un peu dangereux ! "

The above is a very bare, fragmentary, and inadequate summary of the main ideas of this very typical and characteristic dissertation. Many parts of it are elaborated in considerable detail, and history, literature, and anthropology are drawn upon, with references to the Greeks and the Romans, Rousseau and Sir Thomas More, and the habits and customs of the Chinese and the Indians, to name but a few among many. The reasoning throughout may fairly be described as specious and ingenious, and as a piece of special pleading, avowedly controverting most generally accepted moral

ideas and customs, it does not lack a certain amount of effect. But it must be admitted that a great deal of it is preposterous.

Augustin is introduced in this dialogue, though he is sent out of the room while the pamphlet is being read. "Leave us, Augustin," says Madame de Saint-Ange. "This is not for you." He is, however, afterwards recalled, to assist in the education of Eugénie.

The sixth dialogue is very short. A letter arrives from Eugénie's father, warning Madame de Saint-Ange that his wife is on her way to fetch her daughter back, in spite of his express injunctions to the contrary, as she is alarmed at what might happen to her—*elle s'imagine tout plein de choses*—and he requests that she may be rigorously punished for this impertinence and disobedience when she gets there.

In the seventh and last dialogue, Madame de Mistival arrives. She is stripped and submitted to the most outrageous treatment, in which Eugénie gleefully joins.

When all is finished, and the four chief characters are about to sit down to dinner, Dolmancé ends the book with these words: "Voilà une bonne journée; je ne mange jamais mieux, je ne dors jamais plus en paix que quand je me suis suffisamment souillé dans le jour de ce que les sots appellent des crimes!"

Truly a terrible book! But, horrible as it is, it could only have been written by a man possessed of considerable knowledge and a fertile mind. Perverse and immoral as many of the ideas are, they are at least consistently worked out, and for their period are decidedly original. It is well written, and is interesting to a student of human nature in the same sense as the study of a virulent poison may be to a physician.

But that is the most that can be said for it.

## IV

## "JUSTINE, OU LES MALHEURS DE LA VERTU"

WITHOUT doubt, this is the most famous and notorious of all the works of the Marquis de Sade, and it is generally as "the author of *Justine*" that he is known and referred to. On the whole, this pre-eminence is deserved, for it is the most characteristic and representative of all his books. It is also the best written and best constructed.

It is said that the first version of it was originally written as early as 1781, but this seems very doubtful. It was first published in 1791, in which year two editions appeared, the first in a larger format than the second. It was reprinted in 1792, and again in 1794, when it appeared as a *Troisième édition, corrigée et augmentée.* Each of these editions was in two volumes, the first two having a frontispiece, the others containing six and eight illustrations respectively.

In its final and complete form it appeared in 1797 as *La Nouvelle Justine, ou les Malheurs de la Vertu, suivie de l'Histoire de Juliette, sa sœur*, in ten volumes, of which *Justine* occupies four and *Juliette* six. This contains a frontispiece and one hundred illustrations, of which forty belong to *Justine* and sixty to *Juliette.*

The differences in the text of these various editions are considerable. The last one is practically twice the length of the first, and has been entirely rewritten. In

1791, the narrative was mainly in the first person, Justine herself relating the sad story of her adventures, her trials and tribulations. In 1797, it is written entirely in the third person, whereby it considerably gains, and in this form is a later product of its author's pen than *Juliette* which follows it, and which had originally been published separately in the previous year.

The version of 1797 is so much fuller, and contains so many more incidents than the previous ones, the author's ideas and theories are developed at much greater length, and it is in every way so much more complete that, for the purpose of studying the work of de Sade, it entirely supersedes all the others. It is therefore this edition that has been used in the following account of the book. The earlier ones are useful only for the purposes of comparison, as giving some indication of the method of development and expansion as practised by the author, and also the working of his mind. Some of the chief differences between the first and the final versions may be mentioned later, but for the moment, enough has been said on this subject here. The various editions mentioned are described in the Bibliography at the end of this study.

On the title-page the author has placed the following motto :

> " On n'est point criminel pour faire la peinture
> Des bizarres penchans qu'inspire la nature."

The Preface is in the form of a " Notice by the Editor," and avers that the manuscript of " a work which, garbled and disfigured as it was, has nevertheless gone into several editions, and is now entirely out of print," has fallen into his hands, and has determined him to publish it as it was conceived by the author,

who wrote it in 1788. A false friend to whom the manuscript was confided at the time, betraying the trust and the intentions of the author, who did not wish the work to be published in his lifetime, made an extract which appeared under the title simply of *Justine, ou les Malheurs de la Vertu*, a feeble and much inferior version of the original, which was frequently disowned by him whose vigorous pen had portrayed the Justine and her sister that we see here.

" Nous n'hésitons pas à les offrir telles que les enfanta le gènie de cet écrivain à jamais célèbre, ne fut-ce que par cet ouvrage, persuadés que le siècle philosophe dans lequel nous vivons ne se scandalisera pas des systêmes hardis qui s'y trouvent disséminés ; et quant aux tableaux ciniques, nous croyons, avec l'auteur, que toutes les situations possibles de l'ame étant à la disposition du romancier, il n'en est aucune dont il n'ait la permission de faire usage : il n'y a que les sots qui se scandalisent ; la véritable vertu ne s'effraie ni ne s'alarme jamais des peintures du vice, elle n'y trouve qu'un motif de plus à la marche sacrée qu'elle s'impose. On criera peut-être contre cet, ouvrage ; mais qui criera ? Ce seront les libertins comme autrefois les hypocrites contre le Tartuffe."

The pseudo-editor also affirms that this edition absolutely conforms to the original, which he alone possesses, and that even the engraved illustrations have been executed after the designs which the author had made before his death, and which were attached to his manuscript.

The work itself opens with a brief introduction, which is as follows :

" Le chef-d'œuvre de la philosophie serait de développer les moyens dont la fortune se sert pour

parvenir aux fins qu'elle se propose sur l'homme, et de tracer d'après cela quelques plans de conduite qui pussent faire connaître à ce malheureux individu bipède la manière dont il faut qu'il marche dans la carrière épineuse de la vie, afin de prévenir les caprices bizarres de cette fortune qu'on a nommé tour-a-tour Destin, Dieu, Providence, Fatalité, Hasard, toutes dénominations aussi vicieuses, aussi dénuées de bon sens les unes que les autres, et qui n'apportent a l'esprit que des idées vagues et purement objectives.

" Si, plein d'un respect vain, ridicule et superstitieux pour nos absurdes conventions sociales, il arrive malgré cela que nous n'ayons rencontré que des ronces où les méchans ne cueuillaient que des roses, les gens naturellement vicieux par systême, par goût, ou par tempérament, ne calculeront-ils pas, avec assez de vraisemblance, qu'il vaut mieux s' abandonner au vice que d'y résister ? Ne diront-ils pas, avec quelqu'apparence de raison, que la vertu, quelque belle qu'elle soit, devient pourtant le plus mauvais parti qu'on puisse prendre quand elle se trouve trop foible pour lutter contre le vice, et que, dans un siècle absolument corrompu, comme celui dans lequel nous vivons, le plus sûr est de faire comme les autres ? Un peu plus philosophes, si l'on veut, ne diront-ils pas, avec l'ange Jesrad de Zadig, qu'il n'y a aucun mal dont il ne naisse un bien, et qu'ils peuvent, d'après cela, se livrer au mal tant qu'ils voudront, puisqu'il n'est, dans le fait, qu'une des façons de faire le bien ? N'ajouteront-ils pas, avec quelque certitude, qu'il est indifférent au plan général que tel ou tel soit bon ou méchant de préférence ; que si le malheur persécute la vertu, et que la prospérité accompagne le crime, les choses étant égales aux intentions de la nature, il vaut infiniment mieux prendre parti parmi

les méchans qui prospèrent, que parmi les vertueux qui échouent ?

" C'est, nous ne le déguisons plus, pour appuyer ces systêmes, que nous allons donner au public l'histoire de la vertueuse Justine ; il est essentiel que les sots cessent d'encenser cette ridicule idole de la vertu, qui ne les a jusqu'ici payé que d'ingratitude, et que les gens d'esprit, communément livrés par principes aux écarts délicieux du vice et de la débauche, se rassurent en voyant les exemples frappans de bonheur et de prospérité qui les accompagnent presqu'inévitablement dans la route débordée qu'ils choisissent. Il est affreux sans doute d'avoir à peindre, d'une part, les malheurs effrayans dont le ciel accable la femme douce et sensible qui respecte le mieux la vertu ; d'une autre, l'affluence des prospérités sur ceux qui tourmentent ou qui mortifient cette même femme ; mais l'homme-de-lettres, assez philosophe pour dire le VRAI, surmonte ces désagrémens, et cruel par nécessité, il arrache impitoyablement d'une main les superstitieuses parures dont la sottise embellit la vertu, et montre effrontément de l'autre à l'homme ignorant que l'on trompait, le vice au milieu des charmes et des jouissances qui l'entourent et le suivent sans cesse.

" Tels sont les sentimens qui vont diriger nos travaux ; et c'est en raison de ces motifs, qu'unissant le langage le plus cynique aux systêmes les plus forts et les plus hardis, aux idées les plus immorales et les plus impies, nous allons, avec une courageuse audace, peindre le crime comme il est, c'est-à-dire, toujours triomphant et sublime, toujours content et fortuné, et la vertu comme on la voit également, toujours maussade et toujours triste, toujours pédante et toujours malheureuse."

The author himself deliberately claims for his book an originality and a degree of cynicism surpassing all other works of its kind.

We then come to the beginning of the story.

Juliette and Justine are the daughters of a rich banker of Paris, aged respectively fifteen and fourteen. Up to this time they have been placed at school in a Convent, and have had all the benefits of a good education and comfortable surroundings. The sudden bankruptcy of their father, quickly followed by his death, and that of their mother, has left them as orphans, destitute, and without any means of subsistence. The characters of the two sisters are widely different. Justine is all sweetness, piety, and virtue; Juliette is more "practical," mercenary, and vicious. The latter is joyful at the sense of freedom which circumstances have thus provided, and explains to her sister that sensual joys are the best consolation for all sorrows, and that with their youth and beauty they need have no fear for the future. Justine is horrified at this callousness, and the sisters thereupon part company.

Justine seeks out her mother's dressmaker, who used to make much of her when she was little, thinking that, aware of her misfortune, she will give her work. The woman hardly recognizes her, however, and refuses to help her. She then goes to the Curé of her parish, and asks his assistance in her hard plight. He, however, only tries to seduce her, and she flies from him in despair.

She then takes a room on the fifth floor of a modest dwelling, for which she has to pay in advance out of the small sum of money given to her when she was obliged to leave the Convent. The landlady of this house, Madame Desroches, persuades her to visit a rich

man named Monsieur Dubourg, who, she says, will probably help her; but when she realizes that it means satisfying his sensuality, she escapes from him in terror, much to the annoyance of her landlady, who thereupon threatens her with the police unless she can earn some money to pay her some more rent. For in the meanwhile, while Justine has been out, Madame Desroches has opened her chest of drawers and taken all that was left of her small sum of money, so that she is now entirely dependent on the goodwill of this dishonest bawd.

A rich and lively lady, Madame la Comtesse Delmonse, now arrives at the house, and after a while takes Justine into her service. Here the unfortunate girl has to perform the most degrading offices, and she strenuously resists the many attempts upon her virtue. Annoyed by this resistance, Madame Delmonse accuses her of stealing a watch, and when this watch is found in Justine's room, having purposely been placed there, she is arrested, and carried off to prison.

Here she is thrown into contact with la Dubois, a woman of about thirty-five, who, though attractive and clever, has committed all the infamous crimes possible. They are both condemned to death, but la Dubois is resourceful and has taken a fancy to Justine. One evening, therefore, she warns the latter not to go to bed, but to keep with her as near as possible to the entrance of the prison. Between seven and eight o'clock, the porter's lodge is set on fire by her confederates outside. The fire quickly spreads to the prison itself, and sixty people are burned to death, but Justine and la Dubois escape.

They are taken by four men, the aforesaid confederates of la Dubois, to the hut of a poacher in the

forest of Bondy, who is one of their intimates. Here Justine discovers that her companions are a company of bandits. La Dubois, whose brother is the leader of the gang, tries to convert her to their criminal ways, and though she repudiates their ideas, she eventually has to agree to join them, to save her life. She is then obliged to assist at an orgy in which they all indulge.

After this, they all move on to Le Tremblay, on their way to the woods of Chantilly. They rest for the night near Louvres. Three of the bandits confine their attentions to la Dubois, but her brother, Cœur-de-Fer, approaches Justine, and endeavours to overcome her scruples, and to abuse her shamefully. When persuasion proves unavailing, he is about to resort to force, but the sound of a carriage approaching reminds him and his companions of their more serious business, and they rush out to attack their prey. Six people are killed, the booty is divided, and they move on to the forest of Chantilly, which they reach next day. Here occurs one of those characteristic ethical discussions which covers many pages, the chief speakers being la Dubois and her brother. Once again Justine's virtue is in dire jeopardy, when the sound of a rider on horseback is heard, and the band once more turn to their real business.

In a few moments they return with their victim, who is a rich merchant of Lyon, aged thirty-five, named Saint-Florent. In reply to their questions he states that he is returning from Flanders on business, and has little money on him, but plenty of papers. His servant had left him the previous evening, and to avoid the heat of the day, he travelled in the early morning, with the intention of getting to Paris that day, where he had some business to transact, and would leave there

again in a few days. He had come along this lonely path by inadvertence, having been almost asleep upon his horse, and in conclusion, he begged for his life to be spared, offering his captors all that he had on him. They examine his wallet and find that he has bills for about four hundred thousand francs payable at sight in Paris, some jewels, and a hundred louis in cash. The robbers decide that he must be shot, for with such a haul, if his life were spared, they would soon be denounced.

At this moment, Justine rushes between the prisoner and Cœur-de-Fer, who is about to shoot him, and begs for his life. To support her request, she declares that Saint-Florent is her uncle. The bandit agrees to spare his victim on condition that she grants what she has hitherto denied him, but yet again she is saved at the last moment.

That night, the robbers as usual having drunk a good deal and all being sound asleep, Justine seizes the opportunity to effect the escape of herself and the prisoner, who declares that he in fact really is her uncle. They make their way out of the forest, and arrive at Luzarches, where they rest at an inn.

Justine gives her companion the money she has with her, which has been given her by the bandits as her share of the spoils. She also relates her history to him, and says she is reluctant to return to Paris after what has happened. He therefore promises to take her to a relation who lives in the country, near Bondy, and with whom she will be quite safe. They set out for this destination, and are in the depth of the forest when the shades of night begin to fall. Then suddenly Saint-Florent turns upon his benefactress, and as she offers strenuous resistance to his importunities, knocks

her senseless with a blow of his stick, violates her shamefully, and leaves her lying alone and unconscious in the forest.

When she comes to herself, she is distracted at her unfortunate situation, and resorts to prayer. She tries to find her way out of the forest when it is daylight, and suddenly she hears the sound of footsteps. Fearing further violence, she hides in some bushes, and there witnesses an outrageous scene between a young man of twenty-four and his servant. She is discovered in her hiding-place, and though she denies having seen anything of what has taken place, she is brutally treated and threatened with death. At length, however, the young man, whose name is Monsieur de Bressac, relents, and after hearing her story, agrees to take her to the château where he lives with his mother. The latter is in need of a second maid, and when they arrive at the château, Madame de Bressac, having heard the story of her misfortunes, is sorry for her, takes a fancy to her, and offers her the situation, which Justine thankfully accepts.

Madame de Bressac is a good and pious widow-lady, of staid and irreproachable manners, who lives three months of the year at this château in the country, and the rest of the time in Paris. She is the direct opposite in every way of her son, and strongly disapproves of his behaviour, but is powerless to alter it. Young de Bressac is frankly homosexual, and eulogises this passion to Justine. He resents his mother's disapproval of, and attempted interference with, his pleasures so much that he hates her bitterly.

Justine is happy with her mistress, and cannot suppress an affection that she feels for the son, which is inspired by his good looks and charm of manner,

and by the fact that he has placed her in her present comparatively comfortable position. He is quite frank with Justine about himself, and makes some extremely cynical suggestions to her, to assist him in his reprehensible pastimes.

He has a long discussion with her on religion, and his criticism of the Bible is, to say the least of it, somewhat original, and certainly not lacking in candour! Incidentally it may be remarked that the author here shows complete familiarity with both the Old and New Testaments, and from amongst literally dozens of such questions we give the following as specimens:

How could the family of Noah, which was composed of only eight persons, feed and look after the great number of creatures in the Ark?

How did the pillar of salt, into which Lot's wife was turned, so long withstand the rain from heaven?

How do you explain the bath of Pharaoh's daughters in the Nile, when no one ever bathes in that river because of crocodiles?

Why did Moses, guided by God, and finding himself at the head of 630,000 combatants, flee with his people instead of seizing Egypt, where all the first-born had been destroyed by God Himself?

How could Pharaoh's cavalry pursue these people in a country where cavalry cannot operate, and further, how did Pharaoh come to have any cavalry, since, in the fifth of the Plagues of Egypt, God had caused all the horses to perish?

And what think you of the Divine Equity, when you learn that God ordered Moses, whose own wife was a Midianite, to slaughter twenty-four thousand men, simply because *one* of them had slept with a Midianite woman?

And so forth and so on, through practically all the books of the Bible. The first chapter of Genesis especially is subjected to some very stringent criticism, and the accounts of the Creation, and of Adam and Eve, are declared to be fables or allegories. And all this, remember, at a period when it was generally regarded as little short of heresy and blasphemy for the mere layman, as apart from the professed theologian, to doubt the truth of anything written in the Holy Book!

Justine remains in this household for two years, and de Bressac relies on her devotion to him to make her serve his ends. He at last discloses to her the fact that he intends to do away with his mother, and it is Justine who is to administer the poison that shall accomplish this. Horrified at such an idea, she at first indignantly refuses, but then, realizing that if she persists in her refusal, some one else will be found to do it, and thinking that if she undertakes it she will be able to warn Madame de Bressac and so save her, she at last agrees to do it. She explains everything to the horrified lady, and proves the truth of what she says by showing the effect of the powder which has been given to her upon a dog. Madame de Bressac sends to Paris for help, but her son, suspecting what has taken place, intercepts the messenger. In his fury, he and two of his servants go to his mother's room and kill her in the presence of Justine, under circumstances of the greatest cruelty and lust. Justine is also threatened with death, but manages to escape.

She knows not where to go, and wandering about all night, she at last gets out of the forest and comes to the little town of Saint-Marcel, some twelve miles or so from Paris. At the entrance to the town she

sees a fine-looking house which, on inquiry, she learns is a celebrated school, the owner of which is reputed to be a humane and charitable man, who would be likely to take pity on her unfortunate state, and give her employment. Thus encouraged, she approaches the house, and is received by the owner with all kindness. She tells him her story, and he, attracted by her appearance—for she is now seventeen, and has all the charm of that age—offers her a situation as companion to his young daughter, which offer, naturally, she gratefully accepts.

This man's name is Monsieur Rodin, and he keeps a boarding-school for both sexes. He has room for a hundred boys and a hundred girls, and his school is always full. His pupils are all between the ages of twelve and seventeen, belonging to the best families, and of good appearance, for he always has ready excuses and good reasons for refusing any that are unattractive. Besides being a schoolmaster, he is also an adept in medicine and surgery, which are his hobbies. His wife having died, he is assisted in running the school by his sister, Celestine, a woman of thirty. She looks after the girls, while he governs the boys. His daughter, a charming girl of fourteen named Rosalie, has a young governess of nineteen named Marthe, and these complete his household.

Justine enters upon her new duties with every hope of happiness. Meanwhile, she learns that de Bressac has accused her of murdering his mother, and escaping with many valuables, and her only hope of protection is to remain under the care of Monsieur Rodin.

But to her dismay, she soon discovers that she has fallen out of Scylla into Charybdis. For this Rodin is a monster, who, with the willing aid of his sister,

corrupts all his pupils, both girls and boys. Justine is the witness of many scenes of flagellation and lust, and has herself to submit to much scandalous ill-treatment. She overhears a horrible plot between Rodin and his great friend, Rombeau, who is the surgeon of the town, to make certain physiological experiments upon Rosalie and herself. She therefore plans a means of escape for both of them, but Rosalie is seized, and a horrible operation is performed upon her under which she dies. Justine, however, succeeds in making good her own escape, and is thus once more destitute and a fugitive.

Avoiding Paris, she at length finds herself in the environs of Sens, and resting beside a pool, she suddenly hears a splash, and sees something drop into the water, which proves to be an infant of eighteen months. She rescues the child, but is at once assailed by a man who takes it from her and casts it back into the pool. This man compels her to go with him to his château. His name is Monsieur de Bandole. He is a vegetarian and drinks only water, but nevertheless has most detestable habits. Justine is in peril of her life with this maniac, but is rescued by her old acquaintance, Cœur-de-Fer, leader of the bandits from whom she escaped with Saint-Florent. He lets her go her own way, and she wanders on, not knowing what is to become of her.

She comes at last to a Benedictine Abbey, in the very heart of a wood, called Sainte-Marie-des-Bois. She enters the church, and meeting one of the Brothers, Dom Clément, tells him her present situation and asks his help. He brings her to the Superior, Dom Severino, who decides to hear her in confessional. A young acolyte accompanies him. Excited by the naïve account of all that she has had to submit to, the Superior

eventually conducts Justine by subterranean passages to the Monastery, where the six monks, Severino, Clément, Antonin, Ambroise, Sylvestre, and Jérôme, live in the greatest luxury and debauchery.

This so-called Monastery is nothing else but a brothel, where all the inmates are at the beck and call of the monks. The orgies that take place here are indescribable. The Superior is a relative of the Pope, and he and his confederates are all debauchees of the most depraved kind. Justine is forced to submit to the most outrageous treatment. She makes a friend of one of the inmates, Omphale, who explains to her the rules and customs of the establishment, and the punishments and penalties for those who disobey in the slightest particular. Flagellation and tortures of all kinds are the order of the day.

Jérôme, one of the monks, relates the history of his life at considerable length. This was a favourite device of eighteenth-century authors, to introduce into the main narrative a lengthy episode concerning the life-history of one of the minor characters. The best known example, perhaps, is that of " The Man of the Hill " in Fielding's *Tom Jones*. Besides those already mentioned in *Aline et Valcour*, there are at least three instances of this in *Justine et Juliette*, the best of which, and the longest, is the history of Brisa-Testa, towards the end of *Juliette*, to which we shall come in due course. But Jérôme's story is in its way well done, and provides a slight relief from the rather monotonous misfortunes of Justine, though de Sade only uses the device to introduce more horrors and lubricities.

A native of Lyon, after some episodes with his sister and cousins, Jérôme becomes, at the age of twenty, tutor to the two children, a boy of fifteen and a girl of

thirteen, of Monsieur de Moldane, at Dijon. He corrupts them both, and a scene reminiscent of Eumolpus's story of the scholar of Pergamus, in Petronius, to which, indeed, direct reference is made, takes place. He eventually elopes with the girl, Joséphine, and they go to Bordeaux, where he poses as her brother. From here they go to Germany, and after visiting Paderborn, arrive at Berlin, in the year 1760. This is probably reminiscent of the author's own visit there in that year. Amongst others here they meet Prince Henry of Prussia, brother of the King, who is attracted by Joséphine, and joins in their orgies. Jérôme leaves Joséphine at Berlin, and travels *via* Trent, Venice, and Naples, to Sicily, where he has various adventures. One curious one is on the summit of Etna, where he meets Almani, a chemist, who derives sexual excitement from the eruptions of that volcano. With the aid of a woman named Clementia, he for a time leads a life somewhat after the fashion of Gilles de Rais. He visits Tunis and then returns to Marseille, where he studies the corruption of manners that prevails in that city, and remains some time, till he becomes a monk and enters Sainte-Marie-des-Bois.

The Superior of the Monastery, Severino, who is Justine's chief friend, is made General of the Benedictine Order, and so leaves the Monastery. This, together with the treatment to which she has to submit, and the fact that most of the young girls in time disappear in sinister circumstances, decides her to hasten her plans for escape, and in this she ultimately succeeds.

Making her way towards Dijon, the second day of her journey she meets a handsome woman, who enters into conversation with her and persuades her to

accompany her to the inn which she and her husband keep. This is situated in a lonely and desolate spot in the middle of a forest, on the borders of Franche-Comté and Burgundy. Two large dogs guard the approach, and the landlord himself, with two big, strapping women-servants, receives them on the threshold. His name is d'Esterval, and his wife Dorothea.

Justine soon discovers that she has again fallen into danger, for this innkeeper and his wife are in the habit of robbing and murdering their guests, and are both depraved libertines of the worst type. They compel the unfortunate girl to aid them in their murders and their libertinism, and several scenes of this description take place.

Then one day, towards seven in the evening, a solitary traveller arrives on horseback, and asks if he can have lodging for the night, as he has escaped from a band of robbers who have killed his valet and tried to kill him. Justine recognizes her former acquaintance, de Bressac, and on hearing the name, d'Esterval proclaims himself a relative. At first de Bressac accuses Justine of murdering his mother, but at last admits that he himself killed her, and finding that he is one of their own kidney, the d'Estervals become firm friends with him, and arrange to accompany him on his visit to an uncle, who is also a relation of theirs. They decide to take Justine with them, as this uncle requires a maid for his wife. He is the Comte de Gernande, and lives in a great château in the middle of a fine park, surrounded by high walls, on the borders of the Lyonnais.

They arrive at this château, and are well received. Gernande is a glutton and a drinker, and we are given the menu of one of his dinners, which at least shows that his guests need have no fear of going hungry !

There were two soups, one of *Pâté d'Italie au saffron* (which may be vermicelli or spaghetti), the other a *Bisque au coulis de jambon*; then *Aloyau de Bœuf a l'Anglaise*; twelve *hors-d'œuvres*, of which six were of vegetables and six were "made-up" ones; twelve *entrées*, four of meat, four of poultry, and four of pastry; a boar's head, along with twelve dishes of roast meats, which were varied with two courses of sweets, twelve of vegetables, six of different creams, and six of pastries; twenty dishes of fruits, or *compôtes*; and, to conclude, six varieties of ices. For drinks there were eight kinds of wine, six different liqueurs, rum, punch, *l'esprit de canelle*, chocolate, and coffee.

M. de Gernande himself took the first helping of every dish, and some of them he entirely emptied. To wash this down, he drank twelve bottles of wine: four of Volnay to begin with, four of Ay (champagne) with the meats, and one each of Tokay, Paphos, Madeira, and Falerno, with the sweets and fruits. After this, just to finish up with, he polished off a couple of bottles of *liqueurs des isles*, a pint of rum, two bowls of punch, and ten cups of coffee!

At the end of this repast, some of the others, who, *in comparison*, had eaten and drunk nothing to speak of, began to show slight signs of distress. But Monsieur de Gernande was just as fresh as when he started. "Eh bien," he said pleasantly, in rising from the table, "vous sentez-vous disposés à l'exécution de quelques scènes lubriques; pour moi, je l'avoue, c'est mon moment!"

This gourmand satisfies his instinct for cruelty on his wife; the present one is his sixth. This unfortunate woman has to submit to having her arms suspended

straight above her head by two bands hanging from the ceiling; other bands are bound tightly around whatever portion of her body is to be maltreated, so that the veins are compressed. Incisions are then made with a sharp knife, so that the blood spurts out. Her husband, placed close to her, and excited meanwhile by his attendants, derives his pleasure from watching the blood flow, and only when he is satisfied is she released and taken away to be revived and have her wounds healed. This proceeding takes place once in every four days. In the meantime, Madame de Gernande is well nourished and looked after, but it is scarcely surprising that she is nevertheless somewhat weak from loss of blood.

Monsieur de Gernande holds forth at length upon the subject of women in general, and it is hardly necessary to say that his ideas about them are far from complimentary! He shows considerable learning, and quotes the habits and customs of various races and peoples in all parts of the globe, in this connection.

After a while, there arrives an addition to the house-party in the shape of the Comte de Gernande's brother, Monsieur de Verneuil, with his family and suite.

The new arrivals are as follows: Monsieur de Verneuil himself, forty-five years of age, and even more of a libertine than his brother; his wife and their two children — Victor, aged sixteen, and Cécile, aged fourteen; a handsome woman of forty, Marceline, with Laurette, her daughter of twenty-two, and two children of six and seven whom the latter has had by Verneuil. The company is completed by two valets, aged respectively twenty and twenty-two. When this party are installed at the château, a further series of

elaborate and complicated orgies takes place. The young Victor is one of the most depraved of them all.

To vary things a little, they decide to have a fancy-dress party, at which they appear in the following costumes: Madame de Verneuil as a Sultana of Constantinople; Cécile, her daughter, in brown, as a peasant-girl of the valley of Barcelonnette; Victor as Cupid; Marceline as a savage-woman; Laurette and her two children as the Goddess of Youth and her two cherubs; Madame de Gernande as one of the victims to be immolated in the Temple of Diana, another Iphigenia; Justine as a soubrette; Madame d'Esterval as Proserpine; Gernande, Verneuil, d'Esterval, and Bressac in fleshings of scarlet silk from head to foot, with certain openings, lots of rouge on their faces, and flame-coloured turbans on their heads, had the appearance of Furies; six pages of Gernande's were in the costume of Ganymede; Verneuil's two valets as Mars and Hercules; and four female attendants as Spanish women. A very lively scene follows. On the *buffet* at one end of the *salon* are found *pâtés*, hams, chickens, partridges, and all sorts of wines, especially champagne.

A few days later, after a dreadful scene during which Madame de Gernande succumbs to her maltreatment, and some lengthy discourses on various subjects—amongst others, the immortality of the soul, which Bressac denies—the house-party breaks up.

Gernande then seeks another bride, and marries Mademoiselle de Volmire, aged nineteen. In a little while, he submits her to the same treatment as his former wife, and Justine helps her to try to escape. They are discovered by Gernande, who threatens Justine with the same fate as the last Madame de

Gernande. Fearing for her safety, she at length effects her own escape from the château, and makes her way to Lyon, where she learns from a newspaper that Rodin, the schoolmaster-surgeon of Saint-Marcel, has been appointed First Surgeon to the Empress of Russia, at a very large salary.

In Lyon she meets Saint-Florent again—her original ravisher. This person is engaged in a form of what would nowadays be called the "white-slave traffic," though this he does quite as much for the satisfaction of his own pleasure as for financial gain. He supplies the Mistress Overdones of Nîmes, Montpellier, Toulouse, Aix, and Marseille with their merchandise. He wishes Justine to assist him in this nefarious business, but she indignantly refuses.

Angered by her refusal, he summons his valet and a little girl, and forces her to submit to further outrages. Afterwards, he consents to let her go on condition that she says nothing to any one about it, and leaves Lyon within two hours. She agrees to this, and immediately departs.

She has not gone far when she encounters an apparently old woman, very poor and wretched, who begs alms of her. Justine takes her purse from her pocket, to give her something from the very small sum that she herself possesses, when the woman, who was only disguised as old and poor, snatches the purse, knocks Justine over with a blow, and disappears into a thicket close by. Justine quickly picks herself up, and pursues the thief, and in the chase they both tumble into a trap, hidden by bushes and trees, where they fall into an underground passage, and are at once surrounded by men.

Here Justine finds herself amongst a band of beggars,

consisting of men, women, and children, who live hidden in their underground retreat when they are not out preying on the charity of good-natured people. The woman who stole the purse is one of the band, and had led Justine into the trap on purpose.

The captain of the band explains their method of business to their new recruit, and of course, as usual, various orgies take place in their large subterranean apartments. Justine is given a course of instruction in how to become a successful beggar, and is placed as a pupil under the special supervision of Séraphine, the woman who had stolen her purse and so introduced her to the band.

This woman proceeds to relate her life-history, and here we have another of those interpolated narratives referred to above, but this one is not so long as usual. The mother of Séraphine resembles the matron, Philomela, towards the end of Petronius, and exploits her youthful daughter and son for purposes of gain. Séraphine, after poisoning with arsenic a very rich man with whom she lives, and whose exotic passions she has had to satisfy, escapes with much of his money, and spends two years visiting the principal cities of Spain, where she exercises her profession at considerable gain. She at length, however, comes to grief at Toledo, and is put into prison, where she meets Gaspard, the captain of the beggars, who effects her escape and his own, and they form the band among whom Justine now finds herself.

When at length Justine is allowed to go out with Séraphine, to practise her new business, she contrives to get away from her companion, and makes her way towards the town of Vienne. Before arriving there, however, she sees two men in a field trample down a

man under their horses' feet, and leaving him for dead, dash away as hard as they can go. She goes to his assistance, binds his injuries, and eventually brings him round to consciousness. He is duly grateful, and learning of Justine's present circumstances, tells her his name is Roland, and invites her to accompany him to his castle, away up in the mountains on the borders of Dauphiné, where he lives with his only sister, to whom Justine can be of help. She consents to this proposition, and assists him to the nearest inn, where, Justine being placed in the care of the landlady, they stay the night, and next morning set out on two hired mules for his abode. This, which they reach next day, is perched on the crest of a mountain, on the brink of a terrible precipice down which it appears almost ready to tumble.

Needless to say, when once they get to this almost inaccessible retreat, Roland shows himself in his true colours. He proves to be the head of a gang of coiners and forgers, and a perfect monster in every way.

In a vault under the castle, where are numerous skeletons, all sorts of weapons, and church furnishings, this fiend indulges in a practice which he calls the *jeu de coupe-corde*, which consists of hanging his female victims and cutting down their bodies. This is supposed to cause an inexpressible voluptuousness, and Roland desires to make the experiment upon himself. After compelling Justine to submit to this, and releasing her before she expires, he demonstrates it upon himself to Justine, who has to cut the cord just at the psychological moment, before it is too late. She is strongly tempted to let him actually be hanged, but at the last moment relents, and cuts him down just in time. Finally, she is flung by Roland into a pit, which is half-full of corpses, and he then leaves the castle. She is rescued from this

horrible predicament the following day by his successor, Delville, a much more humane person. She remains at the castle in comparative safety and comfort, under the guardianship of the new occupant.

One day, the castle is suddenly taken by surprise by a company of mounted police, before there has been time to use any of the means of defence, and the whole band of coiners are taken to Grenoble and cast into prison, including Justine. All are condemned to death, but through the timely intervention of a certain Monsieur S——, who undertakes her defence, Justine is saved, and declared innocent by the court, and to have been forced into her present situation. She is therefore fully discharged from the accusation, and allowed complete liberty to go wherever she will.

It has been suggested that this Monsieur S—— is meant to represent Sade himself. He is described as a " magistrat fameux, honneur de ce tribunal, juge intègre, citoyen chéri, philosophe éclairé, dont la sagesse et la bienfaisance graveront à jamais, au temple de Thémis, le nom célèbre en lettres d'or." It is true that de Sade was never a " magistrate " or counsel, but it may be a picture of how he saw himself as one, and it is curious that this is the only character in the book whose name is represented merely by an initial.

Following the advice of this benevolent Monsieur S——, who undertakes a collection on her behalf which produces fifty louis for her, Justine stays at a decent inn at Grenoble, by the Pont de l'Isère, until she can obtain a situation in that town, or, if unsuccessful in that, return to Lyon, with letters of recommendation from the *avocat-general.*

At the table d'hôte at this inn one day, she notices a very well-dressed stout woman, who is addressed as

Baroness, and who, making herself known to her, turns out to be la Dubois, whom, it may be remembered, Justine had originally met during her first imprisonment in Paris. Though the reverse of pleased at this meeting, Justine cannot escape from this woman, who tells her of her success and prosperity, takes her to her room and shows her the store of money and jewels that she now possesses, and treats her to a *dissertation philosophique* in the typical de Sade manner.

She then propounds to Justine a scheme that she has for robbing a young merchant of Lyon, also staying in the hotel. As this young man is attracted by Justine, la Dubois desires her aid to keep him out of the way while she rifles his apartment, where she knows that he has about 800,000 francs in gold and bills. Justine pretends to agree to the project, so that she can warn the young man. This she does, but it is too late. The charming Dubois, suspecting some "feebleness" on the part of Justine, has already contrived to administer poison to the young merchant, and when they return to the inn, with him in a dying condition, they discover that la Dubois has disappeared with all the belongings of both of them. The youth dies, and Justine, to her dismay, learns that a certain amount of suspicion rests upon her, so she therefore determines upon flight.

She has scarcely set out when she is seized by three men, hustled into a carriage, and after a three hours' journey is brought to a house where, to her horror, the first person she meets is la Dubois. This turns out to be the country residence of the Bishop of Grenoble, and here, through the instrumentality of la Dubois, she is compelled to submit to the most outrageous treatment and to join in the most infamous orgies.

In the *cabinet particulier* of the Bishop they find a

huge and hideous Abbé, seated upon a sofa reading *La Philosophie dans le Boudoir*. As we have seen, this work was only published for the first time in 1795, which proves that this final version of *Justine* was rewritten after that date.

Justine once more manages to escape from the house, and gets to Villefranche, where the inn she stays at is set on fire, and amongst others a baby is burnt to death. La Dubois appears and accuses Justine of causing the fire and also of killing the baby by throwing it into the flames, and she is once more arrested and put into prison, this time at Lyon.

Here she is visited by Father Antonin, late of Sainte-Marie-des-Bois, and also by Saint-Florent, both of whom, so far from helping her, only take advantage of her situation. The latter causes her to be taken from prison at night to the villa of an influential friend of his named Cardoville, who is one of the Judges. Here, with their associates, more scandalous orgies take place, and after being returned to prison, she is condemned to death by this same Cardoville. But the gaoler, on condition that she commits a theft on his behalf, lets her go free. She gets away and takes the road towards Paris.

One evening she meets a very elegant lady, accompanied by four gentlemen, who at once recognizes her and proves to be her sister, Juliette. The latter takes her to the magnificent château that she owns, which is close at hand, and supplies her with clothes and food. Justine expresses astonishment at the luxury wherein she finds her sister living. "O fille pusillanime!" replies the latter, "cesse de te surprendre, je t'avais annoncé tout cela. J'ai suivi la route du vice, moi, mon enfant; je n'y ai jamais trouvé que des roses

moins philosophe que moi, tes maudits préjugés t'ont fait révérer des chimères ; tu vois ou elles t'ont conduite ! " Justine having related the story of her adventures, one of the gentlemen, referring to her, says, " Oui, voilà bien ici les Malheurs de la Vertu " ; and then, pointing to Juliette, he continues, " Et là, là, mes amis, les Prospérités du Vice ! "

The next day, Juliette announces that she is going to relate the story of her own adventures to her sister, as she says, " afin de la faire mieux juger de la puissante manière dont le ciel protège et récompense toujours le vice, quand il abbat et contriste la vertu."

They settle down in *un salon délicieux*, and Juliette begins her narrative.

Such, then, is the notorious *Justine*, of which it may be hoped that the reader has gained some faint idea, necessarily etiolated and inadequate though the above analysis may be.

Much too drawn out, with its numerous long " philosophical " dissertations, and its unutterable obscenities, it is yet an extraordinary production. We will defer further consideration of it until after we have attempted to describe *Juliette*, which is a sequel, almost a continuation, and will deal with the two together, as they practically form one work.

We may, however, mention here a few of the more outstanding differences between the first and the final versions of *Justine*.

As we have said, the first was written in the first person, the last is written in the third ; the first is a continuous narrative, the last is divided into chapters, with headings ; everything is accentuated and made even more horrible in the later version ; thus, in the incident of de Bressac, it was his aunt that he eventually

killed in the first version : it is his mother in the last. Rodin had no sister in the earlier one, and Gernande no seventh wife. Above all, the last version, as we have seen, is about twice the length of the first one, and contains many new incidents. There is no life-history of Jérôme in the first ; no incident of the band of beggars, and the consequent history of Séraphine ; and the Verneuil family do not appear. Furthermore, many of the other incidents are greatly expanded and enlarged upon in the final version.

It may be mentioned that an English translation of the first edition of 1791 was published in Paris in 1889, under the title of *Opus Sadicum*, but the translation is so lamentably weak and stilted that often entire passages become meaningless, and it can hardly be called English at all. It is obviously the work of a foreigner whose little knowledge (of the English language) is a dangerous thing ! Still, it must be admitted that, taking all things into consideration, it was a rather valiant attempt. It was the first, and is still the last—and likely, let us hope, to remain so !

## V

## "JULIETTE, OU LES PROSPÉRITÉS DU VICE"

*JULIETTE* originally appeared as *La Suite de Justine* in 1796, in four octavo volumes, without illustrations. It was republished as a continuation of *La Nouvelle Justine* in 1797, in six duodecimo volumes, with sixty illustrations.

It is written in the first person, like the first edition of *Justine*, Juliette herself relating the story of her adventures. It is half as long again as the final version of *Justine*, and on the whole is less lively and even more horrible than its forerunner.

In it we have the other side of the medal. While Justine, striving all the while to be virtuous and good, meets with nothing but misfortune and maltreatment, her sister, Juliette, deliberately vicious and wicked, goes from success to success, and experiences nothing but prosperity. While Justine's travels are confined entirely to France, Juliette covers a much wider field, visits several European states, and meets many of their rulers and notabilities. This is in some respects the most interesting side of the book. The so-called "philosophical" dissertations are equally numerous and equally long, and taking it all round, the work becomes tedious in the extreme.

We will attempt, however, to give some description of it, and endeavour not to weary the reader too much in the process.

Juliette begins her narrative at the time when she was in the Convent of Panthemont, where she and Justine were educated. She says that it is well known that from this Convent, for several years, have come *les femmes les plus jolies et les plus libertines de Paris.*

Juliette's chief friend here is a girl of fifteen, named Euphrosine, and the Abbess is a woman of thirty, Madame Delbène. It is this woman who lays the foundations of the education of Juliette, beginning when the latter is only thirteen. She is distinguished by *une délicieuse perversité*, has studied Holbach and La Mettrie, quotes Spinoza and Vanini, and defines conscience as *un préjugé implanté par l'éducation.*

Referring to Juliette, she says : " Oui, je veux me charger de son éducation, je veux dissiper dans elle ces infâmes prestiges religieux qui troublent toute la félicité de la vie, je veux la ramener aux principes de la nature, et lui faire voir que toutes les fables dont on a fasciné son esprit ne sont faites que pour le mépris." It may be added that she succeeds amazingly in this project !

Madame Delbène introduces some of her women friends, and curious scenes take place, in which discussions on religion play a prominent part, most of the exponents taking the side of atheism.

In the subterranean vaults of the Convent we are introduced to the Abbé Ducroz, grand-vicar of the Archbishop of Paris, who is specially charged with the inspection of the Convent, and Father Télème, a Franciscan, who is the Confessor of the novices and boarders. Various orgies take place, and a long dissertation on prostitution and customs regarding adultery and the community of wives in different parts of the globe.

Upon the bankruptcy and death of her father,

Juliette leaves the Convent, and, as we have already seen, parts company with her sister, Justine. Following the precepts she has been taught by Madame Delbène, she determines to make the most of her opportunities, and as a beginning, joins the establishment of a certain Madame Duvergier, where she also finds her former friend, Euphrosine. The details of this establishment are described at length, and agree in practically every particular with those of an actual and notorious house of accommodation of the period, which is portrayed in almost identical terms by Casanova.

"La maison de Madame Duvergier était délicieuse ; située entre cour et jardin, et ayant deux issues opposées, les rendezvous s'y donnaient avec un mystère qu'on n'est pas obtenu de toute autre position ; ses meubles étaient magnifiques, ses boudoirs aussi voluptueux que décorés ; son cuisinier fort bon, ses vins délicieux et ses filles charmantes."

Here Juliette meets with various adventures of an erotic nature, and is fully instructed in the art of robbing her clients, who are of all classes. "Gardons-nous d'être vertueuse, puisque le vice triomphe sans cesse ; redoutons la misère, puisqu'elle est toujours méprisée," is one of her mottoes.

With one of her companions, Fatime, a girl of sixteen, she visits a man named Dorval, who is one of the most celebrated thieves of Paris, from whom she learns a great deal in that respect, and who delivers a long discourse on the subject, quoting instances and examples from the manners and customs of various peoples all over the world.

She is also sent to the Archbishop of Lyon, at the Abbaye de Saint-Victor, near Paris, who rewards her for her complaisance.

She eventually meets a very rich libertine named Noirceuil, who declares that it was he who was the cause of the bankruptcy and ruin of her father. She professes to understand and appreciate his motives for this, agrees with all his most esoteric ideas, and even assists him in carrying them out. Charmed to find a character of the same nature as his own, he takes Juleitte to live in his house, where she aids and abets him in all his nefarious schemes, but at the same time keeps in touch with Madame Duvergier.

During this time, she goes one evening with some of her companions to the house of an old millionaire named Mondor, whom she succeeds in robbing of sixty thousand francs. But when she returns home, she discovers that she has herself meanwhile been robbed by Noirceuil. The latter accuses her maid, Gode, of the theft, and after the unfortunate girl has had to submit to a severe flagellation, she is sent to prison. A long discourse on crime and its utility is then delivered by Noirceuil, in which again the manners and customs of all nations are quoted.

After a visit to *le duc* Dendemar, whom she robs of a considerable sum of money, she is accused of the theft and imprisoned, but through the influence of the Minister of State, Saint-Fond, a boon companion of Noirceuil, she is released, and an innocent girl, Minette, is convicted instead.

Upon her release, Juliette goes to supper with Noirceuil and the Minister, Saint-Fond, and there is also present D'Albert, who is the Chief Justice of the Paris courts. An orgy follows, in the course of which Noirceuil's wife, after having spirits of wine poured over her, which is then set alight, is poisoned.

Saint-Fond is a cruel debauchee who hates all man-

kind, with the exception of Noirceuil, D'Albert, and one or two similar scoundrels. He is very rich and powerful, and has numerous *lettres de cachet* prepared, by means of which he sends thousands of innocent people to prison, so that he can confiscate their wealth. Finding that Juliette is of the same nature as themselves, he and D'Albert promise her a *lettre de sûreté* or guaranty, which will protect her from all judicial procedure, whatever crimes she may commit. In return for this, Saint-Fond requires that she shall always treat him with the utmost respect and submission, and always address him as *Monseigneur*.

So pleased is he with her propensity for wickedness, and her complaisance, that he engages her as the organizer of his secret orgies, and surrounds her with luxury. She has a large house in the Rue du Faubourg Saint-Honoré in Paris, another one above Sceaux, and a *petite maison* at the Barrière-blanche, all magnificently furnished. She is introduced into society, where her youth and beauty are greatly admired—she is now seventeen—and she has a whole retinue of servants, including her *coiffeur* and her *chef*, also three carriages and ten horses.

Saint-Fond also goes in for poisoning on the grand scale, and he explains to Juliette how it is frequently necessary for the State to get rid of some inconvenient person. He therefore places her at the head of his *département des empoisonnements*, and pays her at the rate of thirty thousand francs for each person she disposes of in this way, under his direction. She makes an income of fifteen hundred thousand francs by this means. In addition to this, he pays her liberally for the victims she obtains for their orgies, and for her household expenses, and the elaborate suppers they have.

Altogether she has a yearly income of seven million francs! Saint-Fond can easily afford to pay her this little sum, as it is not his own money that he thus squanders, but that of the State!

Many of the entertainments thus arranged by Juliette are described at length, and are all equally horrible and revolting. She is introduced to Madame de Clairwil, a woman of the same type as herself, who devises further scenes of cruelty and licentiousness, and assists in their realization. There are also, of course, long discourses on all kinds of subjects.

Juliette gives us an outline of her daily life, which may be regarded as typical of that of a woman of her class at this period. Rising at ten o'clock, for the first hour she receives her intimate friends. From eleven till one she is occupied with her toilette, at which all her maids assist. Then, for an hour, she receives other people who wish to see her, and the Minister of State, if he is in Paris. At two o'clock she goes out to her *petite maison*, where, if she feels like it, she amuses herself with her companions, but in any case enjoys the drive into the country. She returns at four, and dines with some friends at her own table, which is luxuriously served. In the evening, she either goes to the theatre or receives the Minister if it is one of his days.

Juliette delights in cruelty for its own sake. Not far from her château at Sceaux, there is a cottage belonging to a poor peasant, who works hard to keep his eight young children and his good wife. She and one of her attendants visit this cottage one day, and the poor man, overwhelmed by the condescension of such a "great lady," tries his best to supply her with refreshment, begs her to rest as long as she wishes, and the

entire family do all they can to please her. She praises the cleanliness and neatness of the place, the happy appearance of the children, and the general behaviour of all the family, and gives presents to the wife and sweets to the children. Then, profiting by the temporary absence of the peasant, having firmly secured all the exits, she sets the place on fire. The father and one child escape, but the mother and the other seven children are burnt to death, and the cottage completely destroyed.

Juliette derives excitement and satisfaction from this fiendish act. When she relates the incident to Madame de Clairwil, the latter says that it was well done up to a point, but it lacked completeness. The peasant should have been charged with setting fire to the place himself, and so causing the deaths of his wife and family, for which he would have been executed!

Juliette is introduced by Madame de Clairwil into a sort of club, which is called *La Société des Amis du Crime*. It is said that such clubs did actually exist in Paris at this period, and that de Sade has based his description on what he had known in his own personal experience. Dühren says: "There were secret clubs at Paris, the members of which met for the study and practice of voluptuousness; they had their 'temples,' furnished with statues of Priapus, Sappho, and various other symbols of the delights of sexual love, their special language and their private signs of recognition." The rules and regulations of this club are given in detail, and they are comprised under forty-five headings. Here the most appalling scenes take place.

Clairwil then takes Juliette to confession, and the Confessor is a Carmelite friar named Claude, who, excited by what his penitents confess to him, conducts

them to a private apartment that he has at the Barrière de Vaugirard. Here they are regaled with biscuits and liqueurs, and find a small selection of pornographic books. It is of interest to note which are the works that de Sade mentions here. The first is *Le Portier des Chartreux*, "production plus polissonne que libertine"; then *L'Académie des Dames*, "ouvrage dont le plan est bon, mais l'exécution mauvaise"; *L'Éducation de Laure*, "autre production manquée net, par de fausses considerations"; *Thérèse Philosophe*, "ouvrage charmant du Marquis d'Argens, le seul qui ait montré le but, sans néanmoins l'atteindre tout-à-fait." These fashionable books of the period will be referred to in the last part of this study.

Claude finally meets with a cruel and horrible death at the hands of Clairwil and with the help of Juliette.

There arrives one day to see Juliette a man of forty-five, of poor appearance, who, after insisting on seeing her in private, imparts the information that he is actually her father, though not the husband of her mother, and his name is Bernole. She eventually kills him with a pistol, in the presence of Clairwil, Noirceuil, and Saint-Fond.

She now has Saint-Fond's young daughter, Alexandrine, who is to be married to Noirceuil, placed in her charge for three months, to complete her "education" and render her worthy of her future husband!

Juliette and Clairwil visit a monastery, where a sort of "Black Mass" is celebrated, and the former pays a visit to another meeting of the *Société des Amis du Crime*, where she meets an Abbé named Chabert, who appears again later in the story.

She is then introduced by Noirceuil to the Comte de Belmor, who is the new president of the *Société*,

and of course rich, and a complete libertine. It is the day of his installation as President, and he delivers an address on *L'Amour* to the assembly, the text of which is given in full, and is in the usual style. Afterwards, some dreadful scenes take place.

Juliette and Clairwil visit a famous fortune-teller and poisoner named Madame Durand, in the Faubourg Saint-Jacques, who requires some of the blood of those who come to consult her, before telling their fate. This is obtained by means of flagellation, after which she gives Clairwil but five more years to live, and predicts that Juliette will be reduced to poverty and misery if ever she ceases her viciousness and wickedness. She then gives some demonstrations of the effect of her poisons on some young attendants of her establishment.

Juliette is now twenty-two years of age, and one day Saint-Fond, in a confidential mood, describes to her a truly infernal project that he has conceived. Convinced that France is greatly over-populated, he has a scheme whereby two-thirds of the entire population shall perish by famine, and he designs that Juliette shall help him in this matter. Even she is horrified at this enormity. Seeing her quail before this monstrous suggestion, Saint-Fond abruptly leaves her, without saying another word, and she realizes that she has forfeited his favour. She remembers the words of the fortune-teller : *Où le vice cessera, la malheur arrivera.* Her worst fears are confirmed by the arrival of a note from Noirceuil. Saint-Fond is furious, and has determined to do away with her, and Noirceuil counsels her immediate flight. She acts on this advice, and hastily collecting five hundred louis in money, and her diamonds and other jewels, she leaves Paris by the first public coach, which happens to be going to Angers.

On arrival there, she takes a house and sets up a gaming establishment. She soon has all the local nobility among her *clientèle*, amongst others the notoriously rich Comte de Lorsange. A bachelor of forty, with an income of more than fifty thousand livres, he eventually marries her, after she has told him the sad story of her life, the recital of which is helped by the shedding of many crocodile tears !

She thus becomes the Comtesse de Lorsange, and remains his wife for two years, but during this time, her husband being virtuous and quite normal, she is bored to distraction.

Then one day, in church, she meets the Abbé Chabert, who had been a member of the *Société des Amis du Crime*. With him she resorts to her former practices, and so relieves her long-pent-up desires. In the meanwhile, however, she has presented her husband with a daughter.

Hearing that Saint-Fond is still searching for her, fearing that she knows too much of his infamous projects and therefore wishing to do away with her as a matter of self-protection, she decides that she must leave France. She therefore rids herself of her virtuous husband, by means of one of the poisons she has obtained from the fortune-teller, Durand, and inherits all his wealth. She leaves her little daughter under the care of the Abbé Chabert, and the latter gives her several letters of recommendation for places in Italy, where she decides to go.

Accompanied by a maid of eighteen named Augustine, and a lackey named Zéphir, she sets out for Turin. Arrived there, she thinks what joy to at last be in the country of Neros and of Messalinas ! But she does not think much of this first town. " Il n'y

a point dans toute l'Italie de ville plus régulière et plus ennuyeuse que Turin."

She decides to visit Italy not as just an ordinary tourist, but *en courtisane célèbre*. She therefore gets into touch with *la signora Diana, la plus célèbre appareilleuse de Turin*. She is soon invited to supper by the Duc de Chablais, and also meets the King of Sardinia. She then is instructed by a " Master " in the art of always winning at cards, and at this she succeeds very well. Henceforward, for a time, this " Master," whose name is Sbrigani, accompanies her as her pretended husband.

Having exhausted the possibilities of Turin, Juliette sets out with her *entourage*, by easy stages, for Florence. Going by way of Asti, Alessandria, and Bologna, they stay for a while at the last-named, and find the women there very beautiful and sophisticated. Crossing the Apennines, they admire the view, " on one side the vast plain of Lombardy, on the other the Adriatic Sea," and they use a telescope, by means of which they can see more than fifty leagues " (that is one hundred and twenty-five miles !).

They dine at Pietramala, with the intention of seeing the volcano, or rather, subterranean fires, and here they meet with a giant, seven feet three inches in height, named Minski, a Muscovite, who invites them to his castle in the mountains. He turns out to be a devourer of human flesh ; the tables and chairs in his castle are made of human bones, and the place is full of skeletons. After witnessing some most appalling sights in this castle, Juliette and her companions are in fear of their lives, and they therefore poison the giant, and after rifling his treasury and rescuing two young girls, Elise and Raymonde, make good their escape.

They thus arrive at Florence, and here they set up a combined gaming-house and *bordel*, and prosper exceedingly. Florence is at this time under the rule of Leopold of Austria, Grand Duke of Tuscany, and brother of the Queen of France, Marie Antoinette. Juliette visits the palaces and art galleries, and after mentioning the decorations of Vasari, she gives her opinion on several famous works of art, such as the Venus of Titian, the Venus de Medici, the Hermaphrodite, and others. She and her companions visit the Grand Duke at Pratolino, and an orgy ensues. Various other intrigues take place, all greatly to the benefit of Juliette and her friends.

From Florence they proceed to Rome, and here we are introduced to the highest ecclesiastical society, by means of the letters of introduction that Juliette is supplied with. Cardinal de Bernis, who is the Ambassador of France, Cardinal Albani, Olimpe, Princesse de Borghèse, and the Duchesse de Grillo, are the chief notabilities that they become intimate with. Numerous orgies take place with these people, and Cardinal de Bernis recites a poem that he has written as a paraphrase of the *Ode to Priapus*. This is interesting as being the only known poem written by de Sade, but it is too scabrous to quote here. La Borghèse poisons her father, and Juliette the Duchesse de Grillo, and they conceive and carry out the idea of setting fire to all the hospitals and charitable institutions in Rome, which affords them great excitement and satisfaction.

Then Juliette is presented to the Pope, Pius VI., whom she addresses throughout by his family name of Braschi. She delivers before him a very frank address on the subject of ecclesiastical superstitions and the iniquity of the majority of the Popes, which, perhaps

naturally, somewhat surprises His Holiness. But being a rather broad-minded gentleman, he is not disposed to quibble over mere matters of opinion, and so he and Juliette very soon become intimate friends—intimate in *every* sense of the word! The Pope himself shows her over the Vatican and its gardens. Amongst other things, she observes with interest in the library a wonderful manuscript of Terence, and the original letters of Henry VIII. to Anne Boleyn! The Pope gives a long discourse on various forms of torture and execution as practised in all parts of the world, after which an orgy takes place in Saint Peter's, where the Pope celebrates a kind of "Black Mass." Juliette succeeds in robbing the Pope of a considerable sum, after which she leaves Rome for Naples, where she has letters of introduction to the Royal Family.

On the way, she and her companions are captured by the famous brigand-chief, Brisa-Testa, and taken prisoners to his stronghold. Here they learn of the bloodthirsty nature of the brigand's wife, for whose pleasure they are to be sacrificed. But when they are brought before her, who should she prove to be but Clairwil, Juliette's dear friend and companion in vice, so that instead of being sacrificed they are at once made welcome, and entertained in the most sumptuous manner.

Brisa-Testa then proceeds to relate the history of his life, and this is a long episode, almost a complete novel in itself, filling nearly two hundred pages.

His family name is Borchamps. Instructed from the age of sixteen in every form of vice and wickedness by his father, under whose instructions he kills his mother, at the age of nineteen he follows the precepts he has been taught to their logical conclusion, and

poisons this same father. He escapes to The Hague, where the Stadtholder has recently married the Princess Sophia of Prussia, who is only eighteen years of age. He obtains an introduction to this Princess, and with her maid, Emma, libidinous scenes take place. Being drawn into schemes which he fears may be too dangerous, he finds safety in flight, and crosses over to England, and proceeds to London. Here he lodges in Piccadilly, and having an introduction to Lord Burlington, soon makes himself at home in that nobleman's family. Lord Burlington has two daughters, Clotilde and Cléontine, the elder of whom marries Tilson, a handsome young man of twenty-three. Borchamps, by means of either poisoning or imprisonment on false charges, disposes of Lord Burlington, Cléontine, and Tilson, and finally elopes and leaves England with Clotilde, after having been there for two years. His companion brings with her twelve thousand guineas.

Once on the Continent, they make for Sweden, and after travelling for six weeks Clotilde becomes ill. At the inn they put up at he meets Emma, the confidential maid of Princess Sophia of Holland, and these two arrange to go on together, leaving the unfortunate Clotilde at the inn, and of course taking all her money with them. Having robbed and murdered a rich traveller on the way, they arrive at Stockholm, where Gustavus III. is then sovereign. Passing off Emma as his wife, they are received into the best society, especially that of a young senator, Steno, and his wife, who are of the anti-court faction. Banquets take place, followed by orgies, and Borchamps finds that he is in a sort of anti-monarchal secret society. He discloses the whole business to the King, at the price of a million francs. Gustavus pays him the promised re-

ward, and orders him to quit the country immediately. "I pay traitors," says the King, "they are necessary to me; but I despise them, and drive them away from me as soon as they have served my purpose."

"What does it matter to me," is Borchamps' comment upon this, "whether this ass esteems or despises me; I have got his money, and that is what I wanted!" He returns to Steno and the society, and tells them that his supposed wife, Emma, has betrayed them all. She is therefore submitted to terrible torture, at which Borchamps officiates, and he then leaves Stockholm with Amelie, the wife of one of his friends, who elopes with him.

They proceed to St. Petersburg, where they take a large house and do things on the grand scale, and soon get to know all the leading people. A minister of the Empress offers to present Borchamps to his sovereign, and he thus meets Catherine the Great, who receives him favourably. He remains here two years. Amelie is killed by order of the Empress, and Borchamps is used by Catherine in her orgies and in her scheme for poisoning her son. This last is his undoing, for the young Prince, suspecting such attempts, takes an antidote after every meal, so that the poison administered to him has no effect, and the Empress suspects Borchamps of playing her false. She therefore has him arrested and sent to Siberia. Here he makes friends with a Hungarian and a Pole, both great scoundrels, and they eventually all three escape together, and make their way into Turkey, and reach Constantinople. After numerous adventures there, he meets Clotilde again, whom he had deserted in Sweden, and the daughter that had been born after he left. These two he and his companions kill on a desolate island, on their

voyage to Italy, and eventually he arrives at Naples. He afterwards forms this band of brigands, of which he is captain, and they meet with much success.

This lengthy autobiography is well related, and is quite lively and varied after the many *longueurs* of *Juliette*. It is in some ways rather like a brief résumé of parts of Casanova's *Mémoires*, and it is interesting to note that both Borchamps and Casanova visit Holland, London, Sweden, Russia, Constantinople, and Naples at almost exactly the same period. Casanova, of course, is a model of virtue and propriety in comparison with the terrible Borchamps, but it is curious to observe a slight resemblance here between two authors who, though contemporaries, had no opportunity of seeing each other's work.

At the conclusion of the narrative of Brisa-Testa (or Borchamps), they give themselves up to enjoyment, and then Juliette and her party, accompanied by Clairwil, continue their journey to Naples.

Here she is received by the King, Ferdinand I., at Portici, and treats him to a political discourse upon the subject of the kingdom of Naples, the actual condition of that *nation a demi Espagnole*, and the general corruption of manners amongst the population, seasoning her harangue with some very rude remarks about his sister-in-law, Marie Antoinette, Queen of France. The King then introduces her to his Queen, who is here called Charlotte, but whose actual name was Caroline, and very intimate scenes follow. A splendid *fête champêtre* is given for them by the Prince de Francaville, the richest man in Naples, where most extraordinary things take place in surroundings of the greatest luxury.

Juliette and her companions visit the environs of

Naples, and are greatly delighted with what they see. They go to Pozzuoli, where they see the Serapeum; Cumæ, with ruins of a villa of Lucullus, and the Temple of Apollo; Baiæ, with its memories of Nero and Agrippina, where a scene with fishermen and sailors takes place in the ruins of the Temple of Venus; Lake Avernus, with the Grotto of the Sibyl; the islands of Procida, Ischia, and Nisida; Herculaneum, of which they could not see much, and Pompeii; Salerno, Pæstum, and Amalfi; and of course Capri, where Tiberius is recalled, as described by Suetonius. On the way back they see Sorrento, Castellamare, and Stabia. Most of these places are well described, especially Capri.

They return to Naples just in time to witness a great popular fête, where a savage tumult occurs, and four hundred people lose their lives.

Juliette persuades Queen Caroline to enter into a conspiracy with her against King Ferdinand, who is to be poisoned and then robbed, and the women are to escape with the booty. She makes Caroline sign the following paper:

"Je volerai tous les trésors de mon mari, et les donnerai pour récompense à celle qui me fournira le poison nécessaire à l'envoyer dans l'autre monde.

"*Signé*, C. DE L. R. DE N."

Meanwhile, further orgies and scenes of most revolting cruelty and torture take place under the auspices of the King and Queen.

Juliette and Clairwil are tired of Olimpe, Princesse de Borghèse, and so decide to do away with her. They all three ascend Vesuvius, and walk around the top of

the crater. Suddenly the other two fling themselves upon Olimpe, strip her, and throw her into the volcano. At that moment a slight eruption occurs, and the two murderesses are somewhat shaken, but as it subsides Juliette regains her *sang-froid,* and says, " La cause de la pluie de pierres qui vient de nous inonder, elle n'est autre que la demande que nous fait Olimpe de ses habits ; il faut les lui rendre," and after removing the gold and jewels from them, they throw all her clothes after her into the volcano. " Ces morceaux de souffre et de bitumes sont les adieux qu'elle nous fait, elle nous avertit qu'elle est déjà dans les entrailles de la terre."

Queen Caroline has entrusted to Juliette's care the large sum of money she has stolen from the King, and is ready to flee with her to France after he has been poisoned. But Juliette denounces her to Ferdinand, and shows him the signed paper she has got from Caroline. The King immediately has the latter arrested, and in the meanwhile Juliette escapes from the country with all the treasure. Clairwil and the two maids accompany her. Sbrigani has been conveniently murdered while they were in Naples.

They go by way of Capua, Rome, and Ancona. At the last-named, they meet Madame Durand, the fortune-teller and poisoner of Paris. This woman, who hates Clairwil, and, as we have seen, had prophesied her death within five years, which time is now nearly up, persuades Juliette to poison her companion, on the ground that the latter has got designs against her life. After this crime has been committed, Durand admits that it was all invention and that Clairwil was innocent, but that she herself was jealous of her, and wanted to be Juliette's friend in her place. They then amuse

themselves at night with the sailors in the port of Ancona.

In the church here they meet with a merchant named Cordelli. This man is a necrophil, and he takes them to his castle, which is not far away, at the edge of the sea, where he disposes of the bodies of his victims by throwing them to the waves. After some terrible scenes there, Juliette and Durand fear for their own safety, so they poison Cordelli and his two chief assistants, and decamp with his money and valuables.

They journey by boat from Ancona to Venice, and of the latter Juliette says: "C'est, sans contredit, un spectacle aussi magnifique qu'imposant, que celui d'une ville immense flottante au milieu des eaux." Both Venice and the Venetians are spoken of in eulogistic terms.

By means of their various robberies and *coups*, Juliette finds herself worth six million six hundred thousand livres a year. "Craignant de paraître suspectes à Venise avec une fortune aussi considérable, nous prîmes tous les moyens nécessaires à persuader que le luxe que nous affections n'était le résultat que de produit de nos charmes et de nos connaissances dans l'art de la magie, et dans l'effet des simples."

They therefore open a *bordel*, after the style of that of Madame Duvergier, and in a little while all the "Quality" frequent their establishment assiduously. We are then presented with the details of the various penchants and idiosyncrasies of their numerous clients, which cover almost the entire gamut of sexual pathology. All classes and ages, of both sexes, are introduced, and the scenes that take place are beyond description. Juliette and Durand of course make masses of money out of it all. But they become too

notorious, and at last they are arrested and brought before the Inquisitors, and Durand is retained in custody, as they wish to get some of her secrets of poisoning from her. Juliette is released on condition that she is out of the territory of the Republic within twenty-four hours. She is allowed to take her belongings and eight hundred thousand francs in money with her; the rest is confiscated by the State. But as she has placed five millions safely at Rome, she does not worry much about that. She gets to Padua the first night, and making her way towards France, arrives at Lyon in eight days.

Saint-Fond now being dead, Juliette decides to return to Paris, and she writes to Noirceuil to that effect, and also to the Abbé Chabert to bring her daughter, Marianne, whom she had left in his care, and who is now seven years old, to meet her in Paris. They all meet, with much satisfaction, and Noirceuil delivers a long discourse on the " prosperities of vice." He has himself caused the death of his former friend, Saint-Fond, and has become much richer and more perverted than ever. More orgies take place, during which Noirceuil's two young sons and Juliette's little daughter are sacrificed to their passion for murder. After this she returns to her own château with her friends, and there meets with Justine, as we have seen.

Juliette concludes the long narrative of her adventures with a vigorous glorification of vice.

Besides the Marquis and the Chevalier — her companions when she meets with Justine—Noirceuil and Chabert join the party at the château. They are planning the destruction of Justine, but this unfortunate person is struck by lightning and killed. It is the work of Heaven, and that is how virtue is rewarded! Then

la Durand suddenly arrives from Venice, where she has been released, and has been able to rescue a great part of their money that had been confiscated there.

Finally, a courier arrives from Versailles with a letter from the King ordering his Minister, Noirceuil, to repair at once to the Court, to take up the reins of government. Chabert is made an Archbishop, the Marquis becomes Ambassador at Constantinople, and the Chevalier receives a yearly salary of four hundred thousand livres. As for Juliette and Durand, they follow their friend, Noirceuil, to Paris, and new grandeurs.

Ten years later, after more brilliant successes, Juliette, Comtesse de Lorsange, passes peacefully away. "Oh, mes amis," she has previously said, "aura-t-il tort celui qui quelque jour écrira l'histoire de ma vie, s'il l'intitule 'Les Prospérités du Vice'!"

We thus conclude our outline of the ten volumes of *Justine et Juliette*, which has been described as "the most obscene and most execrable work in existence," and the description is hardly exaggerated. In the foregoing account much of what is essential to the *motif* of the book has, of necessity, been omitted. But even so, sufficient has been said to give some indication of its terrible nature.

It is impossible to take such a work seriously. It is too extreme, and becomes so revolting that it eventually loses much of the effect it was apparently intended to create. The consideration of its general significance must be deferred till the discussion of de Sade's works (of which it is the apogee) as a whole in the third part of this study. But some observations on a few of the details of the book itself may be given here.

Like nearly all of its author's works, it is far too long,

too diffuse, and too discursive. Of the two parts into which it is divided, *Justine* is decidedly the better. But in both, the main theme becomes monotonous and the unparalleled obscenity nauseating. Justine never by any chance meets with any decent people—unless, like Madame de Bressac, Rosalie, and others, they are completely under the sway of some monster, and merely serve as additional victims. She always eventually escapes from the most impossible situations—otherwise the book could not be carried on. Juliette, likewise, for the most part meets only the most dreadful villains and reprobates, but generally contrives to go one better than any of them, and by means of poisoning and robbery gains something out of nearly all her encounters, and never has to suffer the usual penalties of evil-doing. That, of course, is only in accordance with the author's purpose, and his "philosophy" of the "prosperity of vice."

Juliette's interviews with the rulers of the various states she visits are, to say the least of it, curious, and it is worth noting the effrontery with which the author, apparently in pursuance of his strong anti-monarchical propaganda, attributes the most scandalous and shameless vices to several prominent sovereigns of Europe who were either still living at the time of the publication of the book, or had but just recently died, and usually, of course, without the slightest foundation in fact. Thus, Pope Pius VI., Catherine the Great, Ferdinand I. of Naples, and Prince Henry of Prussia, were still alive; Leopold of Tuscany (afterwards Emperor) and Gustavus III. had both died in 1792. Only in the cases of Catherine and Ferdinand did scandal and gossip afford the least excuse for such imputations, and, even then, not nearly to the extent and enormity in

which de Sade indulged at their expense. But this vilification of contemporary rulers is only part of the same convention that produced those hundreds of scurrilous and obscene libels on the unfortunate Marie Antoinette, which were so popular at this period in Paris. It may be noted that in the only recorded visit of any of de Sade's characters (Borchamps) to England, no mention is made of Royalty at all.

It has been truly remarked by a recent writer [1] that *Justine* and *Juliette* belong to the Picaresque style of romance—novels not of plot, nor even primarily of character, but of incident and adventure, variety and sensation, dealing with all sorts of places, all classes of people, more or less disconnected episodes interspersed with pseudo-philosophical discussions, the most famous examples of which are pershaps *Gil Blas* and *Lazarillo de Tormes*. The device of the interpolated life-story of one of the minor characters is, as we have seen, also employed, and usually successfully, for it comes as a welcome relief to the monotonous misfortunes or evil exploits of the respective heroines, though they are not a whit less horrible.

Characterization is scarcely attempted. The two heroines are violently contrasted: Justine is the old-fashioned type—simple, virtuous, trustful, and sympathetic; Juliette is essentially the new type as visualized by de Sade—clever, capable, cynical, and cruel, fundamentally and consistently immoral. But even so, they are little more than pegs on which to hang a chain of incidents and adventures. The men are all of one type —scoundrels, reprobates, depraved debauchees, cruel, unscrupulous, and relentless, such as Bressac, Saint-Florent, Noirceuil, Saint-Fond, and a host of others.

[1] Summers: *op. cit.* p. 20.

As for the rest, they are mainly either nincompoops or nonentities. Some of the numerous incidents resemble each other very closely, as, for instance, those of Bandole and Roland in *Justine*, and Minski and Cordelli in *Juliette*. The continual orgies become wearisome, and parts of *Juliette* especially are dull in the extreme.

But all the same, it clearly shows its author to have been a man of culture and wide reading, endued with great power of imagination and activity of brain. The sheer length of the thing amazes one, and the energy and perseverance required to "keep it up" through ten stout volumes is really phenomenal. Applied to a more worthy purpose, this would be a laudable quality. There is much originality of thought to be found in many of the discussions scattered through the book, and in this respect it is different from all the erotic and pornographic works of other authors. But there is a lamentable lack of humour, which seems to be characteristic of the author. He took himself and his works much too seriously, and was so intent on his horrors and obscenities and "philosophical" discussions, that the comic spirit—with which it would appear that he was never at any time at all on intimate terms—was entirely neglected and forgotten.

That de Sade drew on his own recollections of many of the places his characters are made to visit is obvious, but that, as one writer would have it, "it is said that the author was himself the hero of the bloody and lascivious orgies which he so minutely describes," is not only manifestly absurd and untrue, but is also physically impossible.

This is merely one of the numerous ridiculous legends that have grown up about the name of de Sade, which, with other general considerations regarding the

man and his work, will be discussed in the last part of this study.

The frontispiece and hundred illustrations to the original 1797 edition, which are well engraved, are quite indescribable, and of the same nature as the most horrifying parts of the book.

## VI

### "LES CRIMES DE L'AMOUR"

THIS work was first published in 1800, in two volumes octavo, and four volumes duodecimo, with the following title: *Les Crimes de l'Amour, ou le Délire des passions, nouvelles héroïques et tragiques, précédées d'une Idée sur les Romans, par D. A. F. Sade, auteur d'Aline et Valcour.* It consists of eleven stories, the main theme of which is the eternal conflict between virtue and vice.

It is, as the title-page says, preceded by an essay of forty-seven pages entitled *Idée sur les Romans.* In this rapid survey the author discusses the history of prose fiction, and passes from the romances of the Greeks, Romans, Gauls, Troubadors, Italians, and Spaniards, to the eighteenth century. By the way, he mentions the *Princesse de Clèves* of Madame de la Fayette, and *Télémaque* of Fénelon, and then goes on to Crébillon, Marivaux, Voltaire, Rousseau, Marmontel, and *Manon Lescaut,* also Richardson and Fielding, "Monk" Lewis and Anne Radcliffe, and many others. His definition of the novel is "a picture of the manners of the period," whose purpose should be to supply a kind of supplement to history. The first qualification for a good novelist is a knowledge of mankind. One can only acquire that knowledge by either experiencing misfortune and suffering, or travelling extensively abroad. In conclusion, he complains of the censure that has been

passed upon him for the cynical manner he has employed in *Aline et Valcour*, which he considers unjust. Vice should be portrayed to make people abhor it. The most dangerous books are those which embellish vice, and show it in seductive colours. He, on the contrary, exhibits it in all its nakedness, so that one may recognize its true nature, and learn to avoid it! This, coming from the author of *Justine*, is distinctly interesting, and though it is *Aline et Valcour* that he mentions in this respect, it is more probably of his other more notorious works that he is thinking.

The stories comprised in this book are, very briefly, as follows:

I. *Juliette et Raunai, ou la Conspiration d'Amboise.* —This is an historical tale of the fifteenth century and the beginnings of the struggle between Catholics and Huguenots. The "Conspiracy of Amboise" is the background of the story, which concerns the Baron de Castelnau-Toulouse, one of the Protestant leaders, his daughter, Juliette, and the youth Raunai, who is an officer under the Baron, and has loved Juliette since their childhood. The Baron is taken prisoner and confined in the castle of Amboise. The Duc de Guise will only consent to spare his life on condition that Juliette submits to his passion for her, which she, of course, refuses. Raunai contrives to get into the castle, in the hope of rescuing his friends. This is impossible, and then the massacre of the Protestants takes place, and is witnessed by the two Queens, Catherine de Medici and Mary Stuart. Juliette proposes to Raunai to save her father by sacrificing himself and declaring that he was the author of the alleged "Conspiracy," and he agrees to do this. Guise refuses to believe him, and finally, saying that he knows

all, even Juliette's project to assassinate him as a last resort, he releases the Baron, and leaves the lovers to be united in marriage.

II. *La Double Épreuve.*—This concerns the Duc de Ceilcour, a rich man of thirty, who seeks a wife, and is undecided between two widows, the Baroness Dolcé and the Comtesse de Nelmours. After various tests, he decides in favour of the former, but she, thinking that he no longer cares for her, falls ill and dies, so he decides to remain a bachelor.

III. *Miss Henriette Stralson, ou les Effets du Désespoir. Nouvelle Anglaise.*—The chief character in this story is Lord Granwel, "the most debauched, the most wicked, the most cruel man in all England, and, unfortunately, one of the richest." At Ranelagh one evening he notices a charming young lady, Miss Henriette Stralson, daughter of a baronet, who has come up from Hereford with her mother and her *fiancé*, Sir Williams, to receive an inheritance from a rich aunt of the latter, which constitutes his entire fortune. Granwel determines to possess the beautiful maiden, and after many intrigues and complications he causes Williams to lose his inheritance, and finally has him assassinated. Horrified at this, but compelled to consent to marry Granwel, Henriette stabs the latter, and then herself commits suicide on the corpse of her lover.

IV. *Faxelange, ou les Torts de l'Ambition.*—Mademoiselle de Faxelange, young daughter of rich parents, is in love with and beloved by de Goë, a companion of her childhood. But there enters on the scene a rich Baron, de Franlo, who makes an offer for her hand, and her parents at once decide in his favour. In spite of the protests of de Goë, she assents, and the marriage takes place. Franlo turns out to be the captain of a band of

brigands, and takes her to his retreat in the mountains, and forces her to help in robbing his prisoners. Franlo is eventually killed by the soldiers who come to capture him, and who are led by de Goë. The latter restores Mademosielle de Faxelange to her parents, and then leaves her, as she had preferred Franlo because of his supposed wealth. Mademoiselle de Faxelange dies of chagrin and consumption.

V. *Florville et Courval, ou le Fatalisme.*—Courval is a man of fifty-five, whose wife has deserted him, his daughter has disappeared when very young, and his son left home to lead a life of debauchery. He is therefore persuaded to marry a Mademoiselle de Florville, aged thirty-six. The son eventually returns, and it then transpires that Florville is the long-lost daughter, and has also been responsible for the deaths of the mother and the son's young son, at which terrible discovery, she shoots herself.

VI. *Rodrigue, ou la Tour Enchantée. Conte allegorique.*—This is a tale of Moors and Spaniards, and a poor imitation of the stories of Ann Radcliffe. The plot is too ridiculous and futile to be worth attempting to describe.

VII. *Laurence et Antonio. Nouvelle Italienne.*—Florence under the later Medici, about 1530, is the scene of this story. Antonio is the son of Strozzi, and is in love with Laurence Pazzi, a beautiful orphan girl, who has been brought up in the Strozzi palace. Strozzi himself falls in love with her, and thus becomes the rival of his son. Antonio goes to the wars, and Strozzi, hoping to cure Laurence's affection for him, schemes to provide her with a lover nearer her own age than himself, and selects one of his pages, Urbain, a lad of sixteen, for the purpose. Antonio returns and marries Laurence,

and back he has to go to the wars again. Strozzi causes a message to be sent to his son that Urbain is his wife's lover. Antonio hurries back, and Strozzi contrives that he shall see the two alleged lovers together. Overcome with jealousy, he kills Urbain and departs, leaving his wife to the tender mercies of his father, believing her guilty. Strozzi has Laurence imprisoned in a dungeon, and visits her there at night, when suddenly Antonio returns in time to save his wife's honour. Strozzi, unmasked at last, kills himself, while husband and wife are reconciled.

VIII. *Ernestine. Nouvelle Suédoise.*—This is practically the same plot as the drama described above, *Oxtiern, ou les Malheurs du Libertinage*, but with more characters and complications added, and with an unhappy ending. The young lover, Hermann, is executed on the false charge whereby he has been imprisoned, and Ernestine is killed by her father in the duel, in mistake for Oxtiern. The last-named lives, reforms, and becomes virtuous.

IX. *Dorgeville, ou le Criminel par Vertu.*—The good and virtuous Dorgeville marries Mademoiselle Cécile Duperrier, in spite of her previous misfortune, only to find himself quickly immersed in a veritable sea of troubles. She is arrested, and turns out to be his own sister, and a notorious criminal. She and her equally criminal lover are executed, and Dorgeville dies of mortification and sorrow.

X. *La Comtesse de Sancerre, ou la Rivale de sa Fille. Anecdote de la Cour de Bourgogne.*—We are here in the days of Charles the Bold. The Chevalier de Monrevel, one of the Duke's chief officers, is in love with Amélie, daughter of the Comte de Sancerre. But her mother is in love with him. By means of intrigue and decep-

tion, Monrevel assassinates his beloved, thinking it is her supposed lover, and discovering his terrible mistake, kills himself.

XI. *Eugénie de Franval.*—Eugénie is brought up by her father in such an evil way that she eventually poisons her mother, under his directions, and then dies herself, from remorse, while her father commits suicide.

We have given little more than the titles of the contents of this book, and the reason is obvious. It is not surprising that it has only once been reprinted, and then merely as a curiosity. A more banal collection of stories it would be impossible to imagine, and all that can be said in palliation of it is that there is no actual obscenity throughout the book. But all the stories are absurd and some are unpleasant, as the theme of incest is constantly introduced in one form or another. The only interesting part of the book is the introduction *Sur les Romans*, already referred to.

## VII

### "ZOLOË ET SES DEUX ACOLYTES"

THIS was published in July 1800, in one small volume of 142 pages, with a frontispiece, and the following title: *Zoloë et ses Deux Acolytes, ou Quelques décades de la vie de trois jolies femmes; histoire véritable du siècle dernier, par un contemporain.*

We have already given some particulars of this work, in the biographical part of this study, and there is little more to be said about it here. It is only important as having been the chief cause of de Sade's final arrest and confinement; intrinsically, it is of no significance.

The principal characters are Zoloë (Joséphine), Laureda (Madame Tallien), Volsange (Madame Visconti), Baron d'Orsec (Bonaparte), Vicomte de Sabar (Barras), Fessinot (Tallien), Parmesan, an ex-valet, and Pacôme, an ex-friar.

These people assemble at a *petite maison*, where various orgies take place, and the *raison d'être* of the whole thing seems to be merely the introduction of prominent real people under very thin disguises. Otherwise there is nothing in it, for it is neither interesting nor amusing. Pisanus Fraxi, indeed, says of it: "It is a foul, dull, and insipid attack on Napoleon and Joséphine, devoid of truth, and unredeemed by a single point, or a sparkle of wit." [1] We have already men-

[1] Fraxi, *Index Librorum Prohibitorum* p. 408.

tioned the sensation and scandal that it caused when it appeared, and it sold in great numbers.

We have no evidence to explain why de Sade did so foolish a thing as to write and publish this libel. As we have seen, he had introduced contemporary rulers of foreign states, under their actual names, in *Juliette*, in the most derogatory and scandalous circumstances; but that was a very different thing from making the First Consul and his wife and their friends the chief characters in an obscene story, openly circulated in Paris, and declaring that it only contained the truth! Perhaps he thought that he was back again in the days of the Revolution, when such things were turned out by the dozen concerning Louis XVI., Marie Antoinette, the Princess de Lamballe, and the Comte d'Artois, and freely sold in the Paris streets. But times were very different now, and he had a rude awakening.

The result, as we have seen, came quickly, and was only what was to be expected. Therefore this book, though of no interest in itself, remains a literary curiosity as having cost its author thirteen years' captivity—and those the last thirteen of his life! It should, however, be noted that the author shows remarkable shrewdness and prevision in depicting the character of Napoleon, when we remember that it was written in 1800. Perhaps de Sade, with his strong anti-monarchical principles, already saw in the First Consul the future Emperor, and *that* is the explanation of the writing and publication of this savage libel!

# VIII

## "LES 120 JOURNÉES"

THE most interesting aspect of this work is what may be called its bibliographical history. Practically unknown for a hundred years or more, it has only recently been published. So far as can be traced, the first authentic reference to it appeared in the *Index Librorum Prohibitorum* of Pisanus Fraxi, published in 1877, and is as follows:

"I have [already] made mention of an unpublished work by the Marquis de Sade. This remarkable MS. is at present in the possession of the Marquis de V——, whose grandfather, it is said, obtained it from one Armoux de St. Maximin, who assisted at the destruction of the Bastille, and found the MS. in the room which the Marquis de Sade had been occupying. Since then it has never been out of the keeping of the Marquis de V—— or his grandfather. I have not seen the MS. myself, but offer the following description made from the details communicated to me by two gentlemen who have carefully examined it.

"The MS. is composed of a series of pieces of paper, 4½ inches (or 11 centimètres) wide, all stuck together, and forming a roll 13 yards 8 inches (mètres 12.10) in length. Each piece of paper is written on both sides, in the handwriting of the Marquis de Sade throughout, and in a character so minute that the letters cannot be read without the aid of a magnifying glass. The work

comprises a short preface, and fifty-two chapters in which the author narrates the doings of a certain community of libertines of both sexes, who have two mansions in the vicinity of Paris and enormous wealth at their disposal." [1]

The Marquis de V—— referred to above was the Marquis de Villeneuve-Trans, in whose family the MS. remained for three generations. Then, through the medium of a Paris book-dealer, it was sold at a very high price to a German collector, and a faithful copy was made by an expert calligraphist of the text, which was in a microscopic and almost illegible handwriting. Eventually this text was published for the first and only time, in one large royal octavo volume, under the title of *Les 120 Journées de Sodome, ou l'École du Libertinage*, edited by Doctor Eugene Dühren (Iwan Bloch), for the Club des Bibliophiles at Paris, in the year 1904, in an edition strictly limited to two hundred copies. According to a note by the author at the end, it was begun on the 22nd of October 1785 and finished in thirty-seven days.

At the end of the reign of Louis XIV., just before the Regency began, when the people of France had become impoverished by the various wars of *le Roi Soleil*, but a small number of vampires, having thrived on the nation's blood, had enriched themselves by means of the general distress, a party of four men of the latter type conceive the idea of retiring to the secluded château of one of them, to give themselves up to enjoyment, and to indulge their sensual passions.

These four men are the Duc de Blangis, aged fifty, and owner of the château; his brother, the Bishop of ——, aged forty-five; *le Président* de Curval, aged

[1] Fraxi, *op. cit.* pp. 422–423.

sixty ; and a financier named Durcet, who is fifty-three years of age. They are accompanied by Constance, wife of the Duke and daughter of Durcet, aged twenty-two ; Adélaide, wife of Durcet and daughter of de Curval, aged twenty ; Julie, wife of de Curval and daughter of the Duke, aged twenty-four ; and Aline, her sister, aged eighteen, who though supposed to be the Duke's daughter, was really the Bishop's. Then there are four bawds, Mesdames Duclos, Champville, La Martaine, and Desranges, aged from forty-eight to fifty-six, and a whole host of attendants of both sexes and all ages from twelve to sixty-five.

Arrived at the château, a definite programme is drawn up, and a long list of rules and regulations, which are given in full. The details of all the arrangements are elaborately described, and the four bawds relate all the curious cases and instances which have come within their own knowledge during their vast experience. All this serves as framework for a veritable encyclopædia of *psychopathia sexualis*, even of greater extent and more varied than that of Krafft-Ebing.

It would be wearisome to attempt to describe this book in more detail, but as a study of sexual perversions of all kinds, it is truly remarkable for its period. There had been nothing like it previously.

Doctor Dühren (otherwise Iwan Bloch), with all the enthusiasm of a discoverer, rates this book very highly amongst the author's works. He says that it may be considered as the principal work of the Marquis de Sade, in which he has brought together all his observations and ideas upon the sexual life of man. In his *Sexual Life of our Time* occurs the following passage :

" In the Eighteenth Century the Marquis de Sade,

in his romance *Les 120 Journées de Sodome*, was able to found a system of *psychopathia sexualis* which not only contained all the perverse types described by von Krafft-Ebing, but was even more varied in its contents, and exhibited yet more numerous categories of sexual anomalies than the book of the Viennese alienist. This work is a document of enormous importance to civilization, because it provides a complete refutation to the fable of modern degeneration, and because it gives us a proof that *quite shortly* before the powerful upheaval of the French nation and the heroic campaigns of the Napoleonic epoch, in this nation there were diffused the most frightful perversities, regarding the realities of which there can, according to recent experience, be no doubt whatever." [1]

It may be said in passing, that the last part of the above paragraph is somewhat unfair in its singling out of the French nation. The "frightful perversities" aforesaid have been at least as prevalent in Doctor Bloch's own nation, and indeed, in most other nations as well. Doctor Bloch has been described as a Francophobe, and it is such passages as this that lend colour to the description.

But as regards the rest of his remarks, valuable as *Les 120 Journées* may be to a student of the Diseases of the Sexual System, it cannot, from any other point of view, be regarded as "the principal work of the Marquis de Sade." It has not the variety, the imagination, the philosophical background, of *Justine et Juliette*, nor the verve and vigour of *La Philosophie dans le Boudoir*, nor the literary quality of both of them. To read it for any length of time becomes tiring, boring, and nauseating. As a pathologist's notebook of cases, it is interesting, and, as we have said, for its period, amazing.

[1] Bloch: *Sexual Life of our Time*, p. 756. See No. 74 in Bibliography.

But it cannot be compared with the other works of de Sade just mentioned.

That so long a book was written in thirty-seven days, when, it is said, the author only worked from seven till ten each evening, is remarkable, but that he himself grew tired of the elaborate plan of this work is evident from the fact that only the first part is written on the scale originally intended. The rest is a mere sketch, or précis, and he then went on to writing another book.

In short, as a further and somewhat different example of de Sade's work, it is of great interest and value, but an unbiased critic cannot admit *all* that is claimed for it by its "discoverer," and *Justine* still remains "the principal work of the Marquis de Sade."

A facsimile is given in *Les 120 Journées* of a piece of the original MS. in the handwriting of the Marquis, which fully bears out what has been said above as to its microscopic and almost undecipherable character.

## IX

### WORKS ATTRIBUTED TO DE SADE

THERE are several other works attributed to the Marquis de Sade, the vast majority of which undoubtedly are not by him. This was part of the penalty of the notoriety of *Justine* and its companions. We may here mention a few of these publications.

The most authentic, and the only one that seems certainly to be de Sade's work, is *Dorci, ou la Bizarrerie du Sort*, which was published for the first time as a *conte inédit du Marquis de Sade*, with a preface by Anatole France, in Paris in 1881. This was originally intended to complete the dozen stories in *Les Crimes de l'Amour*, but the subject being rather different from the others, it was finally discarded from that collection, and remained unpublished until the edition mentioned above. It is an undistinguished story, not worth lingering over. It concerns two brothers, Paul and François Dorci, who are devoted to each other. Paul, the elder of the two, to save from the rigour of the law a man unjustly accused of a crime, takes steps to prevent the judicial murder of an innocent being, and in the process discovers that the actual culprit is his beloved brother Francois, who, in a fit of jealous fury, has slain the rival to his sweetheart's affections, and is eventually condemned and executed, to the unutterable grief and desolation of the devoted Paul, who does all he can

to save him, but in vain. Thus is virtue rewarded with suffering, for by saving the life of an innocent man, Paul loses the brother on whom all his affections are centred. This is a typical de Sade theme, and written in his style, but without any obscenity.

*Pauline et Belval, ou les Victimes d'un amour criminel, anecdote parisienne du XVIII^e^ siècle, avec romances et figures, par M. R., d'apres les corrections faites par l'auteur d'Aline et Valcour*, was published in Paris in 1798. Its subject is the illicit love of a young scholar named Belval for a married woman, Pauline, and the intrigue is treated with complete discretion. It almost certainly is not by de Sade.

Two other volumes entitled *Valmor et Lydia* and *Alzonde et Koradin*, both published in 1799, are simply abridged versions, with the names slightly altered, of parts of *Aline et Valcour*, of which fact de Sade himself warns us in a note in his *Idée sur les Romans*, prefixed to *Les Crimes de l'Amour*.

*L'Étourdi : roman galant*, first published in 1784, has been attributed to de Sade, but anything more unlike his style of writing it would be difficult to imagine. It has more frequently been ascribed to Andréa de Nerciat, but is probably not by either of them. Letter XVI. in the Second Part, under the heading of *La Comédie*, describes some private theatricals, which it has been suggested refers to de Sade's efforts in that line at La Coste, of which we have already spoken, but there is nothing whatever to identify the two, and very little distinctive detail is given. It is a dull book.

*La Marquise de Ganges*, published in Paris in 1813, has also been attributed to de Sade, but it undoubtedly is not by him. It is a gloomy and lugubrious narrative of a notorious case that happened in the early part of

Louis XIV.'s reign, and which is much better related in the *Crimes Célèbres* of Alexandre Dumas.

Another work ascribed to the Marquis is *Le Tartuffe Libertin, ou le triomphe du vice*, which was not published till about 1831, and obviously is not by him, as it deals with the period of Louis-Philippe! This only shows the prevalence and absurdity of using de Sade's name in connection with works with which he had nothing whatever to do.

There are still others which have had his name attached to them, with no more justification than the last-mentioned, and it is not worth while to even give their titles.

There are said to be several manuscripts by de Sade still in existence, consisting of plays and prose stories. Sôme of these will be mentioned in the Bibliography at the end of this volume.

Doctor Dühren says that he knows of a fairly long rough-draft of a romance entitled *Les Journées de Florbelle, ou la Nature dévoilée, suivies de Mémoires de l'Abbé de Modore.* This was to be in several volumes, with long dialogues on all sorts of subjects, and a detailed account of the life of the Abbé. At the end, the Marquis indicates another title for this book, namely, *Le Triomphe du Vice, ou la Véritable Histoire de Modore.* This sounds much more in the true de Sade style than any of the others that we have mentioned in this section.

Several manuscripts are also said to have been either destroyed or lost, so that actually the Marquis must have been a very prolific author. A considerable number of his books were, of necessity, written in prison.

We thus complete our rapid survey of the works of

the Marquis de Sade, and to sum up, it is actually only *Justine*, *Juliette*, and *La Philosophie dans le Boudoir* that are really of importance for a study of the author, and are thoroughly characteristic of him. It is to these that we mainly refer in speaking of his " works " in the next part of this study.

# PART III.—GENERAL CONSIDERATIONS AND ESTIMATE

## I

## THE INFLUENCE OF HIS TIMES

"THE Marquis de Sade," says Pisanus Fraxi, "is perhaps one of the most extraordinary men who ever lived, and a very interesting subject for psychological study; nature has produced some strange abortions, both physical and mental, but probably never a greater mental monstrosity than Sade." [1]

Let us try to discover from a survey of the facts how far the latter statement is true or exaggerated.

Having related his biography and described (as far as possible) his works, we will now attempt some consideration of the man, his psychology and mental outlook, his significance, and the subsequent effect of his writings and personality. It seems at least worth while making an endeavour to explain or understand the genesis and development of such a character as the Marquis de Sade, who has been the subject of the almost universal execration and vituperation of his fellow-humans.

We may say without hesitation that the chief factors in the moulding and development of the character and mental outlook of de Sade were (i) the influence of his

[1] Fraxi, *op. cit.* p. 34.

times, and (ii) the influence of his personal circumstances.

We will begin with the first.

In trying to form an estimate of de Sade, we must first of all forget for the moment present-day conditions and accepted conventions, and endeavour to see him against his actual background, considering some of the conditions prevailing at the period in which he lived, and try to reset him, as it were, in his own times.

This is the only way to approach the study of any historical or literary figure of a bygone age. We cannot attempt to understand Nero and Petronius without some knowledge of the Roman Empire, or Cæsar Borgia and Macchiavelli without at least some acquaintance with the Italian Renaissance.

But in a study of this length it is obviously impossible to give a general picture of the period ; it would occupy too much space, and throw the whole out of proportion. We can therefore of necessity only refer to those aspects of the time which most directly influenced de Sade, and traces of which are to be found in his works. This must be borne in mind in reading what immediately follows, or it may be thought that the darker side of the picture is unnecessarily stressed.

It is generally agreed that the age of Louis XV. and the immediate pre-Revolution period in France was in many respects one of the most profligate and immoral of modern times. The latter half of the eighteenth century, under a covering of the highest form of civilization and culture, the most gracefully exquisite and superficially perfect manners, was also an age of the greatest coarseness, the utmost degradation and corruption of morals. The entrancing scenes of Boucher and Fragonard, the charming Dresden-china-like figures

of Moreau le Jeune, are but as palimpsests, underneath which vice and licentiousness flaunt unashamed.

The Court itself, the centre of everything, under its veneer of elegance and refinement, presents a picture of almost unrestrained debauchery and triumphant lust. Louis XIV., the most "absolute" monarch of modern history, was succeeded by his great-grandson, Louis XV., who, ascending the throne at the age of five, and having as Regent the notorious profligate Duc d'Orleans, was in his earliest years initiated into all forms of debauchery. With all the prestige and éclat of his predecessor descending upon him, and the precepts and examples of the people who surrounded him in his early youth for ever before his eyes, it is hardly to be wondered at that his idea of sovereignty was simply to have the best possible time, enjoy himself to the utmost, and satisfy every passion and whim. His mistresses became sufficiently important political personages to thrust themselves into the most serious and puritanical histories of the period — above all, Madame de Pompadour, the cleverest, wittiest, most powerful, and most fascinating of all kings' mistresses. As she grew older, she was sensible enough not to know the meaning of that terrible word jealousy, as regards Louis the man. Jealousy of her power, of her influence, of her position—Yes; but of Louis the lover—No. Hence the famous *Parc aux Cerfs*, of which she was the benevolent *entremetteuse*.

The example of the King must, of necessity, be followed by his courtiers. The nobility of France, the oldest, the richest, the most cultured at that period, became, under the Royal prototype, the most profligate, the most licentious, the most debauched. Brought up to regard luxury, enjoyment, and the satisfaction

of every caprice or whim of passion as their hereditary right, there was nothing from which they considered themselves debarred. Their dependants and servitors were all too ready to obey unquestioningly their least behests or wildest orders, and they felt that rank and wealth were sufficient warrants for the most unbridled licence. We have already seen something of the *petites maisons* of this period, places built specially for the satisfaction of their pleasures and their vices, and these were only one of the ordinary details of the " high-life " of the time.

The Army was the natural career for the eldest sons of all the noble families. Therefore, all the manners, the habits, the luxuries of the Court were to be found repeated in the military life. Boys of eighteen and twenty were made colonels, and merely exchanged the idleness of the Court for that of the camp. They were expected to have the best tailor, the best perfumer, the most splendid carriage, and the most expensive liveries obtainable, and must gamble much, dance often, and be seen at as many social functions as possible. In war-time, when setting out on a campaign, they must be surrounded by the same luxury as in times of peace. At all times their morals were notoriously lax.[1]

For younger sons, the Church was regarded as the usual vocation, and here matters were not much better. There were, of course, numerous admirable church dignitaries and ordinary clerics, but there were also a tremendous percentage of dissolute and unprincipled men in the ranks of the clergy. The number of *Abbés* who thronged the salons and drawing-rooms of fashion-

[1] Ducros: *French Society in the Eighteenth Century*, pp. 291–311. See No. 80 in Bibliography.

able ladies of the period was a feature of the time, and the majority of them did not by any means enhance the moral reputation of their profession. So far as wit and powers of entertaining were concerned, they were generally excellent. A good description of the type is given by that delightful person, Brillat-Savarin, in his *Physiologie du Goût*, as follows :

"Quand une famille noble comptait plusieurs fils, on destinait l'un d'eux à prendre l'habit. Il obtenait d'abord de simples prébendes, qui suffisaient aux frais de son éducation, plus tard il était nommé chanoine, abbé ou évêque, suivant ses aptitudes pour la carrière ecclésiastique. Ceci était le type légitime des abbés. Mais il y en avait encore beaucoup de faux, et quantité de jeunes gens aisés faisaient à Paris les abbés. Rien n'était plus facile—au moyen d'un léger changement dans sa mise, on se donnait l'air d'un bénéficier et on se faisait l'égal de tout le monde, on avait des amis, des maîtresses et des amphitrions, car chaque maison était censée avoir son abbé. Les abbés étaient petits, gras, ronds, bien vêtus, doux, obligeants, curieux, gourmets, sémillants et insinuants. Ceux qui vivent encore sont devenus de gras bigots." [1]

Then there was another class of priests who abused their position in the confessional and the spiritual instruction of youth. A very large number of cases of this kind became public, the most notorious of which is that of Père Girard and Marie Cathérine Cadière, which happened in Toulon in 1730, and became a *cause célèbre*. A whole literature grew up about this case, which was distinctly "sadistic," and the number of books and pamphlets dealing with it, either directly or indirectly, is astonishing. It inspired or influenced

[1] Brillat-Savarin : *Physiologie du Goût*. See No. 77 in Bibliography.

several later writers, and almost certainly de Sade amongst them.[1] From this time onward, the monks and priests, especially the Jesuits (Girard was a Jesuit), became the butts and leading libertines of the numerous erotic writers of the period, to an even greater extent than in the time of Boccaccio and the Italian Novellieri of the Renaissance. De Sade, in this respect, was extremely anti-clerical.

The combination of religion with superstition, mysticism, and sensuality, together with a strong predilection for necromancy, produced that form of diabolism commonly known as the "Black Mass," numerous instances of which occurred at this period.

The most ardent devotees of this religious perversion were to be found amongst the women. With most of them, it may be surmised that it was a case of "anything for a new sensation," but even so, their influence in this, as in so many other things, was decidedly a factor to be reckoned with.

The eighteenth century in France has been described as *le siècle de la femme*, because the influence of women was then predominant. There is much truth in this description, and the reputation of and admiration for the undoubtedly highly intellectual, brilliant, and eminently respectable women, such as Mesdames du Deffand, Necker, Lespinasse, Geoffrin, Staël, and a host of others, who were the exceptions and not the rule, only lent additional influence and, by reflection, lustre to their frailer sisters whose chief interests lay in quite other directions. The lengths to which these latter went to gratify their passions is a matter of social

[1] Fraxi: *Centuria Librorum Absconditorum*, p. 253. See No. 86 in Bibliography.

history, and we may refer the reader to *La Femme au dix-huitième Siècle* of the brothers de Goncourt,[1] for much curious information on the subject. They, as well as the men, had their *petites maisons*, and ladies of rank and fashion were to be found in establishments that were not originally intended for their kind. It has been pointed out that the four most distinguished thinkers that France produced in the eighteenth century —Diderot, Montesquieu, Rousseau, and Voltaire— have all expressed scorn of women. "Thus woman is, according to Diderot, simply a courtesan; according to Montesquieu, an agreeable child; according to Rousseau, an object of pleasure for men; and according to Voltaire—nothing!"[2] This shows what even the best minds thought about women in general at this period!

The pleasures of the table were a prominent feature of eighteenth-century life, and it was at this period that, in modern times, cooking first came to be regarded as an art. Drinking, too, was indulged in heavily, and wine was the instigator of many excesses.

Theatrical performances, ballets, and private entertainments all allowed much scope for considerable indelicacy at this period. Costumes became more and more indecent, and many of the women's *toilettes* were composed entirely of gauze, which was transparent. The acme of this exposure of the body was attained by the *merveilleuses* of the Palais Royal, whose gauze skirts were open at each side up to the hips, displaying the bare limbs underneath. A scene is recorded that took place in public on the stage of a theatre near the Palais

[1] See No. 89 in Bibliography.

[2] Legouvé: *Histoire morale des Femmes*, p. 4. See No. 91 in Bibliography.

Royal in 1791, which it would be unseemly to describe, and which was not unique.[1]

Paris in the eighteenth century was notorious for the number and luxuriousness of its houses of accommodation, the most celebrated of which were those of Madame Gourdan, in the Rue des Deux Portes, and Justine Paris at the Hotel du Roule. Much curious information regarding these establishments is extant, and a considerable part of the erotic literature of the period describes these places, and the practices obtaining there. There also actually were clubs formed mainly for the practice of debauchery and licentiousness, whose meetings were secret, whose members included nearly all classes, and where the most amazing scenes took place. The names of some of these are known, such as, for instance, the "Ile de la Félicité, ou la Société des Hermaphrodites," the "Société des Aphrodites," and the "Société du Moment."

Theft and robbery, either with or without violence, were very prevalent in the cities, and there were still bandits and highwaymen in the country. The use of poisons, though not what it had been in Renaissance times, was by no means uncommon, and much more frequent than it has been since. As for punishments and executions, these were regarded as public entertainments for the mob, and the bloodier they were, the greater the satisfaction of the crowd.

This brings us to the question of cruelty in general. There is no denying that the eighteenth century, with all its polish and superficial aspect of refinement, was still an age of cruelty. Even in England, bull-baiting and bear-baiting were not legally suppressed till 1835,

[1] Witkowski & Nass: *Le Nu au Théâtre*, pp. 117–123. See No. 112 in Bibliography.

and cock-fighting continued much later as a recognized sport. The prize-ring of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, with its bare fists, was a much more sanguinary affair than its modern counterpart. A lack of sensibility with regard to the sufferings of other human beings and animals was a characteristic of the period.

Most of what we have hitherto described relates mainly to the age of Louis XV., when de Sade was a young man, and before he underwent his first long period of imprisonment. When he was released in 1790, the Revolution was in progress, and the terrible time of the Terror was shortly to begin. Then everything became much worse. The Paris mob lost all sense of decency, and unrestrained licence was the order of the day. Crowds of men, women, and children flocked to the places of public execution as to a fête, and scenes took place in the public streets which exceeded in sheer horror and blood-thirstiness anything to be found in the writings of the Marquis de Sade. Blood was in the air, and cruelty ran riot. Not only in Paris, but in the provinces as well, the most revolting outrages were perpetrated, especially in the Marquis's native district of Provence, where the " Massacres in the South " and the " Glacière d'Avignon " shocked all decently minded people by their atrocity. In the prisons, too, the most unspeakable things took place. As is usually the case in times of great social upheavals, humanity displayed itself in its two extremes—the greatest courage, nobility, and heroism side by side with the most hideous cruelty, blood-thirstiness, and bestiality.

But to return to the lighter side of the picture, gaiety and pleasure were indulged in to an even greater

extent than ever; more and more theatres and cafés sprang up in Paris, and all were filled; the Palais Royal became ever more popular, and was thronged day and night by dissolute crowds seeking amorous adventures; the open circulation of pornographic books and erotic pictures reached a degree that has never been exceeded, before or since. This latter aspect of the times requires some special mention in relation to the subject of the present study.

"During the first Revolution," says Pisanus Fraxi, "the most objectionable books with the lewdest plates were publicly catalogued, and openly exposed for sale in the booksellers' windows of the Palais Royal." [1]

"In my youth," says Bérard, "that is to say at the time of our first Revolution, licentious and obscene works were sold publicly, without the least difficulty; their titles were to be found in many library catalogues and even in those of reading-rooms. I remember that a woman who was eminently respectable, both by her conduct and on account of her age, begged me to obtain some books for her to take into the country to read to her children, and had included in her list *Justine, ou les Malheurs de la Vertu*, which from its title she supposed to be a moral and educational work." [2]

It is estimated that at least two thousand works belonging to this category were published in France alone between the years 1750 and 1825.[3] The sale for them was enormous, and considerable profits were made by their authors. As we have already said, the more notorious works of the Marquis de Sade sold well and were circulated freely. It was their "philosophical"

[1] Fraxi: *Index Librorum Prohibitorum*, p. xxix.

[2] *Ibid.* note on same page.

[3] Speculator Morum: *Bibliotheca Arcana*, p. xiv See No. 106 in Bibliography.

discussions and their scenes of cruelty, rather than their obscenity, that distinguished them from innumerable other books of the period.

Of those mentioned by de Sade himself, *L'Académie des Dames* is the earliest, and is more or less a translation of the seventeenth-century *Dialogues of Aloysia Sigæa*, by Nicholas Chorier, and was first published about 1680. It became very popular, and was frequently reprinted. It consists of dialogues between women, concerning the various forms of love.

Almost equally popular was *Le Portier des Chartreux*, by Latouche, an advocate of the Paris courts, dealing with the immorality of the clergy, which first appeared about 1745, and was likewise reprinted in many editions.

*Thérèse Philosophe* was first published in 1748, and is obviously directly inspired by the Girard-Cadière case already referred to. There has been some difference of opinion as to its authorship, but de Sade's attribution to the Marquis d'Argens seems on the whole to be the most likely, though it has more recently been disputed.

*Le Rideau Levé, ou l'Éducation de Laure* is by the celebrated Mirabeau, the theme of which is very similar to that of *La Philosophie dans le Boudoir*. This famous politician, statesman, and nobleman beguiled the tedium of his imprisonment and exile by the composition of works quite as obscene as any of the Marquis de Sade's, such as *Errotika Biblion* (1782), *Ma Conversion, ou le Libertin de Qualité* (1783), and the above-named book (1786), and they met with much success and popularity.

It was by no means unusual for men of talent to write these kind of books. Even the great Diderot wrote *La Religieuse*, and Voltaire himself produced *La Pucelle*, and though neither of these are very obscene, and are on a distinctly higher level than the other works

we have mentioned, they are nevertheless somewhat surprising to us as coming from writers and thinkers of the calibre of their authors.

The liveliest and wittiest writer of deliberately erotic books at this period was undoubtedly Andrèa de Nerciat (1739–1800) who, in such works as *Les Aphrodites*, *Le Diable au Corps*, *Félicia, ou mes Fredaines*, and its sequel, *Monrose, ou le libertin par Fatalité*, and various others, shows a lightness of touch, a sense of humour, and a delicacy of style that are rare indeed in books of this nature.

The much more heavy and ponderous Restif de la Bretonne produced works of great length, such as *Le Paysan Perverti*, *Les Nuits de Paris*, and *Monsieur Nicolas, ou le Cœur humain dévoilé*, which, in spite of some fairly lively intervals are rather heavy going. He was always very antagonistic to the Marquis de Sade, and is responsible for some of the most exaggerated stories and ridiculous legends that were circulated about him. He wrote a book called *L'Anti-Justine* [1] (1798) which, with an entirely unwarranted air of superiority, he somewhat hypocritically hoped would combat the influence of the earlier and much more notorious work. Whilst omitting the "philosophical" discussions and avoiding the worst cruelties of *Justine*, Restif here lacks not a whit of the obscenity of the author whose work he professes to despise.

Amongst other popular books of the time we may mention *Les Amours du Chevalier de Faublas* by Louvet de Couvray (1787) and *Les Liaisons Dangereuses* by Choderlos de Laclos (1782), which though not so obscene, are just as licentious. In the former, the hero experiences most of his amorous adventures while

[1] See No. 103 in Bibliography.

disguised as a girl, somewhat after the fashion of the Abbé de Choisy and the Chevalier d'Eon. In the latter, the characters of the Marquise de Merteuil and the Vicomte de Valmont are almost worthy of de Sade in their cynicism and callousness. As an instance, we may quote the remark written by Valmont to the Marquise, when she has ruined a young man named Prévan by having him thrown out of her house as if he had insulted her, after she had given herself to him, and he is imprisoned and disgraced: "He has been cruelly sentenced as guilty of a crime of which he is innocent, and your victory is complete. . . . The longer I live, the more I am tempted to believe that you and I are the only persons on earth who amount to something." This is in the true Juliette manner!

Naturally, a great many of these kind of books were published anonymously, such, for instance, as *Hic et Hec, ou l'Élève des RR. PP. Jésuites d'Avignon*, the earliest known edition of which is dated 1798, but it may have been originally published earlier. Only the first few pages are concerned with the Jesuits, and the rest deals with the amorous adventures of their pupil.

These are but a few of the more famous and popular books of this kind that were published during this period. There were, of course, lots of others, including poems, dramas, and satires against Marie Antoinette and the Royalists.

Many of these books were illustrated, often by good artists, and a great number of the illustrations, though naturally what is generally described as "free" in character, have considerable charm, vivacity, and delicacy of design, and are beautifully engraved. Some books, indeed, were produced mainly for the sake of the illustrations, the best and most celebrated of which,

perhaps, is *L'Aretin* of Augustin Carrache (1798), dealing with the loves of the gods and goddesses.

We have already briefly referred to the Art of the period, and it has been well said that "the desire to make innovations and to excite the blasé appetite, inspired in the artists of the eighteenth century a subtle inventive talent." The general impression conveyed by eighteenth-century French art is of a sensuous and amoral atmosphere.

It was in this atmosphere that the Marquis de Sade was born and lived. Without, it may be hoped, unduly labouring the point, the few aspects of the period here mentioned may serve in some degree to indicate the influence of the times upon the development of his character.

He came, as we have seen, of a noble family, and through his relations, was in touch with the nobility and the Court. He had first-hand knowledge of the Army, at a period when military life was both extravagant and dissolute. The Church failed to impress him, and the priests, for the most part, he regarded with contempt. The magistrates and lawyers were no better, or even worse, and he carried on the old tradition of the animosity that had for long existed between the nobility and the representatives of the law. "I do not understand," remarked La Bruyère, "whence arises the mutual dislike between lawyers and nobles." This dislike was born of a mutual jealousy and mistrust between the two classes.[1]

With regard to the prevailing feminine influence of the period, de Sade's opinion of women in general seems to have been a combination of that of Rousseau and Voltaire as mentioned above, only more aggressive.

[1] Ducros, *op. cit.* pp. 122 et seq.

Bloch has pointed out that de Sade was the first advocate of consistent misogyny on principle, and that his opinions on the physical characteristics of women are almost verbally identical with those of Schopenhauer.[1] One of his characters in *Aline et Valcour*, Sarmiento, would like to annihilate all women, and calls that man happy who has learned to renounce completely intercourse with this "debased, false, and noxious sex."[2]

The *bonne cuisine* of the period, and good wines, obviously appealed to him strongly.

The theatre was a great attraction for him, as is evidenced by the number of plays he wrote, and the performances that he organized at his own château of La Coste, and afterwards at Charenton. The tone of these performances may be gauged from what we know of the public theatres of the period.

That he was familiar with the principal *bordels* of the time may safely be inferred from the minute descriptions of similar establishments that are to be found in his works. He probably also knew of the many clubs of which we have spoken, that were formed for the enjoyment of sensual pleasures, and the *Société des Amis du Crime* in *Juliette* may be, as regards the title at least, a pornographic burlesque of the *Societé des Amis de la Constitution*, which was run in connection with the famous political Jacobins Club.

Theft, robbery, and poisonings were almost every-day occurrences, and therefore find a prominent place in de Sade's works.

With the advent of the Revolution, bloodshed and excesses of all kinds were so prevalent that it was bound in some degree to affect a person of de Sade's temperament, and though, as we have seen, his own personal

[1] Bloch, *op. cit.* p. 484. [2] *Aline et Valcour*, ii. 115.

actions were moderate, almost reactionary, the influence is more apparent in his writings. Some of the most outrageous ideas to be found in his works were put forward as serious propositions by some of the more extreme revolutionaries. Thus, on the 27th of February 1791, Choderlos de Laclos said, at a meeting of the Jacobins Club : " No one must leave France, no one must move from place to place even within our borders. A complete paralysis must strike the people. The red flag must float above the meetings of the National Assembly. At a given signal we shall let loose our light troops ; they shall kill, massacre, slaughter all those whom we hate, and even those who annoy us, that is to say, more than seven-eighths of the people of France. Nor will any of the Royal Family be allowed to escape, except my dear pupil, my honoured master,[1] who will be well treated. We will fill France with little Jacobin citizens whom we will bring up in fear and respect of our new empire." [2]

" To make the people happy," said Rabaud de Saint-Etienne (to whom de Sade applied for government employment in 1795), " their ideas must be reconstructed, laws must be changed, morals must be changed, men must be changed, things must be changed, everything, yes, everything must be destroyed, since everything must be re-made." And in 1793–94, the Terrorists, including Robespierre, are said to have wished to develop a plan of systematic depopulation which was to be carried out all over France. Courtois, in his report on the papers seized at Robespierre's house after the Ninth Thermidor, says : " These men, in order

[1] The Duc d Orleans.

[2] Quoted from Aulard, *Histoire des Jacobins*, ii. 123, by Palache : *Four Novelists of the Old Régime*, p. 68. See No. 99 in Bibliography.

to bring us to the happiness of Sparta, wished to annihilate twelve or fifteen millions of the French people." The more fanatical of the revolutionaries declared that their ideals, of what the order of things should be, could never be established until a third of the population of France had been suppressed.[1]

Thus, the infernal project which Saint-Fond discloses to Juliette [2] was actually a matter of history, and not a mere figment of de Sade's imagination.

It is said that certain societies really existed whose avowed objects were the abolition of religion and all stable government. For instance, the Order of the Illuminati, it is declared, "abjured Christianity, advocated sensual pleasures, believed in annihilation, and called patriotism and loyalty narrow-minded prejudices incompatible with universal benevolence; they accounted all princes as usurpers and tyrants, and all privileged orders as their abettors; they meant to abolish the laws which protected property accumulated by long-continued and successful industry; and to prevent for the future any such accumulation, they intended to establish universal liberty and equality, the imprescriptible rights of man, and as preparation for all this, they intended to root out all religion and ordinary morality, and even to break the bonds of domestic life, by destroying the veneration for marriage-vows, and by taking the education of children out of the hands of the parents." [3]

It is true that the book from which the above quotation is taken has been described as "a lasting monument of fatuous credulity," but even so, it shows

[1] Webster: *French Revolution*, pp. 424–428. See No. 111 in Bibliography.
[2] *Juliette*, iii. 260.
[3] Robison: *Proofs of a Conspiracy* (1797), pp. 107 and 375. See No. 104 in Bibliography.

that many of the ideas that are to be found in the works of the Marquis de Sade were in the air at that time.

With regard to the production of pornographic books, the vast numbers that appeared at this period, and their open circulation, must be taken into account in any consideration of de Sade. He shows himself acquainted with several of the most famous works of this kind that were extremely popular in his youth, and he probably also read many later ones. The writing and publication of such things was a very different matter in his time to what it would be to-day. Admittedly, this fact is no excuse, but it helps to explain how the publication of such books as *Justine et Juliette* was possible.

The celebrated *Mémoires* of Casanova throw a very illuminating sidelight on the works of de Sade, and it is extremely interesting to compare the two writers. They were actual contemporaries, Casanova being born in 1725, and dying in 1798. Neither knew the other's work, and their resemblances are therefore all the more remarkable. Their differences are certainly great. Casanova was much the smaller man of the two. He had none of the originality of ideas, the fierce cynicism, the spirit of revolt against all accepted conventions, of de Sade. He was a sensual and resourceful adventurer, who had vast experience of the life of his times, and wrote his entertaining if scandalous memoirs in his old age, with no other motive than to amuse. The French Revolution came not within his purview; he was in retirement and obscurity in a castle of Bohemia before that cataclysm occurred. He was of the Louis XV. and early Louis XVI. period. But he saw much of the life and many of the people that de Sade saw, and he travelled nearly all over Europe. The

impression of the life of the period that we derive from his relation of facts, adventures, and incidents that happened within his own personal experience, affords a very valuable historical illustration to much that we find in the writings of de Sade. We have already remarked that the story of the adventures of Brisa-Testa in *Juliette* is curiously reminiscent of the wanderings of Casanova. The latter's description of the establishment of Justine Paris at the Hotel du Roule is almost identical with that of Madame Duvergier's in *Juliette*—so much so, that obviously both writers are describing the same original. Their descriptions of certain phases of Italian manners and customs are also strikingly similar, and both mention by name the Prince de Francavilla, and his astonishing orgies in Naples, which shows that such a person actually existed.

There are several other instances where Casanova either confirms or illustrates de Sade, but it would be tedious to pursue this subject further. Enough has been said to show that some, at least, of the things in de Sade's works are founded on fact.

These aspects of the period, then, must be taken into consideration when dealing with the personality of the Marquis, and we may appropriately conclude this section with a quotation from Octave Uzanne : " ' There is in every century,' said Joubert, ' even in the most enlightened, that which we may fittingly describe as the spirit of the times, that is to say, a kind of atmosphere that will pass, but which, for the period of its duration, imposes upon every one with regard to the importance, and even the truth, of most of the prevalent opinions.' Nothing could be more true. In the times of Cæsar, Tiberius, and Caligula, of Heliogabalus, Galba, and Vitellius, the Marquis de Sade would have been the

friend, the confidant, the boon-companion of these various Emperors. On the other hand, if Petronius, Suetonius, Martial, Apuleius, and most of those mentioned by Forberg, were to have lived in the eighteenth century, they would, without doubt, have been subjected to *lettres de cachet* and prolonged imprisonments." [1]

Thus the whirligig of time . . . !

[1] Uzanne: Preface to French edition of Dühren, pp. xx–xxi. See No. 54 in Bibliography.

## II

### THE INFLUENCE OF HIS PERSONAL CIRCUMSTANCES

THE second and most important influence on the development of the character of the Marquis de Sade was that of his personal circumstances. At the risk of a little repetition, we will briefly recapitulate the facts.

Born of a very old and noble family, he evidently derived from his uncle a taste for literature and gallantry. Brought up in surroundings of wealth and luxury, and in his very earliest years placed as the playmate and companion of the heir of one of the oldest and wealthiest families in France, he was obviously accustomed to comfortable surroundings, and the best of everything. Very early his proud and independent spirit showed itself. Encouraged by his learned uncle, he developed his taste for literature and learning. Sent at a tender age as a boarder to the Collège Louis-le-Grand—the Eton of France at that period—he had every opportunity of there developing tastes other than literary and educational. It was a Jesuit College, and it is quite conceivable that here were sown the seeds that, in the favourable soil of such a temperament as his, afterwards developed into the personality that could produce such a book as *Justine*.

As a young man of twenty-three, after several years' experience of military life and all its dissoluteness, he

returned home to Paris, to find that a marriage had been arranged for him, without him being consulted, or even having seen his future bride, as was customary at that period.

As we have seen, he fell violently in love with the younger sister, and moved heaven and earth to try to get his betrothal transferred to her, but the respective parents were adamant on this point, especially the parents of the girls, who, apparently, were determined that the elder of their two daughters should be married before the younger. De Sade was thus forced into a marriage which he did not wish, with a girl who repelled rather than attracted him, while he was desperately in love with her younger sister, who was arbitrarily denied to him. This, in very truth, was sufficient to embitter his whole outlook on life, and he sought solace in the easiest way open to him—namely, debauchery and riotous living.

It was so easy, in those days, and was at least a method of forgetfulness. Had the parents on both sides been more reasonable, and the young de Sade been able to marry the lady of his choice, who knows how different things may have been? We might not have had to write of prisons in relating the story of his life, and there might have been no *Justine*. But such speculations are both profitless and useless.

His exploits landed him into trouble, and he knew the inside of a prison. That, in itself, was nothing. Such people as Voltaire and Mirabeau had also experienced imprisonment.

Then came the scandal of Marseille, and the savage sentence of the Court at Aix. The result of this he evaded by flight into Italy. Meanwhile, his wife's parents, who had considerable influence, Monsieur de

Montreuil being a Judge, were doing their utmost to get the case reopened and the conviction quashed, or, at least, the sentence reduced. In this at last they were successful, and after having been condemned to death, with the probability of the torture of the wheel, and the confiscation of all his goods, the ludicrous alternative of a fine of fifty francs, and being forbidden to visit Marseille for three years, was imposed. This virtually amounted to an acquittal, and de Sade was now technically a free man.

But his wife's parents were still to be reckoned with. They had been ready enough to help in obtaining the annulment of the original sentence, for the sake of their daughter and their grandchildren, and to save the confiscation of all the culprit's belongings. But they had had enough of his pranks and escapades, and did not wish to be troubled with him again. So, by means of a *lettre de cachet*, which it was easy for them, with their influence, to obtain, they had him rearrested, and once more taken to prison, where he remained for twelve years.

This was the last straw. Legally a free man, he was, from the age of thirty-eight to fifty—that is to say, for twelve years of the prime of his life—confined in a prison, merely through family influence, and quite unjustly. It is not surprising that his temper, always proud and hasty, became almost impossible under these circumstances. The attitude he adopted towards his wife—whom he had never loved, and had only regarded as an obstacle to the consummation of his dearest wish—was merely a result of what modern psychologists would call a "persecution complex." He knew that it was her parents who were responsible for his prolonged and entirely unjust imprisonment, and not unnaturally

he imagined that she was on their side, in a conspiracy to keep him there, and that she made no effort to try to obtain his relase. Such, of course, was not actually the case, but when one is suffering under an acute and unjust wrong, one does not stop to reason very closely.

This is the crucial period of de Sade's life. For a man of his temperament and character, it was one long-drawn-out agony of negation. Loving life and the good things of life as he did, used to luxury and pleasure, extremely sensual by nature, and highly sexed, these years of confinement and constraint were veritable torture to him. The iron sank deeply, and seared his very soul. Bursting with health and vivacity, possessed of an exceptionally active mind and a keen interest in life, what possible outlet was there for his pent-up energy ?

The question of sexual suppression is a very important factor here. Deprived of all ordinary means of satisfaction, the sexual impulse, with which he was over-generously endowed by nature, was suppressed, driven inwards, and became mental. It sought a means of expression, and found it in writing. It is significant that nearly all his chief works were written during this period, in prison. Acquainted as he was with the fashionable erotic books of the time, the recollection of them pointed the way, and an outlet was found for the expression of that side of his temperament which it was impossible to eradicate. He dwelt on the themes engendered by this psychosis, and elaborated them. Smarting under a keen and ever-present sense of wrong and injustice, which grew almost to a state of persecution-mania, he mingled with his erotic fantasies a savage cynicism, and a bitter hatred of the conventions, institutions, and classes of people which, to his mind,

made such things possible. Of what use were religions and laws, when individuals could be thus unjustly treated? He counted as his personal enemies God, Royalty, the lawyers, the clergy, and women; to, such a state of desperation was he reduced. He writes of "those monsters of the ancien régime," [1] and his detestation extended to most classes of society.

The state of mind thus arrived at appears to be the explanation of the extraordinary works he produced, and may be held to account, to a great extent, for that peculiar mixture of the most appalling obscenity with the most amazing discussions on philosophical, political, and ethical subjects which distinguishes his books from those of all other writers. Havelock Ellis has said that "It is owing to the fact that the prime of his manhood was spent in prisons that de Sade fell back on dreaming, study, and novel-writing. Shut out from real life, he solaced his imagination with the perverted visions—to a very large extent, however, founded on knowledge of the real facts of perverted life in his time—which he has recorded in *Justine*," and various other books.[2]

When at last he was released from prison in 1790, de Sade was a changed man. Times had changed too, and instead of the age of Louis XV., the Revolution was in full swing. Naturally he was a Republican; he could not be anything else. It was under the old régime and the old conditions that he had suffered his great injustice. The Revolution suppressed the old infamous system of *lettres de cachet*, and it was by a decree of the Republican Government that the prisoners enduring captivity by means of that system—including de Sade—regained their liberty. The Marquis de Sade therefore became the Citizen Sade.

[1] Juliette, ii. 37, note.

[2] Ellis: *op. cit.* p. 107.

We have seen the course of his political activities at this time. Being in reduced circumstances, and failing to obtain any really lucrative appointment under the Government, he sought a means of making money, and found it in the publication of some of the manuscripts which he had written in prison. At this time, anything could be published, and many writers had made money by pornographic books. Why should not the Citizen Sade? He did, and finding it more remunerative than politics, devoted most of his energy to literature—of a kind. It is only fair to remember that his last long book, *Les Crimes de l'Amour*, is not at all pornographic. But then came the supreme mistake of *Zoloë*, and that practically puts an end to the story.

The rest is silence—or nearly so. The last thirteen and a half years at Charenton are merely a rather sad epilogue. Once more this turbulent spirit is placed under restraint. Chafing against it all the time, his temper becomes more and more irascible. Seeking solace in his theatrical productions, and supported through thick and thin by his friend the Director, Monsieur de Coulmier, he finds what *divertissement* he can in the little world by which he is surrounded. But his ideas, his imagination, soar far away from so restricted an area. And then comes that sad last testament, and, in defiance of it, that stone cross which cost twenty livres to be placed upon his grave.

*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*—the exact opposite of which has been the rule in this case, and probably always will be.

## III

### GENERAL CONSIDERATIONS

"I HAVE always had a great weakness for good living," says Casanova, in the Preface to his *Mémoires*; and a few lines later, "I have always been fond of highly seasoned, rich dishes, such as macaroni prepared by a skilful Neapolitan cook [Casanova was an Italian], the olla-podrida of the Spaniards, the glutinous codfish from Newfoundland, game with a strong flavour, and cheese the perfect state of which is attained when the tiny animalculæ formed from its very essence begin to show signs of life."

We may surmise that much the same might have been said by the Marquis de Sade, had he been questioned upon the subject, though he would probably have added some of the more *recherché* dishes of the French *bonne cuisine*, and some fine vintages. *Parva sunt hæc*, but these little things are frequently a very good indication as to at least one side of a man's temperament.

"Highly seasoned, rich dishes!"

It is no ascetic, no would-be anchorite, who truly appreciates these. Appetite often grows by what it feeds on, and there may well be a close parallel between intellectual and gastronomic tastes. De Sade liked "highly seasoned, rich dishes" of all kinds, not only literally but metaphorically. It was the forced denial and suppression of this taste that, as we have tried to show, was one of the prime causes of the production of

the most highly seasoned dishes to be found in all literature. Debarred from following his inborn inclinations and from living the life that he considered he was entitled to, his ideas and impulses were suppressed and driven inwards, brooded upon and expanded, became soured and rank, and then could only find expression in the way we have indicated. This was the effect of his times and personal circumstances upon a temperament such as his.

This brings us to a point that is of the highest importance in any consideration of de Sade—the distinction that is to be made between the man himself and his work. The two have too often been confounded.

Let us consider, for a moment, what did de Sade actually *do*? There are only two real indictments against him—"*L'Affaire Keller*" and the scandal of Marseille. The first, in truth, is bad enough. The stripping and severe flagellation of a defenceless woman against her will, and the infliction upon her of small cuts with a penknife to cause the blood to flow, is an action that can in no way be excused. The state of mind that could induce an individual of a certain type of temperament to commit such a deed may be explained by psychologists and alienists, but it cannot be defended. On the other hand, in this particular instance, the woman was not seriously hurt, had completely recovered in a few days, and was liberally recompensed. The assault, as it may be termed, was not nearly as serious as rape, which, in various forms, is common enough.

The second affair was still less serious, and more akin to a debauch of medical students or other "young bloods" in a state of inebriation, in more recent times.

We are in no way attempting to palliate these

excesses, which are sufficiently disgraceful, but merely would point out that for a man with the posthumous reputation of de Sade, these, the only two actions of this kind that he is known to have committed, are comparatively mild. That he was altogether normal no one would attempt to assert. He was obviously bisexual, and in his earlier years probably more homosexual than heterosexual. But he never caused any one to lose their life. For all his posthumous reputation as a " monster of infamy," in comparison with some modern instances—and some earlier than his time—he may actually almost be regarded as of gentle character ! Witness his conduct during the blood-thirsty days of the Terror.

But as regards his works, it is quite a different story. Here cruelty, blood-thirstiness, and obscenity run riot, and it is from these that his reputation, above referred to, has been derived—and no wonder ! We have already endeavoured to afford some explanation of how such works came to be written. Ignorance of the life of the author, combined with the scabrous reputation of his books, have confused the two. Hence the wild and impossible legends and exaggerations about the man himself—such as, that he killed several people for his sexual satisfaction ; that he drank the blood of his victims ; that he subjected them to the cruellest tortures ; that he printed *Justine et Juliette* in a subterranean cave ; and many similar stories. We have already seen that one writer—who might have been expected to know better—actually asserts that de Sade did most of the things himself that he describes in his books ! Anything more ridiculous and untrue it would be impossible to imagine.

The real point is this : de Sade *wrote* about all these

things, he did not *do* them. There have been much greater actual "sadists" than de Sade, both before and since his time, but they did not write, and have been very little written about, hence they have no reputation in comparison with him. He only *wrote* of things that many people are known to have actually *done*, and which are much more common than we any of us like to let ourselves think.

Anatole France sums up the matter in his usual acute style, when referring to the comparison that has often been made between de Sade and Gilles de Rais. "It is monstrously unjust. Gilles de Rais obscenely mutilated his victims in actual practice; de Sade has described such scenes, which is quite enough indeed, but he never tortured women and children. The indecent flagellation of Rose Keller and the bonbons with which he regaled the courtesans at Marseille are no doubt reprehensible exploits, but they are not in the same category as the foul mutilations that Nero is suspected and Gilles de Rais known to have perpetrated. Both the scandal of the *petite maison* at Arceuil and that of the supper at Marseille only became public owing to accidental circumstances, and it is quite certain that de Sade never even attempted murder. . . . The most severe moralist will not place imaginary crimes and those that have actually been committed on the same footing." [1]

From what we have here said, it is obvious that the now universally accepted terms of "sadism," "sadist," and "sadistic" are derived not directly from de Sade the man, but from his books. The recent almost general use of these terms to denote a certain phase of sexual passion, has undoubtedly helped in the propagation of

[1] Introduction to *Dorci*, pp. 21–22. See No. 15 in Bibliography.

the idea that de Sade was himself the greatest *actual* exponent of this particular idiosyncrasy. As we have seen, it was in fact far otherwise. In his writings—Yes; in his actions—No. There were what we now call "sadists" long, long before de Sade was born. We may even say that they have always been. "Sadism" is merely a convenient modern term to express one of the fundamental factors of the human temperament, which has always existed, in varying degrees. In some people it is almost non-existent, in others it is of almost primary importance. Some scientists extend its sphere even beyond mankind, to the animal kingdom, and indeed to nearly all forms of life.

It is necessary, then, for the purposes of this study, to pause for a moment, and consider what is actually meant by this term.

"There is some difference of opinion," says Havelock Ellis, "as to how 'Sadism' may be best defined. Perhaps the simplest and most usual definition is that of Krafft-Ebing, as sexual emotion associated with the wish to inflict pain and use violence. . . . A more complete definition is that of Moll, who describes sadism as a condition in which 'the sexual impulse consists in the tendency to strike, ill-use, and humiliate the beloved person.' This definition has the advantage of bringing in the element of moral pain. A further extension is made in Féré's definition as 'the need of association of violence and cruelty with sexual enjoyment, such violence and cruelty not being necessarily exerted by the person himself who seeks sexual pleasure in this association.' . . . It must be added that these definitions are very incomplete if by 'sadism' we are to understand the special sexual perversions which are displayed in de Sade's novels.

Dühren, in the course of his book on de Sade, has attempted a definition strictly on this basis, and, as will be seen, it is necessary to make it very elaborate. 'A connection, whether intentionally sought or offered by chance, of sexual excitement and sexual enjoyment with the real or only symbolic (ideal, illusionary) appearance of frightful and shocking events, destructive occurrences and practices, which threaten or destroy the life, health, and property of man and other living creatures, and threaten and interrupt the continuity of inanimate objects, whereby the person who from such occurrences obtains sexual enjoyment may either himself be the direct cause, or cause them to take place by means of other persons, or merely be the spectator, or, finally, be, voluntarily or involuntarily, the object against which these processes are directed.' This definition of sadism as found in de Sade's works is thus, more especially by its final clause, a very much wider conception than the usual definition." [1]

A more recent and simpler definition, and one which appears to cover the ground fairly adequately, is as follows: "Sadism is a condition in which the sex instinct is gratified and stimulated by the infliction of pain or cruelty on others. It is not always necessary that the pain should be inflicted personally; it may be enough to see the pain inflicted by another, or even to read or hear of its infliction. This is the explanation of the delight which many, perhaps most, boys take in the reading of executions and tortures. And it is likely that, as with homosexuality, there is a sadist element in every personality. But sadism in its full manifestation, is only gratified by the personal infliction of the pain. It is not always necessary that the victim should

[1] Ellis: *op. cit.* pp. 105–106.

be a human being; there are instances on record of the sadistic killing of animals. The connection with the sacrificial immolation of victims will be noticed. Sadism is very common in the animal kingdom. In man there is reason to believe that the condition arises from aggressiveness in childhood, perhaps arising as a defence reaction to feelings of inferiority." [1]

It may thus be observed that the term "sadism" can cover a very wide field, from the mere castigation of the infant, or a comparatively mild flagellation, to the brutal and bloody lust-murder.

Instances of the former category are well-established facts in scholastic and domestic annals, and a clever but very painful novel on this subject was published in London at the beginning of the present century.[2] Flagellation as an incentive to lust has been generally regarded on the Continent—possibly quite unjustly—as a peculiarly English vice, and the erotic literature dealing with this subject both in English and French is extraordinarily voluminous, and for the most part nauseating, though even more often merely ridiculous.

As for the second and infinitely more serious of the two above-mentioned extremes, the criminal records of practically every country afford only too ample testimony to its prevalence. We may content ourselves here with the mention of the historical case of Gilles de Rais, in France, the companion-in-arms of Jeanne d'Arc, who was executed in 1440, and is computed to have sacrificed by means of lust-murder more than two hundred young boys;[3] and to come to quite

[1] Dr. Hamblin Smith: Introduction to *Gilles de Rais*, by Vincent and Binns, pp. 18–19. See No. 110 in Bibliography.

[2] E. L. Voynich: *Jack Raymond*, 1901.

[3] Bossard et de Maulde: *Gilles de Rais*. See No. 76 in Bibliography.

recent times, the terrible case of Fritz Haarmann, who was executed at Hanover in 1924, for the lust-murder, according to his own confession, of between thirty and forty youths under the most revolting circumstances.[1] In England, in modern times, we may refer to the cases of Jack the Ripper and Neill Cream.[2]

Between these two extremes, the so-called sadistic impulse finds expression in very varying degrees. But all psychologists and students of medico-legal records admit its almost universal prevalence in all classes of mankind.

As a recent instance of the apparently fundamental instinct of cruelty in human nature, we may quote the occurrence at Leeds of a case of two little boys, *aged eight and nine*, who one evening gained access to a loose-box where between twenty and thirty young calves were shut up, and for no apparent reason, cut and slashed the inoffensive creatures in a terrible fashion, with butchers' knives. One calf was dead, seventeen others had been slashed with the knives, two had their tails cut off, and others were stabbed on the bodies and legs. All these had to be slaughtered. When questioned, the boys merely said "they had gone to kill calves, and chased them round."[3] This shows what even youthful humanity is capable of. At a later age, this primitive instinct of cruelty is frequently merged into the sexual impulse. As we have seen, even animals are said to have sadistic tendencies. "We do not even know," says Professor Theodor Lessing, "if when animals tear each other to pieces, they do not experience a certain sensual pleasure."

[1] Bolitho: *Murder for Profit.* See No. 75 in Bibliography.
[2] See No. 105 in Bibliography.
[3] *The Times*, 28th August 1926.

All this has taken us a long way from the Marquis de Sade. But without entering at all deeply into the subject, enough has been said, perhaps, to show that this particular phenomenon is not in the least peculiar to de Sade and his works. It is simply one of the unpleasant sides of human nature.

But where de Sade is unique is in the fact that he was the first to write about it in an imaginative medium, and to follow its ramifications through all the byways of the human mind. "That love-pleasure and love-pain, the forces of creation and destruction—yes, indeed, that love and death (which Leopardi in a wonderful poem celebrated as twin brothers)—are separated only by a thin veil, was an idea first expressed in the celebrated work of the formidable Marquis de Sade, whose books, taken as a whole, are merely a paraphrase of the idea of the connection between pain and voluptuousness. . . . De Sade, who was the first consistent advocate of the anthropologico-ethnological theory of *psychopathia sexualis*, himself collected almost all the facts regarding the biological roots of painful lasciviousness, and regarding algolagnistic phenomena in ethnology and in the history of civilization." [1]

Again, de Sade was the first to realize, or at least to give expression to, the fundamental importance of sexuality in human life, and to treat it seriously. Today, with all our "psychologists," "psycho-analysts," "nerve specialists," and numerous other "ists"; our multitude of books and scientific studies (mark the distinction!) dealing with the sexual life in all its aspects; the open discussion of such subjects in all educated and cultured circles; we are apt to overlook the originality, the daring, the serious purpose, of such

[1] Bloch: *op. cit.* p. 558.

a writer as de Sade. For that de Sade was serious—deadly serious—is incontrovertible. That he cast his work in the form of novels rather than a scientific treatise, does not affect the issue one iota. He was terribly in earnest, and his almost entire lack of humour is a result of this. He was too much impressed with the seriousness of the sexual influence to treat it with levity.

We may here quote a modern writer on the subject. "The intimate connection between the psychic-emotional being and the sexual impulse gives rise to a deepening, a concentration, and an increasing intensity of the feeling of love, whereby the latter becomes the most powerful influence affecting mankind in bodily and spiritual relations. Voltaire, in his *Pensées Philosophiques*, says aptly: 'Love is of all passions the strongest, because it attacks at the same time the head, the heart, and the body.' That it is in love that the immediate admixture of organic processes most clearly manifests itself is a fact pointed out already by Aristotle, and among moderns emphasized by Griesinger. Thus love discloses itself as a nucleus, the axis of the individual, and therewith also of the social life, a fact indicated already in Schopenhauer's phrase, describing love as the 'focus of the will,' and in Weismann's expression 'the continuity of the germ-plasma.' And we can easily understand that there are literary advocates of a consequent 'sexual philosophy,' who base their view of the universe solely and entirely upon the sexual. To them the sexual problem becomes a world problem, eroticism expands into metaphysics. These sexual philosophers start from love to unveil the mysteries of life. The most celebrated advocate of such a sexual philosophy was the Marquis de Sade. . . . According to de Sade, it is only through the sexual that the world

can be grasped and understood." [1] "Nor can there be a profounder truth," says a commentator on this, "for the sexual, rightly comprehended, is deep down at the living heart of all humanity, all philosophy, wisdom, and religion." [2]

To return again to the more personal aspect of de Sade, after this short incursion into the "ism," another point worth remarking is that he was enormously well read. "His interest extended to every field of literature: *belles lettres*, philosophy, theology, politics, sociology, ethnology, mythology, and history. Perhaps his favourite reading was travels. He was minutely familiar with the Bible, though his attitude was extremely critical." [3] This wide reading accounts for the very numerous references to the habits, manners, and customs of nearly all the countries and races of mankind which are to be found in the frequent dissertations on various ethical subjects constantly recurring in *Justine et Juliette*, and some of his other books. The numerous authors whom he either quotes or refers to, include many of the greatest names in literature, both classical and modern, and many that have now become more or less obscure. They range from Suetonius and Petronius, through Sir Thomas More and Macchiavelli, to Rousseau and Voltaire. His mind was extremely active, and he remembered what he read, using appropriate instances for the illustration of his argument. He was not bound by the ideas and conventions of his own period. Some of his theories have since become matters of "practical politics," though considered fantastic at the time. Others are still too advanced even for the present age, and some, it is to be

[1] Bloch: *op. cit.* pp. 94–95. [2] Summers: *op. cit.* p. 23.
[3] Ellis: *op. cit.* p. 108.

hoped, will always remain so, for any age! But there is a good deal of common sense to be sifted from his writings, out of a mass of preposterous and perverted idealism.

It is easy to say, *tout court*, that he was a madman, and to support the assertion by quoting the fact that he was confined in the asylum of Charenton for the last thirteen years of his life, and died there. Several writers on de Sade have taken that view, and simply left it at that. But it is a very superficial view of the man's personality. There is too much incontrovertible evidence to the contrary. We have already seen the real reason for his last incarceration. We have also seen the letter written by the doctor of the asylum, which says definitely that he was not a madman. Dühren's conclusion is that he was sane but neurasthenic, and Havelock Ellis says that notwithstanding his organically abnormal temperament, there is no reason to regard him as insane. Baudot, in his *Notes Historiques*, says that de Sade was undoubtedly perverse in theory, but not mad; there are in his works, he declares, the signs of depravity but not of madness; such works imply a well-ordered mind, and their composition required considerable research in ancient and modern literature, their purpose being to show that the greatest depravities had been sanctioned by the Greeks and Romans. This kind of investigation, no doubt, was not moral, but he had a reason for, and object in, making these researches, the results of which he put in the form of novels, and upon the facts thus gathered he founded a sort of doctrine, or system.[1] It would seem that matters of sex had become almost a mania with him, but this was probably caused, to a great extent, as we have attempted to show, by enforced suppression.

[1] Baudot: *Notes Historiques*. See No. 70 in Bibliography.

It does not follow that he was mad. The many lively and logical discussions on all kinds of other subjects scattered throughout his works, cynical and often perverted as they are, show an intellect the reverse of weak.

The impulse to find in the writing of books a vehicle for that side of one's nature or temperament which cannot otherwise be expressed, is by no means uncommon. The most virtuous spinster may write passionate love-romances, and the most respectable and law-abiding citizen may write vivid and comprehensive studies of robbery and murder. The well-known and oft-quoted line of Martial expresses this idea: *Lasciva est nobis pagina, vita proba* [1] (My writings are lascivious, my life is pure), and has been rendered by Herrick as a sort of epitaph at the end of his *Hesperides*:

> "To his Book's end this last line he'd have plac't,
> 'Jocond his Muse was; but his life was chast.'"

Had de Sade lived at the present day, his manuscripts would probably have been kept in a locked drawer for a time, and then consigned to purification by fire. Only under the Roman Empire, in the Renaissance, and at the period in which de Sade actually wrote, could such things have been openly published.

It is extraordinarily appropriate that de Sade's period is that of the downfall of the French monarchy and the bloody upheaval of the Revolution. The only other periods of all history in which such a character could fittingly have lived are those we have just mentioned—the Roman Empire and the Renaissance—and even they would not have afforded so suitable a background. The dissoluteness and corruption of the end of the age of Louis XV., and the blood-thirstiness

[1] Martial, i. 4.

and cruelty of the Revolution, both find their apogee in the works of de Sade.

The influence of the Marquis de Sade is difficult to describe, but has been nevertheless potent. For many years a considerable number of erotic books appeared that more or less owed their inspiration to him, and several more serious writers of the socialistic and even anarchistic type derived many of their ideas from his works. Just as in practically all erotic books that have been published since, there is hardly anything to be found that is not in de Sade's works, so, before the modern psycho-medico-legal studies of sexual aberrations were ever thought of, he presented an almost complete study of *psychopathia sexualis* in his imaginative writings. "It is beyond question that the works of the Marquis de Sade possess an importance in the history of human civilization which is to be found in quite another sphere than in the pornography and the extravagant and antimoral ideas which we know these same works contain. The Marquis de Sade was the first who examined with full perception all the phenomena of nature and all social facts from the point of view of human sexuality. In the midst of terrible pictures of cruel sexual excitement, pictures which are the direct result of a precise knowledge of pathological sexual phenomena, the fundamental tendency of the literary productions of the Marquis de Sade should not be overlooked. It deserves from the scientific investigator the most serious attention with reference to the history of civilization, political economy, jurisprudence, and medical science." [1]

It would be easy to give a long list of books that

[1] Dühren, *Der Marquis de Sade und seine Zeit.* French edition, p. 457. See No. 54 in Bibliography.

were obviously written under the influence of the Marquis de Sade, and likewise an even longer list of cases from the criminal records of all countries that show in action that side of human nature which has been more vividly and more completely described by de Sade than by any one else, and has therefore come to be designated as sadism, though the overwhelming majority of the perpetrators of these acts had almost certainly never even heard of de Sade and his works. But there is no necessity to dwell on this side of the subject, and the few instances in both categories—literary and actual—mentioned above, may suffice.

Literary references to the Marquis are numerous, but for the most part vague, and nearly all defamatory. A somewhat amusing exception is that of Swinburne, who, of course, wrote sarcastically. It may incidentally be mentioned that he stayed for a time at a friend's villa at Étretat, near Dieppe, which, to the mild amazement of the locals, was called *La Chaumière de Dolmancé*, after the principal character in *La Philosophie dans le Boudoir*. It is recorded how the name of the villa intrigued Guy de Maupassant, who happened to be passing one day, but he was told that it was inhabited by *les fous Anglais*! In 1860, Swinburne, writing in playful mood to Monckton Milnes (afterwards Lord Houghton), says: "I would also have kept another promise, and send you my *De la Touche*. . . . Reserving always your corresponding promise that I am yet to live and look upon the mystic pages of the martyred Marquis de Sade, ever since which the vision of that illustrious and ill-requited benefactor of humanity has hovered by night before my eyes." He apparently did "look upon the mystic pages," for in describing *L'Assommoir* as "the most horrible and loathsome book

that ever got into type," he says : " In a word, de Sade at his foulest was to Zola at his purest 'as moonlight unto sunlight and as water unto wine' in the faculty of horrifying and nauseating the human stomach and the human soul." This, it must be admitted, is a little unfair to the later writer ! Again, in 1879, to the same correspondent, he writes in sardonic tone of the *Idée sur les Romans*: " Have you seen the reprint (in a pretty form and limited number) of a rare if not unique pamphlet written in the thickest and hottest of the Reign of Terror, on novels and romances dealing with the tender passion in a modest elevated tone of feeling, which does infinite credit to the writer's own sweetness and amiable modesty of disposition—at such a season, too, for pastoral and domestic contemplations ? The civic and sponsorial designation of this pure and gentle spirit was citizen Donatien-Alphonse-François ex-marquis de Sade. How soothing it is for the philanthropic optimist to let his eye, weary of blood and horror, rest for a moment on the green and gushing oasis in a wilderness of crime, which is presented by the unhappily too rare existence of such (alas !) exceptional men ! " A very pretty piece of persiflage, not in the least spoilt by the fact that the work in question was originally published not as a pamphlet but by way of introduction to *Les Crimes de l'Amour*, and was written in 1800, some six years after the Terror. He also mentions the copy of *Aline et Valcour* in the library of King's College, Cambridge, which has the inscription " Don de l'auteur au citoyen La Loubie, son meilleur ami," and surmises upon the personality of " the name thus honoured." [1]

[1] Swinburne: *Letters*, i. 9–10, ii. 32, ii. 49–50, i. 76–77. See No. 107 in Bibliography.

For all this banter, Swinburne, we feel, was sufficiently acute a critic to realize the seriousness that lay behind the mere obscenity of de Sade's work. His friend, Sir Richard Burton, could appreciate the originality and vigour of the Marquis's mind. Most references to de Sade merely exhibit an ignorance of the man and his life, and a quite justifiable detestation of his works and what they stand for.

We have in this study endeavoured to "nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice," but merely tried to explain in more or less rational terms so remarkable a character as the Marquis de Sade. There remains a brief summing up.

De Sade was in some ways typical of his period, in other ways curiously antipodean to *any* period. To him, the great factor in life was the sexual impulse in all its manifestations; but apart from that, he had definite ideas on many other sides of human life and thought—philosophy, theology, history, politics, and various forms of sociology. In nearly all instances he was too extreme—went too far—but he followed out his own theories to their ultimate conclusion.

He had a vivid power of imagination and a well-read mind, which, under other conditions, might have carried him far. As it was, as we have tried to show, his natural temperament, reacting to the personal circumstances of his life, produced the complete misanthrope, the cynic, the rebel against all accepted conventions and ideas, the writer of perhaps the most terrible books that have ever been written.

That his bark was worse than his bite—that is to say, that his writings were much more extreme than his actions—has already been shown. "His actual offences were by no means so terrible as those he loved to dwell

on in imagination, and for the most part they have been greatly exaggerated." [1] The theoretical passion for bloodshed exhibited in his books has to be contrasted with his actual practice of uncommon charity in saving his father- and mother-in-law, to whom he owed most of his misfortune, from the guillotine, when it would have been so much easier to let them go, and with his advocacy of the abolition of capital punishment. His conduct towards his long-suffering wife is explicable by the circumstances of his marriage, and his subsequent unjust imprisonment.

So active a mind as his *had* to find expression in some form or other, in spite of imprisonment. It found it in writing these extraordinary books. These are, and should be, " caviare to the general," but a recent writer has said : " Works such as those of the Marquis de Sade or of Nicolas Chorier have not only an importance in the history of civilization : they also have an interest for anthropologists and medical men. They constitute remarkable documents of the nature and mode of manifestation of sexual perversities in earlier times." [2] For de Sade was, after all, unique in exploring, through his novels, the close inter-relation between cruelty and lust, which has now come to be generally recognized by scientific investigators ; a relation which has, indeed, always existed, but which he was the first to analyse and describe. He was also the first to discuss openly the importance of the influence of the sexual in human life, and to attempt to describe its manifold forms of expression. His books are indeed portents of pure horror, but they are also undeniably original.

De Sade wrote according to his lights, and though his ideas were extravagant, he was at least sincere. It

[1] Ellis : *op. cit.* p. 107. [2] Bloch : *op. cit.* p. 347.

is just that, perhaps, which makes him such a sinister figure. Mere obscenity is always disgusting and nearly always dull; but there was much more than that here, and he was savagely in earnest.

The picture of him that remains, dissociated from his works, is not that of the demoniacal monster of tradition, but that of a "mild, gentle, rather bald and grey-haired person."[1] A modern Russian novelist, writing a very vivid and obviously well-documented story of the French Revolution, causes one of his characters to say: "To judge by appearance is difficult. The handsomest, most respectable, and most stately man in appearance I have ever met was the Marquis de Sade."[2] Though that is fiction, it contains the germ of truth.

De Sade was his own worst enemy—but, after all, can we help the temperament that is inborn in us? His personal circumstances were also against him, and we may truly say that his was a sad and tragic life.

The facts we have related may, to at least some extent, help to explain the composition of those amazing, almost terrifying works that have secured for him such unenviable notoriety.

As the moralist said: "To know all is to forgive all." And though we by no means "know all" about the Marquis de Sade, the little that we do know may aid us, perhaps, to understand better the appearance upon the stage of life of such an extraordinary character and personality.

[1] Ellis: *op. cit.* p. 108. [2] Aldanov: *The Ninth Thermidor*, p. 251.

# PART IV.—BIBLIOGRAPHY

## I

### PUBLISHED WORKS (Chronological, more or less)

1. Justine, ou les Malheurs de la Vertu; en Hollande, chez les Libraires associés. [Paris.] 1791. 2 vols. 8vo.
   [With a frontispiece, by Chéry.]
2. Justine, ou les Malheurs de la Vertu; en Hollande, chez les Libraires associés. [Paris.] 1791. 2 vols. 12 mo.
   [The frontispiece is reduced, and engraved by Texier.]
3. Justine, ou les Malheurs de la Vertu; à Londres. [Paris, chez Cazin.] 1792. 2 vols. 16 mo.
   [With a frontispiece and 5 illustrations. This edition contains some additional scenes.]
4. Justine, ou les Malheurs de la Vertu; 3me édition corrigée et augmentée; à Philadelphie. [Paris.] 1794. 2 vols. 18mo.
   [With a frontispiece and 8 illustrations. This edition contains a "Notice by the Editor" and a dedication *A ma bonne amie.*]
5. Justine, ou les Malheurs de la Vertu; à Londres. [Paris.] 1797. 4 vols. 18mo.
   [With 6 illustrations and further new episodes.]
6. Juliette, ou la suite de *Justine*. 1796. 4 vols. 8vo.
   [No place of publication is given.]
7. La Nouvelle Justine, ou les Malheurs de la Vertu, suivie de l'histoire de Juliette, sa sœur. Ouvrage orné d'un frontispiece et de cent sujets gravés avec soin; en Hollande. [Paris.] 1797. 10 vols. 18mo.
   [This is the definitive edition and most complete version of both works. *Justine* occupies 4 volumes and *Juliette* 6. The original issue contains a frontispiece and 100 illustrations, of which 40 belong to *Justine* and 60 to *Juliette*. A later issue of the same edition is said to contain 104 illustrations. The

illustrations to the original issue are well engraved, and very few copies now contain the full number.]

[It is not necessary to mention the very numerous reprints of both works that have appeared from 1800 up to practically the present day.]

8. Opus Sadicum: a philosophical romance, for the first time translated from the original French (Holland, 1791), with an engraved frontispiece. Paris: Liseux. 1889. Royal 8vo.

[This is the extraordinarily bad translation of *Justine*, to which we have already referred in the text. In the curious English into which it is rendered, parts of it become quite incomprehensible. It is the only example of the translation of any of de Sade's works into English.]

9. Aline et Valcour, ou le Roman philosophique, écrit à la Bastille un an avant la Révolution de France, orné de quatorze gravures, par le citoyen S——. A Paris, chez Girouard, Libraire, rue du Bout-de-Monde, no. 47. 1793. 8 parts, in 4 vols. 18mo.

[This same edition was reissued twice, in 1795, with different title-pages.]

10. La Philosophie dans le Boudoir; Ouvrage posthume de l'auteur de *Justine*. A Londres [Paris], aux dépens de la compagnie. 1795. 2 vols. 16mo.

[With frontispiece and 4 illustrations. There are numerous reprints, nearly all bearing the original date, but published very much later.]

11. Oxtiern, ou les Malheurs du Libertinage; drame en 3 actes et en prose, par D.A.F.S. A Versailles: Blaizot. An VIII. [1800.] 8vo.

[This is the only play by de Sade that was published. It was originally produced at the Théâtre Molière in October 1791.]

12. Les Crimes de l'Amour, ou le Délire des passions. Nouvelles historiques et tragiques, précédées d'une Idée sur les Romans, par D. A. F. Sade, auteur d'*Aline et Valcour*. A Paris: chez Massé. An VIII. [1800.] In two forms, 4 vols. 12mo, or 2 vols. 8vo.

[With 4 illustrations.]

13. Zoloë et ses deux Acolytes, ou Quelques décades de la vie de trois jolies femmes. Histoire véritable du siècle dernier, par un contemporain; à Turin. [Paris.] An VIII. [1800.] 12mo.

[With a frontispiece. There are at least two reprints of the same year.]

14. Les 120 Journées de Sodome, ou l'École du Libertinage, par le Marquis de Sade. Publié pour la première fois d'apres le manuscrit original, avec des annotations scientifiques par le Dr. Eugène Dühren. Paris: Club des Bibliophiles. 1904. Imperial 8vo.

    [The first and only edition of this work, which was written in 1785. Edition limited to 200 copies, and contains a facsimilie of a page of the original manuscript, in microscopic writing.]

15. Dorci, ou la Bizarrerie du sort; conte inédit, par le Marquis de Sade, publié sur le manuscrit, avec une notice sur l'auteur. Paris: Charavay frères. 1881. 12mo.

    [With an etched frontispiece by G. Charpentier. Edition limited to 269 copies. The *Notice sur l'auteur*, of 23 pages, is signed *A. F.* and is by Anatole France.]

16. Valmor et Lydia, ou Voyage autour du Monde de deux amants qui se cherchent. Paris: Pigoreau. An VII. [1799.] 3 vols. 12mo.

    [This is an abridged version, with the names slightly altered, of part of *Aline et Valcour*, and is a pirated edition.]

17. Alzonde et Koradin. Paris: Cerioux et Moutardier. 1799. 2 vols. 12mo.

    [The same remarks apply to this as to No. 16.]

18. Discours prononcé à la Fête décernée par la Section des Piques aux mânes de Marat et de Le Pelletier, par Sade, citoyen de cette Section et membre de la Société populaire de la Section des Piques, rue Saint-Fiacre, no. 2. [Paris. 1793.] 8vo.

    [A pamphlet of 8 pages.]

19. Pétition de la Section des Piques aux Représentants du peuple Français. Paris. [1793.] 8vo.

20. L'Auteur des Crimes de l'Amour à Villeterque, folliculaire. Paris: Massé. An IX. [1801.] 12mo.

    [A pamphlet of 19 pages, replying to an attack by Villeterque in the *Journal de Paris* of 1800.]

21. Couplets chantés à Son Eminence le Cardinal Maury, le 6 Octobre 1812, à la maison de santé pres de Charenton.

    [Published in the Revue Rétrospective, Paris, 1833, vol. i., p. 262.]

    [It does not seem necessary to describe the works that have been wrongly ascribed to the Marquis de Sade, such as *Pauline et Belval*, *La Marquise de Ganges*, *L'Etourdi*, *La France Foutue*, and others. They obviously are not by him.]

## II

## MANUSCRIPTS

[Several manuscripts of the Marquis de Sade have been destroyed. It is said, however, that many still exist, in the possession of his descendants, in private collections, and in the Bibliothèque Nationale. The following is a list of those that have been recorded.]

22. Five Comedies.—

Le Prevaricateur, ou le Magistrat du temps passé. In 5 Acts, in verse.

Le Misanthrope par Amour, ou Sophie et Desfrancs. In 5 Acts, in verse.

Le Capricieux, ou l'Homme inégal. In 5 Acts, in verse.

Les Jumelles. In 2 Acts, in verse.

Les Antiquaires. In 1 Act, in prose.

23. Five Dramas.—The first in 5 Acts, the others in 3 Acts.

Henriette et Saint-Clair, ou la Force du Sang.

L'Egarement de l'infortune.

Le Père de Famille.

Franchise et Trahison.

Fanny, ou les effets du désespoir.

[The first three of these are mentioned by the Marquise de Sade in 1787, in a letter to her husband, who was then in the Bastille, and they were apparently written by him there, or at Vincennes.]

24. Jeanne Laisné, ou le Siège de Beauvais. Tragedy in 5 Acts.

[This play was not produced because it eulogized Louis XI., who was an extremely unpopular figure with the revolutionaries of Paris.]

25. L'Union des Arts, ambigu comprenant 5 pieces. Les Ruses d'Amour, comedy in 1 Act, in prose; Euphémie de Melun, ou le Siège d'Alger, tragedy in 1 Act, in verse; L'Homme Dangereux, ou le Suborneur, comedy in 1 Act, in verse; Azelis,

ou la Coquette punie, comedy in 1 Act, in verse; the whole concluded with a divertisement.

26. Tancrède. Scène lyrique en vers.
La Tour Mystérieuse. Opera-comique, in 1 Act.
La Fête de l'Amitie. Prologue.
L'Hommage de la Reconnaissance. Vaudeville, in 1 Act.
[Written for performance at Charenton.]
27. Cléontine, ou la Fille malheureuse. Drama, in 3 Acts.
28. L'Épreuve. Comedy in 1 Act, in verse.
29. Le Boudoir. Comedy.
[Accepted by the Théâtre Favart in 1791.]
30. L'École des Jaloux. Comedy.
31. La Double Intrigue. Comedy, in prose.
32. Julia, ou le Mariage sans femme. Folie-vaudeville, in 1 Act.
33. Isabelle de Bavière, reine de France. Romance, in 3 vols.
34. Adélaide de Brunswick, princesse de Saxe. Romance, in 2 vols.
[These two romances are said to be dull, but not obscene.]
35. Conrad. An historical romance of the Albigenses.
[Confiscated when de Sade was transferred to Charenton in 1803.]
36. Marcel. A romance.
37. Pholoé et Zénocrate. A romance written in the form of letters. Unfinished.
38. A collection of 30 short stories, in 4 vols.
39. Le Portefeuille d'un homme de lettres, in 4 vols.
[These two miscellanies were written in the Bastille about 1788.]
40. Les Journées de Florbelle, ou la Nature dévoilée, suivies de Mémoires de l'Abbé de Modore.
[This is a preliminary rough-draft for a long romance in several volumes. The author afterwards thought of changing the title to *Le Triomphe du Vice, ou la véritable histoire de Modore*.]
41. Five manuscript books, containing notes, thoughts, extracts, songs, and a mixture of verse and prose, composed and collected during de Sade's last detention at Charenton.
42. Eleven manuscript books, containing a journal or diary of the author's imprisonment at Vincennes and in the Bastille, from 1777 to 1790.
[Part of this was written in cipher. It is said to have been destroyed, which is a pity, as it would have been invaluable

material regarding the period of de Sade's long imprisonment, and his state of mind during that time.]

43. Mémoires, or Confessions.

[This was only a plan for his Memoirs, but it gave the divisions, the epigraph, and various fragments.]

44. Un Plan de maison publique.

[The purpose for which each of the rooms is to be used is indicated. This is in the possession of a private collector.]

45. Projet d'un combat de Gladiateurs.

[To be given after the manner of Ancient Rome.]

46. Contes, historiettes, canévas, brouillons, écrits par le Marquis de Sade.

[This quarto volume of 494 pages is in the Bibliothèque Nationale. It consists of 20 notebooks fastened together, and is dated 1785. The first story is called *L'Heureuse feinte*, and some of the others, such as *Il y a place pour deux*, are very Rabelaisian, and in the style of the sixteenth century. De Sade would thus appear to have anticipated Balzac's *Contes Drolatiques*.]

47. Fragments.

[There are said to be various other sketches and plans for novels and romances in existence. There are also a few letters of de Sade's extant, some in the archives of the Comédie Française. Many of these fragments and letters have been printed in various books, reviews, catalogues, etc.]

## III

## WORKS DEALING WITH DE SADE (Alphabetical)

48. Apollinaire. L'Œuvre du Marquis de Sade. Pages choisies, comprenant des morceaux inédits et des lettres publiées pour la première fois, tirées des Archives de la Comédie Française. Introduction, essai bibliographique et notes par Guillaume Apollinaire. Ouvrage orné de huit illustrations hors texte. Paris: Bibliothèque des Curieux. 1912. 8vo.

    [In the well-known series, *Les Maitres de l'Amour*.]

Bloch (Iwan), see under Dühren (Dr. E.). Nos. 54 and 55, also No. 74.

49. Bonneau. La Curiosité Littéraire et Bibliographique. Articles littéraires; reproduction, extraits et analyses d'ouvrages curieux; notices de livres rares; anecdotes, etc. Paris: Liseux. 1880–83. 4 vols. 8vo.

    [Vol. i., pp. 105–158. *La Première Édition de Justine, ou les Malheurs de la Vertu.* Vol. iii., pp. 131–176, *Analyse de Juliette, ou les Prospérités du Vice, par le Marquis de Sade.* Both by Alcide Bonneau. The latter also contains *Le Fauve*, a poem from *Virilités*, par M. Emile Chevé, which concerns the Marquis and his work.]

50. Brunet. Le Marquis de Sade, l'Homme et ses écrits. Étude bio-bibliographique [par P. G. Brunet]. Sadopolis: chez Justin Valcourt, à l'enseigne de la "vertu malheureuse," l'an 0000. [Bruxelles: J. Gay. 1866.] 12mo.

    [Contains as an appendix, *Le Discours prononcé à la Section des Piques.*]

51. Cabanès. La prétendue Folie de Marquis de Sade. Pages 259–320 dans le *Cabinet Secret de l'Histoire*, par A. Cabanès. 4e série. Paris. 1900. 8vo.

52. Coulmier. Lettre du 23 Mai 1810, écrite à Madame Cochelet du directeur Coulmier, sur les spectacles arrangés par Sade à Charenton.

    [First appeared in the *Revue Anecdotique*, vol. x. (new series, vol. i.) 1860, pp. 101–106.]

53. Détention du Marquis de Sade. Article in the *Revue Rétrospective*, 1883, vol. i., p. 256 et seq.

54. Dühren. Der Marquis de Sade und seine Zeit, von Dr. Eugen Dühren. [Iwan Bloch.] Berlin. 1900. 8vo.

[This work has been translated into French by Dr. A. Weber-Riga, as *Le Marquis de Sade et son Temps: Études relatives à l'histoire de la civilisation et des mœurs du XVIIIme Siècle*, with a Preface upon *L'Idée de Sadism et l'Erotologie scientifique*, by Octave Uzanne. Paris. 1901. 8vo.]

55. Dühren. Neue Forschungen über den Marquis de Sade und seine Zeit, von Dr. Eugen Dühren. [Iwan Bloch.] Berlin. 1904. 8vo.

[This, apparently, has not been translated.]

56. Eulenburg. Der Marquis de Sade, von A. Eulenburg. Published in *L'Avenir*. 7th year, No. 26, 25th March 1899.

57. Ginisty. Lettres inédites de la Marquise de Sade, par Paul Ginisty. Published in *La Grande Revue*, 3rd year, No. 1, 1st January 1899.

58. Ginisty. La Marquise de Sade, par Paul Ginisty. Paris. 1901. 8vo.

59. Jacob. La Vérité sur les deux procès criminels du Marquis de Sade, par le Bibliophile Jacob. [Paul Lacroix.] First published in the *Revue de Paris*, 1837, pp. 135–144.

[Afterwards reprinted in *Curiosités de l'Histoire de France, 2e Série: les Procès célèbres*. Paris. 1858. 12mo. There is also an edition with the false date 1834. See note to No. 63.]

60. Jacobus X. Le Marquis de Sade et son Œuvre, devant la Science médicale et la Littérature moderne, par le Dr. Jacobus X——. Paris: Carrington. 1901. 8vo.

[Edition limited to 510 copies. Part I., La Vie de l'homme. Part II., L'Œuvre qu'on peut lire. There was to have been another volume published, dealing with L'Œuvre qu'on ne peut pas lire, but it has never appeared. Thus it is only the less notorious of de Sade's works that are dealt with here.]

61. Janin. Le Marquis de Sade, par Jules Janin. First published in the *Revue de Paris*, 1834, pp. 321–360.

Lacassagne (A.). See No. 62.

Lacroix (Paul)—the Bibliophile Jacob. See No. 59.

62. Marciat. Le Marquis de Sade et le Sadisme, par le Dr. Marciat, in *Vacher l'éventreur et les crimes sadiques*, par A. Lacassagne Lyon et Paris. 1899. 8vo.

63. Marquis de Sade (Le), par Jules Janin. La vérité sur les deux procés criminels du Marquis de Sade, par le Bibliophile Jacob, le tout précédé de la Bibliographie des Œuvres du Marquis de Sade. Paris: chez les Marchands de nouveautés. 1834. 12mo.

[The date of this volume is false, as it is simply a reprint of the articles by Janin and Jacob, and the latter did not write his until 1837. It also contains as frontispiece an imaginary portrait of the Marquis de Sade. The British Museum has a copy of this vilely printed booklet, and catalogues the date as 1834, which is wrong. There are several mistakes in the Bibliography.]

64. Marquis de Sade (Le), ses aventures, ses œuvres, passions mystérieuses, folies érotiques. Avec 116 illustrations. Paris: Fayard. [No date.] 8vo.

[This is a curious mixture of fact and fiction, and many of the exaggerated stories of de Sade are to be found here. It is mostly imaginative.]

65. Sade. Les Crimes de l'Amour, précédé d'un Avant-propos, suivi des Idées sur les Romans, de l'auteur des Crimes de l'Amour à Villeterque, d'une Notice bio-bibliographique de Marquis de Sade, l'homme et ses écrits, et du discours prononcé par le Marquis de Sade à la Section des Piques. Bruxelles: Gay et Doucé. 1881. 8vo.

[A collection of some of the shorter writings of de Sade, with a foreword, and a reprint of Brunet's bio-bibliographie (see No. 50), but considerably enlarged, and which gives the volume its chief value. It contains only the first story of *Les Crimes de l'Amour*.]

66. Summers. The Marquis de Sade: a study in Algolagnia, by Montague Summers, M.A., F.R.S.L. London. 1920. 8vo.

[No. 6. of the publications of The British Society for the Study of Sex Psychology. The only study of the subject in English until the present book. The author contrives to include a good deal of information and interesting discussion in his 23 pages.]

67. Uzanne. Idée sur les Romans, par D. A. F. de Sade, publiée avec préface, notes et documents inédits, par Octave Uzanne. Paris: Rouveyre. 1878. 8vo.

[The Preface contains a biography of de Sade, also a small bibliography and some of his letters to the Comédie Française.

Then a reprint of the *Idée*, with notes. The work of Octave Uzanne gives this volume its value. It is the edition referred to by Swinburne, in the passage we have quoted in the text. For Uzanne, see also note to No. 54 and No. 109.]

68. Villers. Lettre sur le roman intitulé *Justine, ou les Malheurs de la Vertu*, per Charles Villers. Nouvelle édition par A. P. Malassis. Paris. 1877. 12mo.

[The original appeared in 1797, in *Le Spectateur du Nord*, vol. iv.]

69. A one-act play, *Le Marquis de Sade*, was performed at the Grand Guignol Theatre in Paris, in 1923, for a season. It was mainly an elaboration and exaggeration of *l'affaire Keller*.

# IV

## OTHER WORKS USED OR REFERRED TO
### (Alphabetical)


70. Baudot. Notes Historiques de M. A. Baudot. Publiées par Madame Edgar Quinet. Paris.

[Mentions four victims of Napoleonic tyranny, namely, Désorgues, de Laage, Abbé Fournier, and de Sade, who, for political reasons, were declared insane and confined in asylums.]

71. Bégis. Notes de Police, par Alfred Bégis. Published in *La Nouvelle Revue*, November to December 1880.

[Deals with de Sade's imprisonment in the Bastille.]

72. *Biographie universelle et portative des contemporains depuis* 1788 *jusqu'à nos jours*. Paris. 1836. Vol. v. Article *Sade*.

73. *Biographie Generale*. Paris. Vol. xlii. Article *Sade*, signed J. M.

74. Bloch. The Sexual Life of Our Time, in its relation to Modern Civilization, by Iwan Bloch, M.D. Translated from the sixth German edition by M. Eden Paul, M.D. London. 1908. 8vo.

75. Bolitho. Murder for Profit, by William Bolitho. London. 1926. 8vo.

[Pages 263–320 deal with the Haarmann case.]

76. Bossard. Gilles de Rais, Maréchal de France, dit Barbe-Bleue (1404–1440), par l'Abbé Eugène Bossard, d'après les documents inédits réunis par M. René de Maulde. Deuxième edition. Paris: Champion. 1886. Royal 8vo.

[With etched frontispiece.]

77. Brillat-Savarin. Physiologie du Goût, par Brillat-Savarin. Paris. 1825. 8vo.

[Mainly concerned with food and cookery, but contains much interesting information regarding the life of the time.]

78. Casanova. The Memoirs of Giacomo Casanova di Seingalt, translated into English by Arthur Machen. Privately printed for subscribers only. Edition limited to 1000 sets. London: The Casanova Society. 1922. 12 vols. 4to.

[The most complete of all editions, hitherto, of this famous book, French or English, containing two extra chapters discovered and translated by Arthur Symons. A new French edition is in course of publication.]

79. DEFFAND. Lettres de la Marquise du Deffand à Horace Walpole (1766–1780). Première édition complète, augmentée d'environ 500 lettres inédits. Publiées d'après les Originaux, avec une Introduction, des Notes et une Table des Noms, par Mrs. Paget Toynbee, éditeur des *Lettres d'Horace Walpole*. Londres: Methuen et Cie. 1912. 3 vols. 8vo.

[Lettre No. 134. Paris, mardi, 12 avril 1768, et suite, mercredi, 13, à onze heures, vol. i., pp. 417–419, contains the most authentic account of *l'affaire Keller*. In Letter No. 142, of 2nd June following (vol. i., p. 443) the Marquise says: "M. de Sade a été interrogé sur la sellette, et condamné à une prison perpétuelle," but as we have seen, this "perpetual imprisonment" was reduced to six weeks!]

80. DUCROS. French Society in the Eighteenth Century, by Louis Ducros. Translated from the French by W. de Geijer, with a foreword by J. A. Higgs-Walker, M.A. London. 1926. 8vo. Illustrated.

[A valuable and readable book on the life of the period.]

81. DULAURE. Histoire physique, civile et moral de Paris, par J. A. Dulaure. Paris. 1821. 8vo.

[Vol. vi., p. 224, deals with de Sade.]

82. ELLIS. Studies in the Psychology of Sex. Vol. iii. Analysis of the Sexual Impulse: Love and Pain: The Sexual Impulse in Women, by Havelock Ellis. Second edition, revised and enlarged. Philadelphia. 1913. 8vo.

[Pages 105–109 contain an admirable concise account of de Sade. The best thing on the subject in so short a space.]

83. *Encyclopædia Britannica*. A Dictionary of Arts, Sciences, Literature, and General Information. Eleventh edition. Cambridge University Press. 1911. Folio. Vol. xxiii., p. 990. Article *Sade*.

84. *Espion Anglais* (*L'*). London. 1784. 8vo.

[Vol. ii., pp. 393–395, refers to *l'affaire Keller* and the scandal of Marseille.]

85. FRAXI. Index Librorum Prohibitorum: being Notes Bio- Biblio- Icono-graphical and Critical, on Curious and Uncommon Books, by Pisanus Fraxi. London: privately printed. 1877. Royal 4to.

[With a frontispiece and 3 plates. Edition limited to 250 copies. "Pisanus Fraxi" was H. S. Ashbee (1834–1900), a distinguished collector of erotica, who bequeathed his collection to the British Museum. This volume contains notes on *Aline et Valcour* (with facsimile of title-pages) (pp. 30–39); *Zoloë* (pp. 407–410); and an unpublished MS. which is *Les 120 Journées*, and is the first known reference thereto in print (pp. 422–424).]

86. Fraxi. Centuria Librorum Absconditorum: being Notes Bio-Biblio- Icono-graphical and Critical, on Curious and Uncommon Books, by Pisanus Fraxi. London: privately printed. 1879. Royal 4to.

[With a frontispiece and 10 plates. Edition limited to 250 copies. Contains references to de Sade (pp. 253, 268, and 457).]

87. Fraxi. Catena Librorum Tacendorum: being Notes Bio- Biblio-Icono-graphical and Critical, on Curious and Uncommon Books, by Pisanus Fraxi. London: privately printed. 1885. Royal 4to.

[With a frontispiece and 3 plates. Edition limited to 250 copies. Contains several short references to de Sade.]

88. Gay. Bibliographie des Ouvrages relatifs à l'Amour, aux Femmes, au Mariage, et des livres facétieux, pantagruéliques, scatalogiques, satyriques, etc., par M. le C. d'I—— [Jules Gay]. 4me édition, entièrement refondue, augmentée et mise a jour par J. Lemonnyer. Paris. 1894–1900. 4 vols. Royal 8vo.

[An excellent Bibliography, especially for French works.]

89. Goncourt. La Femme au dix-huitième Siècle, par Edmond et Jules de Goncourt. Paris. 1863. 8vo.

90. Krafft-Ebing. Psychopathia Sexualis, with especial reference to antipathic sexual instinct: a medico-forensic study, by Dr. R. v. Krafft-Ebing. The only authorized English translation of the tenth German edition by F. J. Rebman. London. 1901. 8vo.

[An authority on Sadism, but the little that the author says about the Marquis de Sade (p. 95 and note) is full of inaccuracies and exaggerations.]

91. Legouvé. Histoire morale des Femmes, par E. Legouvé. Paris. 1848. 8vo.

92. Maréchal. Dictionnaire des Athées, par Sylvain Maréchal. 2me édition, par J. Lalande. Bruxelles. 1833. 8vo.

[Discusses de Sade as an atheist.]

93. Mayne. The Intersexes : a history of similisexualism as a problem in social life, by Xavier Mayne. Privately printed. 1908. Royal 8vo.

[Printed abroad. Edition limited to 125 copies. Pages 422–423 refer to de Sade, but there are also references to Sadism, etc.]

94. *Mémoires Secrèts pour servir à l'histoire de la République des Lettres en France, ou Journal d'un Observateur* (1762–1784). Paris. 12mo.

[By Bachaumont and others, in many volumes. Vol. vi., pp. 162–163, under date 27th July 1772, gives a much exaggerated account of the scandal of Marseille.]

95. Michaud. Biographie Universelle, ancienne et moderne. Paris. 1863. 8vo. Article *Sade* (vol. xxxvii., pp. 217–224, by Michaud, jeune).

96. Michelet. Histoire de la Révolution Française, par Jules Michelet. Paris. 1869. 9 vols. 8vo.

97. Mirabeau. Vie Privée, Libertine et Scandaleuse de feu Honoré-Gabriel-Riqueti, ci-devant Comte de Mirabeau, Député du Tiers-État des Sénéchauffées d'Aix et de Marseille, membre du département de Paris, commandant de bataillon de la milice bourgeoise du district de Grange-Batelliere, président du club Jacobite, etc. etc. etc. A Paris, rue de l'Echelle, en Suisse, à Londres, en Prusse, et en Hollande, chez tous ses créanciers. 1791. 8vo.

[With portrait, engraved title-page, and 5 plates, and a dedicatory letter addressed *A Monsieur Satan* and concluding *de votre Altesse Diabolique, le tres humble, tres obéissant et tres dévoué serviteur, Mirabeau.* It is, of course, not by Mirabeau, and was published shortly after his death. A scurrilous production, typical of its period.]

98. Nodier. Souvenirs, épisodes et portraits pour servir à l'histoire de la Révolution et de l'Empire, par Charles Nodier. Paris. 1831. 2 vols. 8vo.

[Vol. ii., pp. 57–60, describes a personal encounter with de Sade in prison.]

99. Palache. Four Novelists of the Old Régime : Crébillon, Laclos, Diderot, Restif de la Bretonne, by John Garber Palache. London. 1926. 8vo.

100. *Parc aux Cerfs* (*Le*), ou l'origine de l'affreux deficit, par un zélé Patriote. A Paris : sur les débris de la Bastille. 1790. 8vo.

[With a frontispiece and 3 plates. A very curious volume.]

101. Pigoreau. Petite Bibliographie biographico-romancière, etc., par Pigoreau. Paris. 1821. 8vo.

[Page 309 has a notice of de Sade and his works.]

102. Pitou. Analyse de mes malheurs et de mes persécutions depuis vingt-six ans, par Louis Ange Pitou. Paris. 1816. 8vo.

[Page 98 describes a meeting with de Sade in prison.]

103. Restif. L'Anti-Justine, ou les délices de l'amour, par Restif de la Bretonne. Nouvelle édition sans suppressions conforme à celle originale de 1798. Amsterdam. [Paris.] 1864. 2 parts in 1 vol. sq. 12mo.

[With 38 etchings. Restif refers in the Preface to de Sade. He also has other references in *Les Nuits de Paris*, but always antagonistic and exaggerated.]

104. Robison. Proofs of a Conspiracy against all the Religions and Governments of Europe, carried on in the Secret Meetings of the Free-Masons, Illuminati, and Reading Societies, by John Robison. London. 1797. 8vo.

105. Shore. The Trial of Thomas Neill Cream [1892], edited by W. Teignmouth Shore. London and Edinburgh. 1923. 8vo.

[In the "Notable British Trials Series." See the Introduction, and especially pp. 37–40.]

106. Speculator Morum. Bibliotheca Arcana seu Catalogus Librorum Penetralium, being brief notices of books that have been secretly printed, prohibited by law, seized, anathematized, burnt, or Bowdlerized, by Speculator Morum. London. 1885. 4to.

[This contains an interesting Preface, and 630 books are recorded. It is said to be by "Pisanus Fraxi" (H. S. Ashbee); see Nos. 85–87 above.]

107. Swinburne. The Letters of Algernon Charles Swinburne, edited by Edmund Gosse, C.B., and Thomas James Wise. London. 1918. 2 vols. 8vo.

108. Taxil. La Corruption fin de siècle, par Leo Taxil. Nouvelle édition. Paris. 1894. 8vo.

[Pages 213–246 contain a chapter on Sadism, with a short biography of de Sade, but inaccurate and exaggerated.]

109. Uzanne. Les Mœurs Secrètes du XVIIIe Siècle, publiées par Octave Uzanne, avec preface, notes, et index. Paris. 1883. Royal 8vo.

[With frontispiece, vignette headpiece, and decorations. Contains much interesting information on the period, and refers to de Sade on p. 153.]

110. VINCENT and BINNS. Gilles de Rais: the original Bluebeard, by A. L. Vincent and Clare Binns. Introduction by M. Hamblin Smith, M.A., M.D. London. 1926. 8vo.

[The Introduction in particular gives an excellent definition of Sadism.]

111. WEBSTER. The French Revolution: a Study in Democracy, by Nesta H. Webster (Mrs. Arthur Webster). Fourth edition. London. 1926. 8vo.

112. WITKOWSKI and NASS. Le Nu au Théâtre, depuis l'Antiquité jusqu'à nos jours, par Drs. G. J. Witkowski et L. Nass. Ouvrage orné de 254 illustrations. Paris. 1909. 8vo.

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